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THE *Atlantic*

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ROBERT FROST CONFRONTS KHRUSHCHEV

by F. D. Reeve

THE RAND CORPORATION AND OUR POLICY MAKERS

by **Saul Friedman**

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Amsterdam's Mayor van Hall shows you three Dutch artists as they saw themselves: Self-portraits by Rembrandt (left); Hals (upper right); van Gogh (lower right).

The Burgemeester of Amsterdam invites you to Holland to meet Rembrandt, Hals and van Gogh

IT IS SAID that the Dutchman's appreciation of fine food is surpassed only by his love of art and beauty.

If you share this reverence for art, you must come to Holland. Burgemeester Gijsbert van Hall, mayor of Amsterdam, Holland's capital, cordially invites you to visit the more than forty museums you'll find in his city alone. In Amsterdam's Rijksmuseum you'll see Rembrandt's masterpiece, "The Night Watch," painted in 1642.

In Rotterdam's Boymans-van Beuningen Museum, a uniquely designed

hall features the works of Jan van Eyck, Jeroen Bosch and Rubens. The famous Frans Hals Gallery is in Haarlem.

In Hoge Veluwe National Park, near Arnhem, is the Kröller Müller Museum which houses two hundred and seventy van Goghs—the largest collection in the world. The works of Vermeer, Steen and other masters abound in Holland. If your taste is specialized, you'll find galleries devoted to such widely disparate subjects as folklore and Roman finds.

In between your museum hopping, you'll find so many other pleasures in

Holland. Canals to cruise through. Castles to explore. Windmills to watch. Fine cuisine to sample. Superb music to hear. Antiques to buy (at bargain prices). Sophisticated night spots to visit.

And by the way, don't bother to learn Dutch. Even youngsters speak English in this friendly land. So come to Holland this year. The Dutch are expecting you. Especially Burgemeester Gijsbert van Hall, of Amsterdam.

For literature, see your travel agent, or write Netherlands National Tourist Office, 605 5th Ave., New York 17, N.Y.



"For Courage and Devotion"

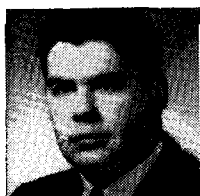
*Telephone men and women
fulfill a long tradition*

The first telephone call ever made was a call for help as Alexander Graham Bell spilled acid on his clothes: "Come here, Mr. Watson, I want you!"

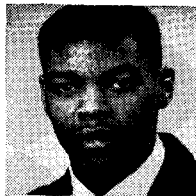
Ever since that fateful evening in 1876, telephone people have been responding to calls for help—and training to supply it.

A tradition of service—a knowledge of first aid—an instinct to help—these keep operators at their posts in fire or flood—send linemen out to battle blizzards or hurricanes—and save lives many times in many ways.

Over the years, the Bell System has awarded 1,896 medals to employees for courage, initiative and accomplishment—for being good neighbors both on the job and off it. Here are some recent winners:



Kenneth E. Ferguson, Installer-Repairman, Newport News, Virginia. En route to a repair job, he came upon a burning house where a blind, bedridden woman lay helpless. Ripping out a window, he and a policeman entered the flaming room. They were forced out by intense heat and smoke. Mr. Ferguson ran to a nearby house for blankets. Wrapped in wet blankets, the two men re-entered and rescued the woman.



Leonard C. Jones, Supplies Serviceman, Morgantown, West Virginia. He noticed a neighboring house on fire. Rushing to it, he helped a father rescue three young children. Then he plunged back into the burning building and, guided only by cries through the choking smoke, found and saved another child who was hiding under a couch in the blazing living room. Minutes after he left, the wooden house collapsed.



Mrs. Dorothy Crozier, Operator, San Rafael, California. She took a call from a frantic mother whose small son had stopped breathing. After notifying both ambulance and fire department, Mrs. Crozier realized that traffic was heavy and time short. Over the telephone, she taught the mother mouth-to-mouth resuscitation. The boy was breathing when firemen arrived. Doctors credit his life to her alertness.



Franklin Daniel Gurtner, Station Installer, Auburn, Washington. He heard a request for emergency breathing equipment on his radio monitor and hurried to the address, where a baby was strangling. He found the child's air passage was blocked, cleared it, and successfully administered mouth-to-mouth resuscitation. Then the fire department arrived and applied oxygen to help overcome shock.



Charles J. Gilman, Communications Serviceman, Bellwood, Illinois. Driving to an assignment, he saw an overturned car and found a man under it bleeding profusely. Cautioning bystanders not to smoke, he helped remove the victim. The man's arm was almost severed below the shoulder and he seemed in shock. Mr. Gilman applied a tourniquet and kept pressure on it until an ambulance arrived.



BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

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F. D. REEVE	Robert Frost Confronts Khrushchev	33
MARTHA GELLHORN	Tanganyika: African New Frontier	40
DEWITT BELL	Euripides – A POEM	45
PETER S. BEAGLE	Come Lady Death – A STORY	46
ROBERT NYE	Dedications – A POEM	53
BARBARA WARD	The Pope of the Dialogue	54
THE YOUNG POETS:		
DANIEL CASSIDY, JR.	Landward Pale	58
TIM HALL	Upon Realization of the Poet's Duty	59
SAMUEL MOON	An Early Fall	60
ROBERT WALLACE	Forsaken	60
SAUL FRIEDMAN	The Rand Corporation and Our Policy Makers	61
RODERICK HAIG-BROWN	Fall Defined	69
SUSAN M. BLACK	Ramses to Rembrandt to Wright – A STORY	71
MIGNON MCLAUGHLIN	No Game for a Woman	74
LAURENCE LIEBERMAN	We Don't Mind – A POEM	76

ATLANTIC EXTRA

FINLEY PETER DUNNE	Mr. Dooley's Friends: Teddy Roosevelt and Mark Twain	77-99
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ATLANTIC REPORTS

Washington – The Congo – London	4
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ACCENT ON LIVING

CHARLES W. MORTON – JAMES P. DEGNAN – STEWART BEACH – G. S. PATCHET	100
H. F. ELLIS – R. G. G. PRICE – HERBERT KUPFERBERG	

ATLANTIC BOOKSHELF

EDWARD WEEKS	The Peripatetic Reviewer	116
WILLIAM BARRETT	Reader's Choice	120
PHOEBE ADAMS	Potpourri	126

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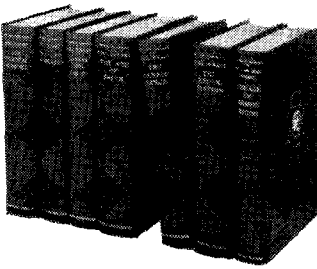
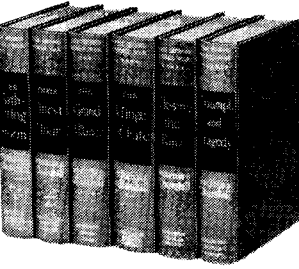
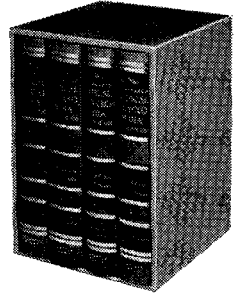
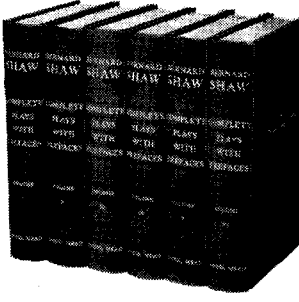
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28

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The Atlantic Report *on the World Today*

WASHINGTON

IN THE foreword which President Kennedy wrote for the recently published *Presidential Public Papers of 1962*, he commented that last year may well be marked by historians "as the time when the tide of international politics began at last to flow strongly toward the world of diversity and freedom." It has long been a Kennedy thesis that the 1957 launching of the first Soviet Sputnik was an event of momentous gain for the Communists. Indeed, it is now quite clear that the Red Chinese pressures on Nikita Khrushchev to take a bolder stance against the West sprang from Peiping's belief that the Sputnik marked a Soviet missile superiority of incalculable military and psychological proportions which Khrushchev should exploit to the fullest.

Whether Khrushchev acted on such a presumption last year when he made his daring missile move into Cuba or whether, as is the predominant Washington view, he was acting out of weakness in the East-West military equation, we perhaps shall never know. We do know, of course, that the Chinese accused him of "adventurism" for moving missiles into Cuba and of "capitulationism" for taking them out in the face of President Kennedy's challenge. Certainly Cuba exacerbated the Sino-Soviet dispute, and certainly it took the masters of the Kremlin many months after the withdrawal to rethink their policies and procedures.

Sometime in May President Kennedy decided that the forum of a commencement address at American University in Washington on June 10 would give him the right opportunity to make another gesture toward the Soviet Union. He knew, of course, that the Sino-Soviet talks would be held in Moscow in July and that at about the same time Averell Harriman would be going there to try again for a nuclear test ban. As one

official put it, it was time to let Khrushchev know that there was no brick wall on his Western flank as there was on his Eastern flank.

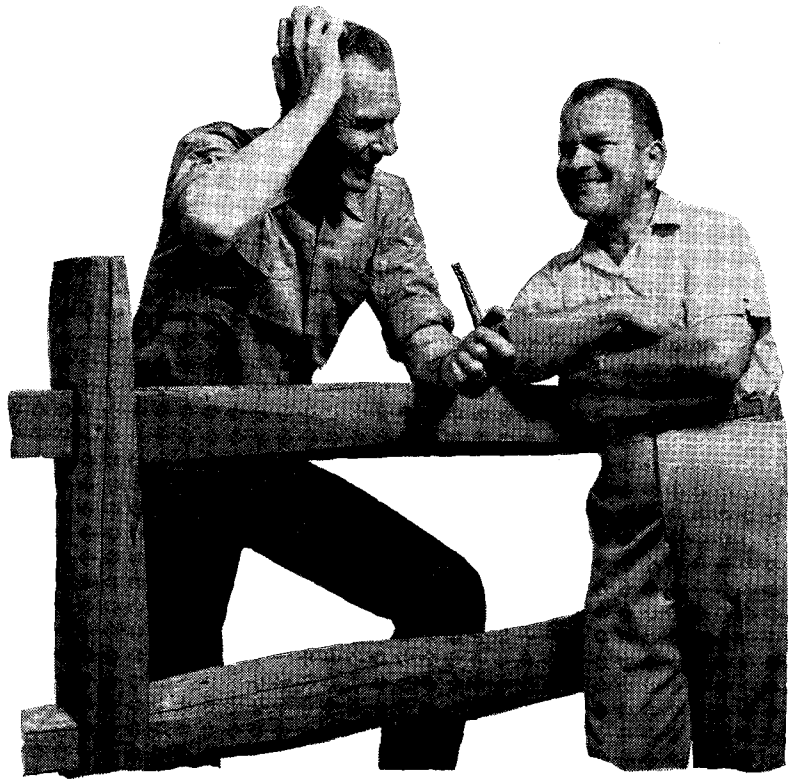
At American University the President denied that this nation seeks to enforce a "Pax Americana" on the world by arms. He called on Americans to "re-examine our attitude toward the Cold War," and he declared that both the United States and the Soviet Union are "caught up in a vicious and dangerous cycle in which suspicion on one side breeds suspicion on the other, and new weapons beget counter-weapons." Despite some strong words during his subsequent visit to West Germany, Kennedy did not abandon the principles of his American University address, and Khrushchev quite evidently noted this. The result was the opening of a new round of Soviet-American explorations, while the Sino-Soviet quarrel was intensified.

The President's problem since last October's Cuban crisis has been how to exploit the outcome. He has not applied new pressures on Khrushchev in regard to his troops remaining in Cuba, at least not publicly, at some political cost here at home. For a long time he took the position that the Cuban crisis had, in fact, made it more difficult to do any business with the Soviets, so great had been their duplicity.

The Chinese-Soviet split

As seen from Washington, the quarrel between the Kremlin and Peiping has been basically a power struggle between two great nations and their strong-willed leaders, overlaid with important Marxist-Leninist ideological differences. It is impossible to separate these two factors and most difficult to give them their proper weights. Nor is it possible to estimate the importance to Khrushchev and Mao Tse-tung of the struggle

CLEAR GROUND RULES HELP GOOD NEIGHBORS STAY THAT WAY



For many years the investor-owned light and power companies and the rural electric cooperatives have been, on the whole, good neighbors. They have worked together to bring electricity to rural America. About two-thirds of this electricity is produced by investor-owned companies who either supply rural customers directly, or supply the co-ops.

The REA

The two systems are, of course, different. One, as its name implies, is financed by investors. The other is financed by loans from an agency of the Federal Government, The Rural Electrification Administration (REA). REA loans are made at the low interest rate of 2%. Co-ops financed by The REA pay no Federal income taxes. The rural electric program was started during the Depression, in 1936, to help get electricity to farms more quickly.

But notwithstanding the fact that electricity now flows throughout our farmlands, requests for treasury appropriations to The REA continue

to get bigger and bigger. In 1952, appropriations amounted to \$175 million. The last budget called for \$425 million for loan authorizations, with the greater part requested for building generating plants and high-voltage lines.

This leads to a big question: does the nature and continued expansion of this program indicate, over and beyond necessary co-op improvements, a significant move toward federalizing the nation's power by making use of the farm economy?

That is the general issue. And against it, writers, editors, legislators, farm leaders and others are asking some pointed questions.

The Questions

Some ask if The REA in Washington is encouraging co-ops to build power plants that are not needed. Others ask if these loans are being made to some co-ops to develop a Federal power system not authorized by Congress. People both in and out of Congress are asking whether it is proper for a Federal Government

bureau to loan your money under such circumstances.

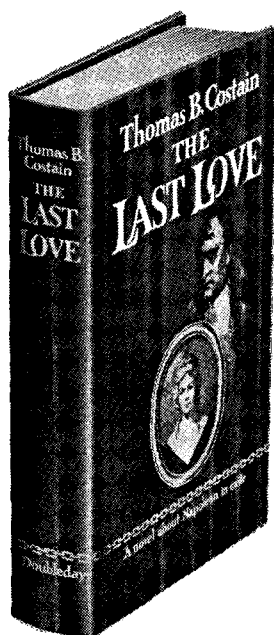
Also: are REA loans being used to finance expanded service to urban or industrial customers in contradiction to the original purpose of the rural co-op? Are they being used unnecessarily to finance equipment for business and industrial ventures locating on REA-financed co-op lines? Is it proper for The REA in Washington to lend public funds while keeping the economic basis for making the loans a secret?

Ground Rules Helpful

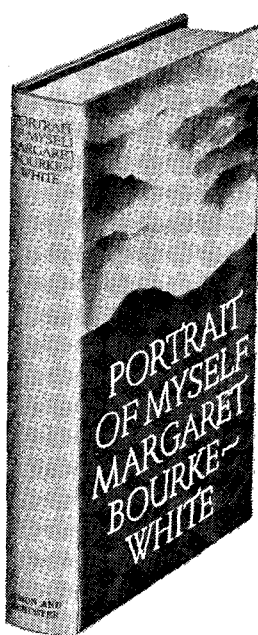
We in the electric light and power business are interested in these questions, too. We have good reasons for wanting them answered. We've worked with rural electric co-ops for many years, and we think that clearly understood ground rules would help both the co-ops and ourselves. We believe that such "clear ground rules" will help us to continue to work with our good neighbors to go on meeting the nation's power needs, wherever the power is needed.

Investor-Owned Electric Light and Power Companies... more than 300 companies across the nation
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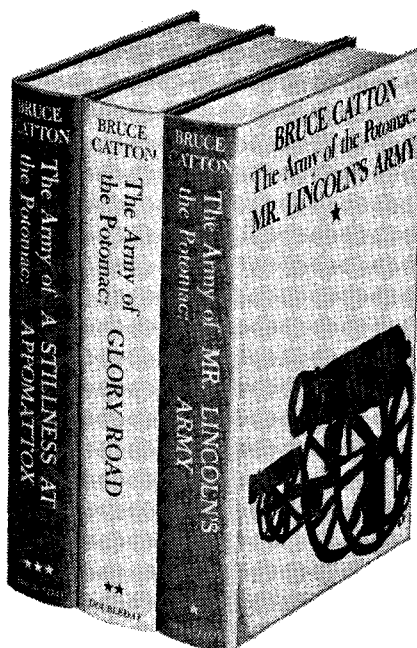
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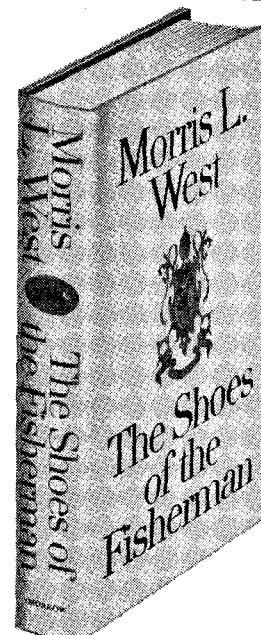
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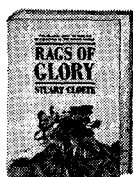
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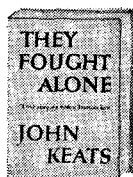
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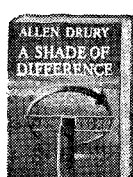
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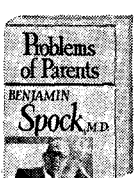
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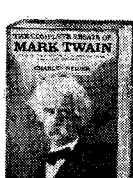
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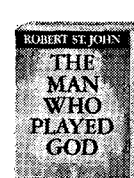
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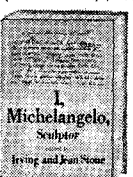
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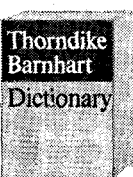
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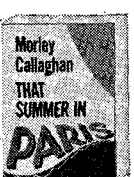
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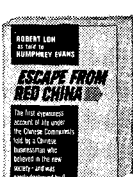
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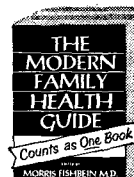
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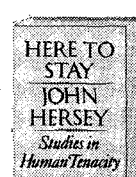
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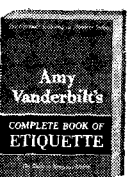
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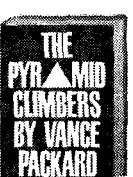
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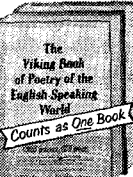
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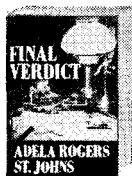
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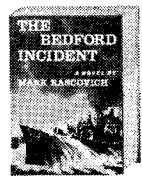
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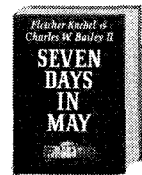
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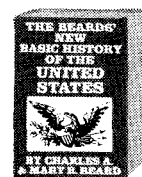
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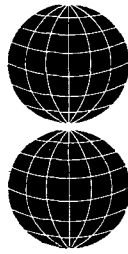
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Report on Washington



for the hearts and minds of the world's more than eighty Communist parties, which are vital to the spread of the holy writ, whether it be the Moscow or the Peiping translation.

Even more hidden from clear view is the relation of the Soviet-American nuclear power struggle to Kremlin decision making. The Kremlin must know that American officials are not idly boasting when they talk of being able to destroy the Soviet Union even after a surprise first strike at the United States by Russia. The recent Atomic Energy Commission decision to cut back on production of fissionable material indicates the Administration's confidence in our nuclear superiority. And its meaning will not be lost on Moscow.

It has been evident for many months now that a central Soviet problem has been the allocation of scarce resources. Though the proof so far is lacking, there must have been some decision to limit military claims, perhaps on the ground that Churchill's "balance of terror" afforded sufficient protection to the Soviet Union and that the chances of dramatically upsetting the balance are slim indeed.

Hot line to Moscow

Since war may come by accident, there is hope in the opening, about September 1, of the new "hot line" emergency telecommunication link between Washington and Moscow. The new link does make possible a quick explanation from one side to the other if there is an accidental firing, or if a madman does defeat the control mechanisms. Such a message quite conceivably could prevent escalation to all-out war.

The Soviet-American stalemate has permitted the boiling up of the lesser conflicts held in check when the nuclear giants were bellowing at each other, as they did last fall. For example, not until the Cuban crisis had clearly passed did General de Gaulle impose his veto on British membership in the Common Market and intensify his campaign to curtail American influence in Europe. Likewise, the Sino-Soviet quarrel reached a new intensity, and the European satellites were emboldened to talk back to Moscow after the air over Cuba had cleared.

As to the problems in the Atlantic alliance, Washington feels that a new relationship between the United States and its European allies, especially in a psychological sense, is beginning to form. De Gaulle pushes for one formula, Kennedy for another. The likelihood is that, in time, some third formula will be created. At least there has been enough lifting of the sense of impending doom to begin to calculate some way out of the present Atlantic deadlock.

The Negro and politics

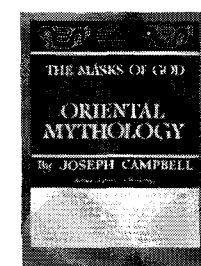
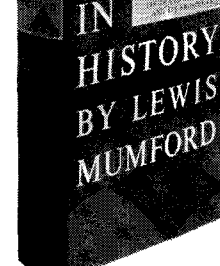
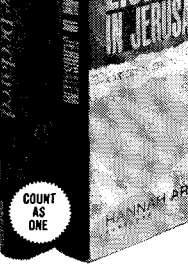
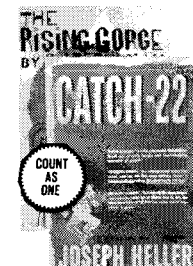
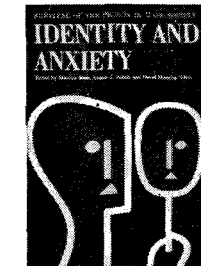
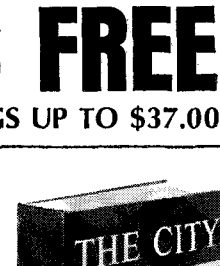
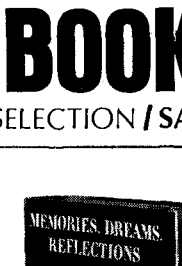
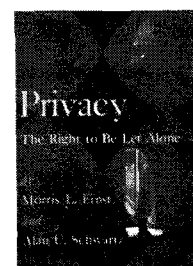
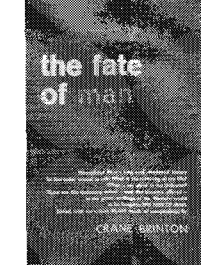
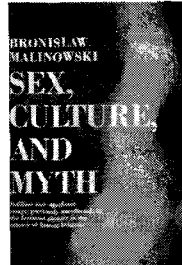
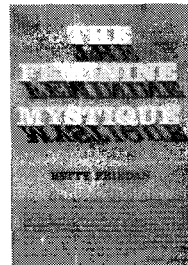
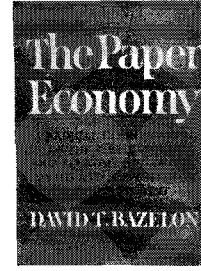
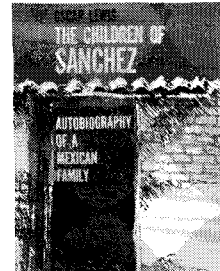
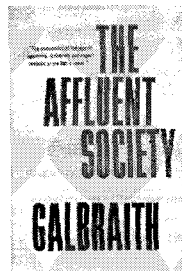
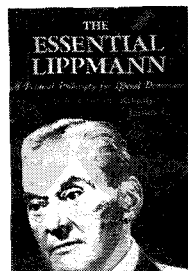
The great domestic crisis of 1963, the nationwide eruption of a struggle by American Negroes to break those bonds still remaining a century after emancipation, has almost totally disrupted every other domestic issue in Washington.

The outcome in Congress is now far from clear, nor is there yet a national consensus from which senators and representatives can take a cue. On all sides it is believed that the conduct of the Negroes themselves will have a critical bearing not only on what Congress does but on what is done by states and cities and towns, by business, and by other groups who have power to break down old barriers.

Washington has lately begun to think about the possible political consequences. The national conventions are less than a year off, and already the civil rights issue is deep in politics. The potential Republican candidacy of Senator Goldwater is central to much of the current political thinking.

Those who have looked back at the 1960 election figures come up with something like this: rural America is basically Republican, whoever the party nominee may be; the core of our big cities is basically Democratic; the real battleground is the suburbs. In 1960, for example, Kennedy ran up some 6,780,000 votes, to just under 4,000,000 for Nixon, in eighteen major cities. But in the suburbs of these cities, plus the suburbs of then-voteless Washington, D. C., which will cast its first presidential vote next fall, Nixon outran Kennedy by 4,517,000 to 4,394,000. This almost tied suburban vote was a vast switch from the voting in the Eisenhower-Stevenson contests, in which the GOP totals ran far, far ahead.

Living in these suburbs today are many of the men and women who have been providing the leadership among the white majority of the nation in breaking down racial barriers, both before and since the crisis in Birmingham shocked the country. But the politicians generally feel that suburbia could very easily be repelled by Negro excesses and that this would be reflected both in the Congress and at the polling places next fall.



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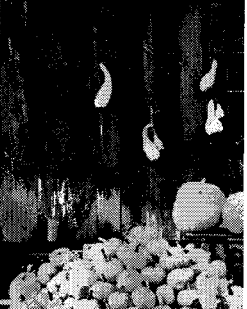
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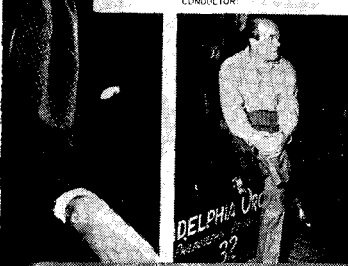
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conductor.
Piano soloist:
RUDOLF SERKIN

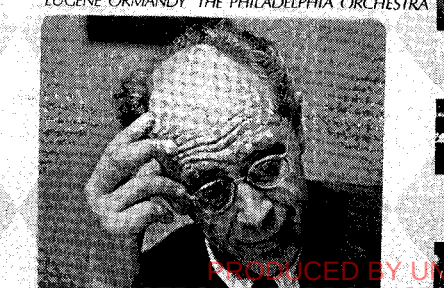


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Piano



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Report on Washington

Many disagree with such a reading. Yet it is evident that the Goldwater boom has behind it not only the far right in economic terms but an element ready and willing to campaign on a "lily-white GOP" line. And, so the argument goes, it really makes no difference what Goldwater himself may say if he is the GOP nominee—he will be the "white" candidate. Democratic strategists scoff at much of this talk; they profess to believe that what the President has set out to do for the Negro is not only morally right but good politics as well.

The net of this argument is now totally unclear. The only certain thing, if anything is certain in politics, is that the outcome of the civil rights struggle both in and out of Congress will be a key factor in the 1964 presidential election.

The new isolationists

Senator Dirksen and Representative Halleck, the Senate and House GOP leaders, have been hammering away week after week on the theme of "virtual surrender" by the Administration to the Soviets on the test-ban issue and a general weakness in other areas of Soviet-American relations.

The fact is that the party's congressional leadership has been more conservative than its presidential candidates all the way back to Calvin Coolidge. But then a Wilkie, a Dewey, an Eisenhower, or a Nixon has come along to lead the party on a more internationalist line of foreign policy. Despite all the Goldwater boom, the cynics among the politicians of both parties believe this pattern will repeat itself next year. But the Rockefeller divorce and marriage and the limited boomlets for Governors Romney and Scranton have shaken some liberal Republicans to the point of a real fear of a Goldwater nomination.

Many say, why not have a real choice for the voters for once—Goldwater versus Kennedy? And the Goldwater boom has reached such a point that if he is denied the nomination, it could seriously damage the party's chances in 1964. Hence, the situation now is similar

to the 1952 situation, when General Eisenhower went into the GOP race because, in part at least, he feared Senator Taft's brand of isolationism. But today there is no new Ike to challenge Goldwater.

One question is whether there is not already considerable neo-isolationism among Democrats as well as Republicans. A return to the pre-war isolationism is plainly impossible to most Americans, what with missiles buried today in Wyoming or Arizona. But there are many who feel that we can cut our commitments and otherwise pull in our horns now that missiles located here at home can reach every corner of the Communist bloc. Recriminations over General de Gaulle and his policies clearly have added to this feeling.

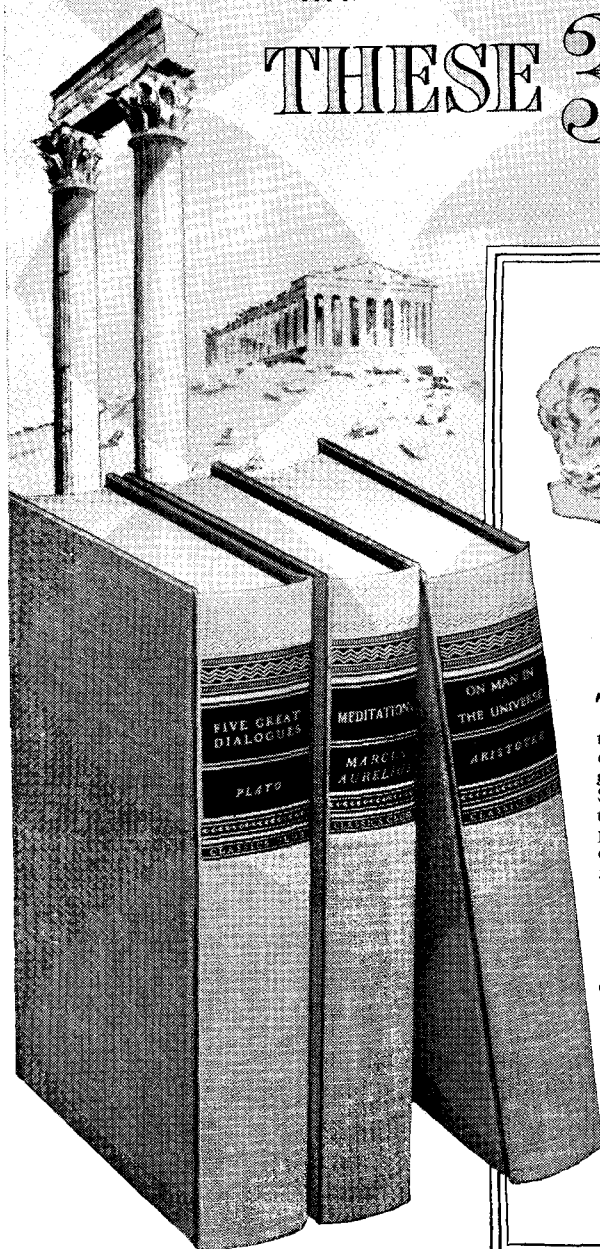
For example, Senator Frank Church, a Democrat who sits in isolationist William E. Borah's old Idaho seat, suggested to a National War College audience that the United States sell nuclear warheads at cost to an integrated European force, assuming one could be created, thus making it possible, in his view, for American troops to be withdrawn from Europe. He coupled this proposal with a prior defense against those who might "object that I am offering a blueprint for returning the United States to isolationism" by replying that "it is Europe, not us, which pursues increasingly isolationist policies, largely at our expense, in both the military and economic spheres." Whatever the merits of such a view, it is undeniable that it has been strengthened by subsequent French moves to trim further its NATO commitments and to cut American farm exports to France in particular and Europe in general.

What the President said during his European tour was designed to combat such disintegration within the Atlantic alliance. Despite a lot of criticism in advance and some after the fact, Washington generally felt the trip was worthwhile, even necessary. But it was only one part of what surely is going to be a long haul for the United States as it seeks the outlines of a new relationship across the sea while avoiding a big swing of the pendulum of opinion here at home.

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The Atlantic Report THE CONGO



LÉOPOLDVILLE still survives as the capital of a large if not great country. Yet even in the months since "independent Katanga" fell, the material for documenting the implausibility of survival can easily be listed: the siege of Léopoldville by the people of Kongo Central, the province which surrounds the federal capital on all sides but the riverfront, so that all food supplies were blocked off; paralyzing strikes by the workers at Otraco, the navigation system which works the river, and by schoolteachers whose pay is months and even years in arrears; the \$162 million deficit in Finance Minister Bamba's new \$364 million budget; the inflation (\$358 million of printed paper churned into the economy since independence); the fission of six semi-autonomous provinces into twenty-one; the mass mutiny of the Léopoldville police; and the appalling corruption, of which diamond smuggling is the sensational example.

Nearly half the world's production of uncut diamonds outside the U.S.S.R. came from the former province of Kasai in the Congo — a source of wealth for the country potentially as great as the more publicized copper of Katanga. Industrial diamonds, of which the Congo produces nine tenths of the free world's supply, come from Bakwanga and the surrounding countryside. Diamonds for jewelry were mined at Tshikapa, near the border of Portuguese Angola in the new province of United Kasai, by Forminiere. Until independence this was a partnership between the Belgian government and De Beers, the British company with the monopoly of free world distribution. But legal fragmentation of the original province has been too much for Forminiere. Production at Tshikapa fell, according to official figures, from 657,903 carats in 1959 to 132,916 carats in 1961 and since then to zero.

The European staff has been withdrawn; only a handful of caretakers are supposed to be there. But production, of course, goes on. The smugglers — mainly "Senegalese" Africans, but the term covers people from the Ivory Coast — have descended on Kasai like vultures. One thousand were deported only recently. Some of the precious

stones cross the nearest frontier to Portugalia, in Angola; but the real smugglers' trail reaches across the Congo River to Brazzaville, where there is a flourishing illegal market.

Nearly everybody is in the racket. Special mining police, trained in Léopoldville, had to be disbanded soon after they reached Bakwanga. A Cabinet minister in the fledgling provincial government of United Kasai hired a special plane and flew to Léopoldville with 2000 carats of highest-quality stones for which he attempted amateurishly to find a buyer. He explained that he had stumbled across the sack of diamonds, wondered whom they might belong to, thought it might conceivably be Forminiere, and had come specially to Léopoldville to find out. To avoid embarrassment his explanation was accepted, and he was allowed to return quietly to his ministerial duties.

The new leaders

Such tales could be multiplied many times and would fill a diverting dossier of decay. But what counts is the direction in which events are now moving. After the traumatic experience of the first days of independence, the Congo needed above all a long period of convalescence under a leader of competence and restraint, a figure of calm rather than a perpetrator of further turmoil. This it has found in Cyrille Adoula, the former labor leader, whom perceptive Belgians had picked out some months before independence as a likely Premier under a Kasavubu presidency.

Adoula has remained continuously in office since August, 1961, when legal government was re-created under the auspices of the United Nations; he has several times had the laugh on Congolese and foreign commentators alike who have "proved" on more than one occasion that the political equation in Léopoldville forbade his survival. His lack of a working majority in the National Assembly, which had been responsible for the delay in considering the new federal constitution, had arisen from the gathering together of disgruntled groups into an organized opposition by that much-disappointed man, Jean Bolikango.

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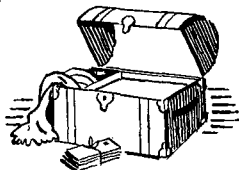


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Report on the Congo

Considerably older than most Congolese politicians (he is now fifty-four), Bolikango was Adoula's schoolmaster, and he belongs to the same Bangala tribe, which also supplied most of the levies for the Force Publique (now the ANC, Congolese National Army). Besides achieving some distinction as a vernacular novelist, Bolikango was the senior African in the Congolese civil service before independence. It was at his house that the first political manifesto, *Conscience Africaine*, was drafted in 1956, mainly by his former pupils.

Despite his prestige, he was passed over in 1960 for all three offices which he sought — Chief of State, for which he was heavily defeated by Kasavubu, leader of the Bakongo tribe, with whom the Bangala compete for dominance in the city of Léopoldville; Speaker of the House of Representatives; and Minister of National Defense. It is still a matter for controversy how important a factor the humiliation of their hero by Patrice Lumumba was in causing the mutiny of Bangala troops in the first days of the republic. Except for a short term as Vice Premier, Bolikango has since sulked in opposition, awaiting the call of the nation that he is convinced will come.

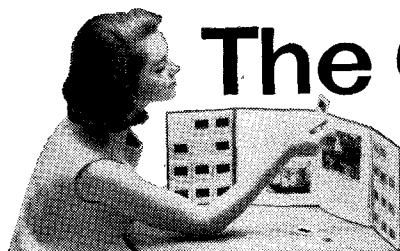
The status of Léopoldville

After eighteen months in office, with a number of accomplishments to its credit but without the one decisive prize — the re-integration of South Katanga — the Adoula government had antagonized a variety of sectional interests. Under the re-arrangement of provinces, the Bakongo tribal party Abako, which controls the vital stretch of country from Léopoldville to the Atlantic, had obtained its coveted autonomy under the title of Kongo Central. But the establishment of a Congolese "District of Columbia" at Léopoldville dimmed Bakongo joy by depriving the new province of the pleasure and satisfaction of incorporating the national capital.

The Abako deputies, who had hitherto formed part of the government's majority, walked out of the Chamber during the debate on Léopoldville's status; their commitment to opposition was confirmed by the

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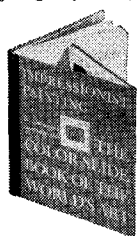


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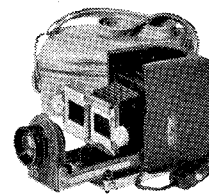
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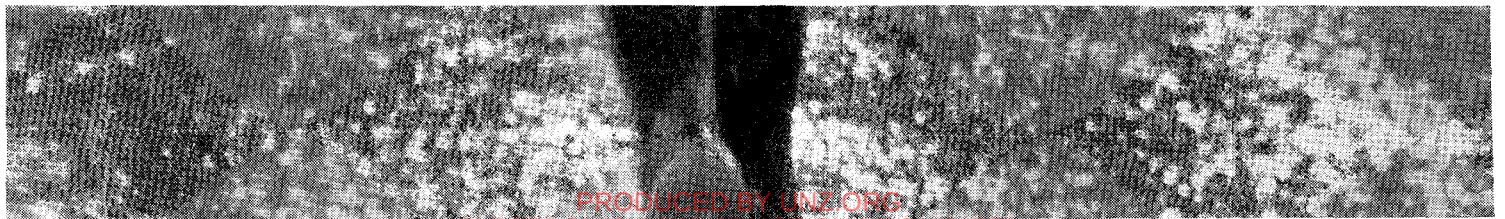
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Report on the Congo

proclamation of martial law in the capital to cope with bands of brigands who were engaging in affrays in the streets. Bolikango was able to persuade them, states' righters by creed, to unite with the remaining supporters of the late Patrice Lumumba and Antoine Gizenga, the principal advocates of a centralized form of government, and with Conakat, the extreme states' rights party of Katanga's Moise Tshombe.

Various other small groups which had not been satisfied with office since Adoula had set an example of economy and austerity by drastically slimming his Cabinet added their votes to what appeared to be the winning combination.

Adoula showed suppleness but also determination and strength. It is easy to see now that this paid off, but at the time of the maximum political pressure on him last November he did not know for certain that the UN would shortly deal decisively with the Katangese secession. Backpedaling over martial law, Adoula yielded nothing over the "neutralizing" of Léopoldville. The scandal of rival politicians intimidating the Assembly by armed supporters of their own tribe had to be forever banished. The government withstood the food boycott of the capital organized by Kongo Central. The West Germans and Americans airlifted emergency supplies, the Bakongo were talked into removing their roadblocks, the Otraco strike was smashed by the arrest of its leaders.

The Katanga issue

Jean Bolikango boasted that he alone could resolve the issue of Katanga by sitting "Bantu-fashion with legs out-stretched," around a table with Tshombe. Much cant has been talked about the superior insight of one Bantu African into the thought processes of another. The same Congolese personalities who were seriously underestimated by the whites because of their lack of conformity with non-Congolese stereotypes were just as seriously underestimated by other Africans — General Mobutu being the outstanding example. The same Congolese politicians who baffled, infuriated, and frustrated non-

African negotiators — Moise Tshombe, above all — produced the same effects on the Africans, like Robert Gardiner and Eliud Mathu, who took over.

At this juncture the UN, harassed beyond endurance by the sniping at its servants by the rifles and mortars of gendarmerie and mercenaries, delivered South Katanga into the hands of the central government. President Kasavubu promptly adjourned the National Assembly, which, although unable to produce the special majority required to compel the collective resignation of the government, had been amusing itself by picking off the individual ministers one by one. But when the UN presented Adoula with the prize of prizes, Bolikango sportingly congratulated the government and acknowledged in so many words that Kasavubu was within his legal rights in giving Adoula a break from parliamentary harassment.

The UN turns out to be right

Every major criticism of the UN's political judgment over Katanga has now been proved false. It had been claimed — most prominently by the British Foreign Secretary — that action by the UN force to end secession would result either in the UN itself becoming a colonial power, because with Tshombe's elimination there would be no one left with sufficient popular support to govern the rich mining zones of South Katanga, or, alternatively, in the UN being bogged down in a long guerrilla war.

It was further alleged that the UN was vindictively bent on Tshombe's political and perhaps even physical extinction and that, whatever political miscalculations he may have made, such a fate was not worthy of a man who had preserved European lives and property and kept the precious wheels of industry regularly in motion during an interval of acknowledged anarchy.

These criticisms referred to dangers that were by no means imaginary or implausible, and tough diplomatic pressure accompanied them. But there was neither large-scale sabotage nor bush war nor political vacuum. Tshombe continues to be acknowledged by the UN and the Congolese government as the legitimate Provincial President

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Estimates have been made that \$90 billion worth of equipment and plant facility in this country is obsolete. And the rate of obsolescence adds 6 billion dollars additional obsolete facilities every year.

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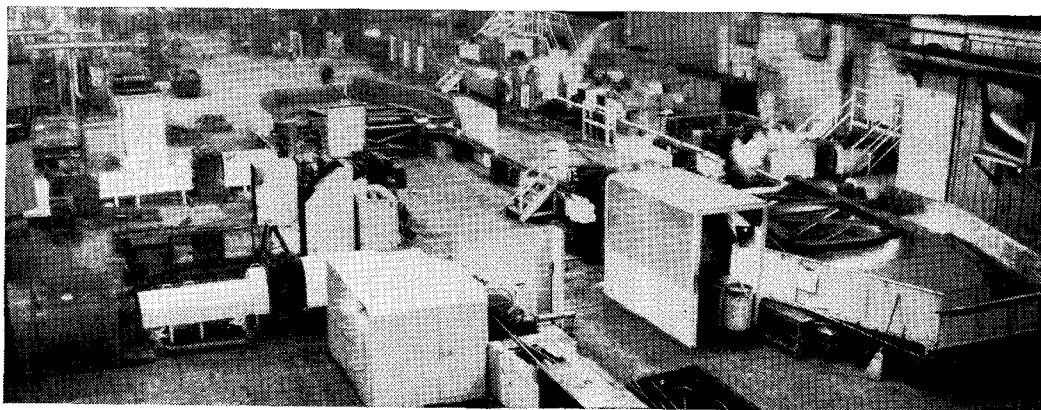
In order to compete, obviously America must also accelerate its rate of modernization.

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pansion and modernization. In 1962 it spent nearly an additional \$1½ billion, mostly for modernization.

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Report on the Congo

of South Katanga; and even the
militant Godefroid Munongo, a man
deeply implicated in the death of
Lumumba and in the fomentation
of intertribal war, continues in office,
though removed from any contact
with the police and switched from
the Ministry of the Interior to that
of Health.

The UN, excepting members of
the Casablanca group on the Secre-
tary General's Advisory Council,
has never been concerned with the
destruction of Tshombe as a political
force. On the contrary, leading
members of the UN's staff as well as
such powerful backers of its policies
as the United States have been ac-
tively concerned that Tshombe and
his Conakat Party should be a
weighty factor within the central
government coalition.

Brighter prospects

From the UN's action in Katanga
last January three highly desirable
consequences have flowed. Adoula
has been able to pay an official visit
to Brussels without loss of face pub-
licly. His government has been re-
constructed to include all three ma-
jor elements in the combined oppo-
sition — Lumumbists, Conakat, and
Abako — without compromising his
authority. Finally, the army is now
at last ready to allow itself to be
retrained by foreign missions.

Since the tasks ahead remain so
formidable — the adoption of a con-
stitution, the conquest of inflation,
the administrative organization of
twenty-one provinces and a federal
capital instead of six, to mention but
the most obvious — it is altogether
premature to say that the Congo
has been saved. All one can say is
that the prospects of salvation have
begun to look brighter. The realign-
ment of Belgian and UN policies
in the same direction by Paul-Henri
Spaak and U Thant has contributed
much. U Thant took full advantage
of Spaak's risky operation, risky in
terms of his own public opinion and
of the limited elbowroom within a
Catholic-Socialist coalition, to re-
store Belgium's good international
standing.

All experience since July, 1960,
had convinced the UN and the

Congolese alike that only Belgium
could supply sufficient personnel
and local knowledge to make the
struggling republic a really going
concern. The moment that the
Thant plan had begun to deliver
results in Katanga, some of the
Congolese leaders had felt free to
display again their lingering affec-
tion for Belgium.

Two even more delicate follow-up
operations have now to be under-
taken jointly by the Belgians, UN,
and Congolese. First, since Belgian
advisers in substantial numbers are
indispensable for a long time ahead
but a monopoly of Belgian advice is
impossible domestically and inter-
nationally, the most subtle articula-
tion is called for between the UN's
long-term civilian operation and the
Belgian aid program, now being
planned by Spaak.

The second post-Katanga opera-
tion is the unraveling of the Belgo-
Congolese financial entanglement.
Once the Léopoldville administra-
tion is recognized as the legal suc-
cessor of the Belgian Congo, for
this purpose it becomes, without any
nationalization laws whatsoever, the
major shareholder in the Union
Minière du Haut-Katanga and in
at least eighteen companies.

Adoula's official visit to Brussels
fortunately initiated a new and more
hopeful round of negotiations about
"Les Contentieux Belgo-Congolais," as
the whole mass of unfinished business
in connection with the transfer of
power is collectively termed. The
International Monetary Fund has
supplied accounting experts, and
three constitutional lawyers supplied
by the UN have been helping with
the permanent constitution.

The Conakat floor leaders in
both House and Senate are now
ministers in Adoula's government;
two other ministers are drawn from
the ranks of those Katangese who at
times have served Tshombe under
the secession but who have exerted
themselves during important phases
of that period to reconcile their
province and their nation. What-
ever compromise is reached between
the two constitutional drafts pre-
pared by the UN experts for Adoula
and by Tshombe's advisers in Elisa-
bethville will now have to be made
within the Léopoldville Cabinet.

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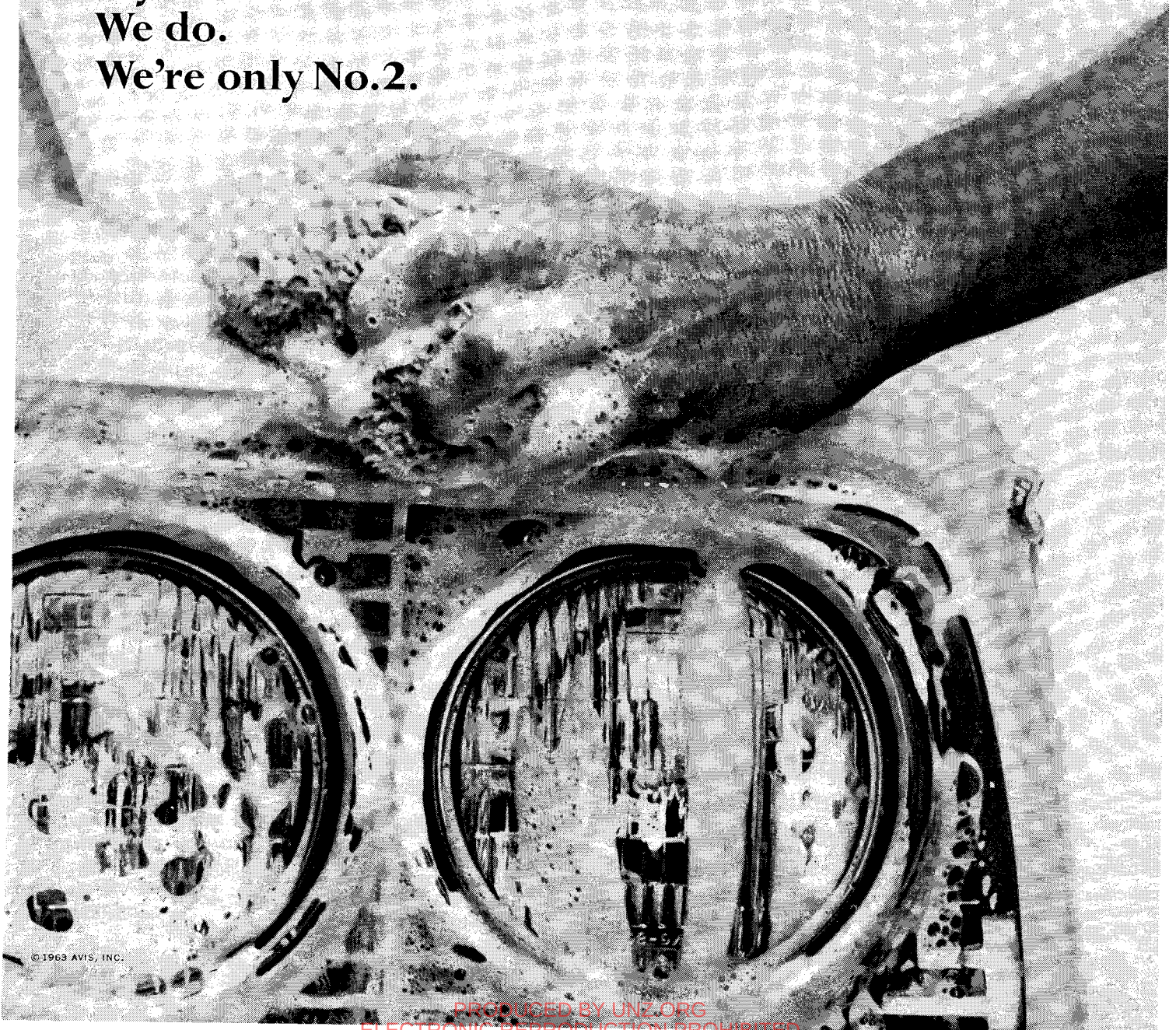
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GREAT BRITAIN has reached a political watershed. Exactly what lies on the further side of the frontier cannot be told until the two major party conferences in October, but, in general, a great deal is already clear. The next British government is likely to be predominantly young and predominantly middle-class. The House of Lords will certainly change its character, for peers will be able to give up their titles to become "life commoners." Finally, the next British government could well come to power on the rising tide of an "economic miracle." Both major parties therefore must find a new philosophy of affluence.

Both also have to seek a way to restore the moral fiber of a rather shaken and uncertain nation. Many commentators have seen this as essentially a challenge to the upper levels of the British class structure. Class is certainly involved, but the moral and security risks uncovered have in fact been produced by the middle classes — Nunn May, Burgess, MacLean, Philby, Blake, and Vassall among the spies, and the *dolce vita* set surrounding the Profumo case among the rakes.

The challenge is obviously accentuated by the possibility of a British economic miracle, which is bound to affect political fortunes. Were an election held now, the Labor Party would win by a landslide. But the Conservatives have a full year in which to hold elections. A Labor Party with few outstanding figures in it could, in a year's time, find itself in a boom, facing a new and more vigorous Tory administration filled with household names. It was this possibility that gave whatever power it had to the initial revolt against Macmillan, which otherwise was small in scale and leaderless. It was this possibility too that simultaneously produced the surge to Reginald Maudling, strengthened the support that already existed for R. A. Butler, and increased Macmillan's determination to stay on.

Tory favorites

Maudling is forty-six years old, large, affable, easygoing, and intelligent. His career upward seemed to have been brought to an abrupt halt

by the failure of the Free Trade Area negotiations in 1958. Last year he was elevated by Macmillan to the control of the Treasury in the government reshuffle that increased to fifty-five out of ninety the number of senior and junior officeholders under the age of fifty. In his new capacity Maudling has shown a cautious but intelligent attitude toward expansion. The economic tide has been running for him, and he has not had to struggle to make headway. His political youth, however, while an attraction, since Labor's Harold Wilson is about the same age, could result in handicapping him. If he were nominated leader of the Conservatives now, he could have twenty years in the post, and would find it increasingly difficult to resist the swing of the electoral pendulum.

Butler's assets have been these. He is sixty years old, the "right" age. He is a considerable political philosopher. He was a good Chancellor of the Exchequer for almost four years, up to 1955. He might have been Prime Minister instead of Macmillan, and very nearly was. He has a tremendous capacity for hard work. His drawbacks have been his sleepy public air and his extraordinary syntax — he once said Eden "is the best Prime Minister we have." It is sometimes difficult to tell what he means, and he is not exciting.

The same cannot be said of the man who has been the third favorite, Lord Hailsham. As soon as the House of Lords bill was announced it was assumed that he would descend at the first available opportunity to what is still called the Lower House, and as Mr. Quintin Hogg, make his volatile presence felt as a contender for the highest offices. Hogg is fifty-five years old. He says what he thinks so fiercely and frequently that he has been called "a man who goes off at half cock."

Iain Macleod, forty-nine, who had some supporters, fell back as a result of his inadequate handling of the Profumo affair when he wound up the debate for Macmillan. Edward Heath, forty-seven, a man with a host of friends and a great reputation from the Common Market negotiations, has never held high office.

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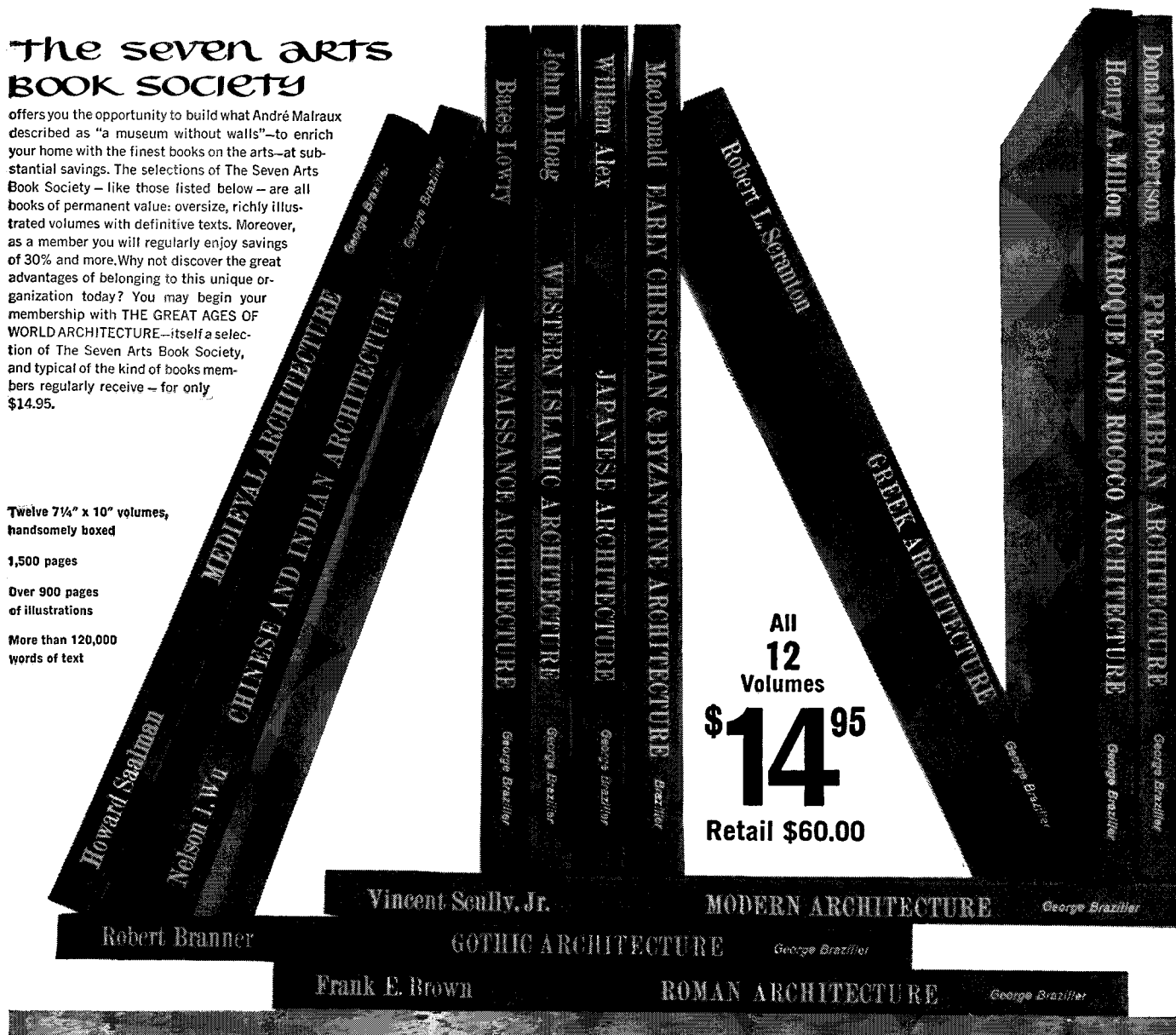
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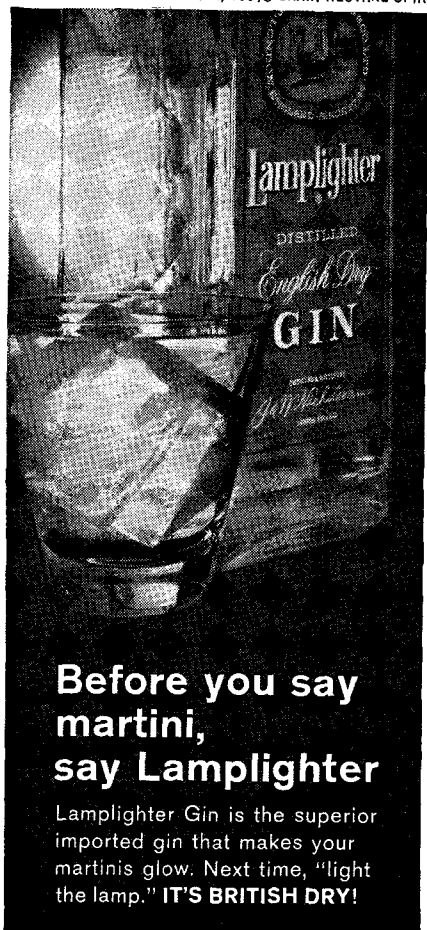
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Report on London

Macmillan has long been convinced that, if he could ride out "the storm in the MI-5 teacup," he could put the party back on the road to victory as, with Britain's role again emphasized in the Moscow test-ban talks, confidence returned with prosperity. Many of the issues will be fought over at the Conservative Party conference at Blackpool next month, when the need to project a new and vigorous party image will become irresistible. But even then the question of whether or not a lame-duck government will become a dead-duck government may depend on whether there demonstrably is to be a British economic miracle, and if so, what kind.

Economic miracle

Essentially, the reason for expecting an economic recovery is this: The trend of exports is seen to be related to the trend of relative prices more than to any other single factor. Between 1953 and 1961, for instance, the export prices of Italy and Japan fell 21 and 9 percent respectively. The quantities of their exports rose 345 percent and 290 percent. French prices fell one percent; French exports rose 111 percent. British prices rose 14 percent, its exports only 32 percent. American export prices rose 20 percent, exports 33 percent. Now, however, Britain appears to be entering a period of relative price advantage.

Internal prices in the European Common Market are rising very rapidly, from 5 to 8 percent per annum. European employment is full. Demand is very high and is increasing. European imports are also increasing. Last year, in spite of the turn of European tariffs against it, Britain increased its exports to the Common Market by 18 percent. If further gains are made this year, the United States will also benefit, but probably not to the extent of Britain, for 40 percent of America's exports are agricultural, where the chances of increase are slight. One hundred percent of Britain's are industrial.

The upturn of commodity prices is likely to put more buying power into the hands of countries in the overseas sterling area. Continued recovery in America should help still

further the balance of payments, which is slightly in surplus at the moment. Net income from invisibles like insurance, banking, tourism, shipping, and oil is increasing. So it is not surprising that even at the height of the Profumo scandal, when in any other circumstances the pound would have plummeted, there was scarcely a tremor on the exchanges.

At home, the pace of inflationary wage increases has declined steadily since 1960. During the past two years, taxes have been gently reduced, the interest rate lowered, bank loans increased. House mortgages are at a record level. Car output has increased 22 percent in a year. Unemployment is higher than has been normal — at half a million in the summer — and productive investment has not yet picked up, but the possibilities for a continued advance to new high levels of general prosperity are greater than for many years past.

Labor's image

All this could mean that the Labor Party must change its image. Labor has gained greatly from mid-term disenchantment with the government, and later from policy failures in Europe and Africa, and finally from scandal, but it has lost elections before in good economic times to the Tory slogan, "Don't let Labor ruin it." And Labor has to face the inescapable fact that in Britain a dedication to socialism is not an electoral asset, a situation which the security scandals and the continuing story of the Berlin wall have served to confirm.

Harold Wilson, although supposedly much to the left of Gaitskell, is not a Marxist. An opponent famous and feared for his use of the dagger of wit, Wilson as leader appears to be turning himself into a quiet, pipe-puffing, serious, level-headed, down-to-earth sort of man. He has confirmed the place in the hallowed Labor constitution of Clause Four (nationalization of the means of production, distribution, and exchange), which Gaitskell repudiated once unwisely, yet at the same time has managed to convince people outside the party that nationalization is no longer a serious part of the Labor program. Labor, he suggests, is empirical. It stands for planning that will combine more

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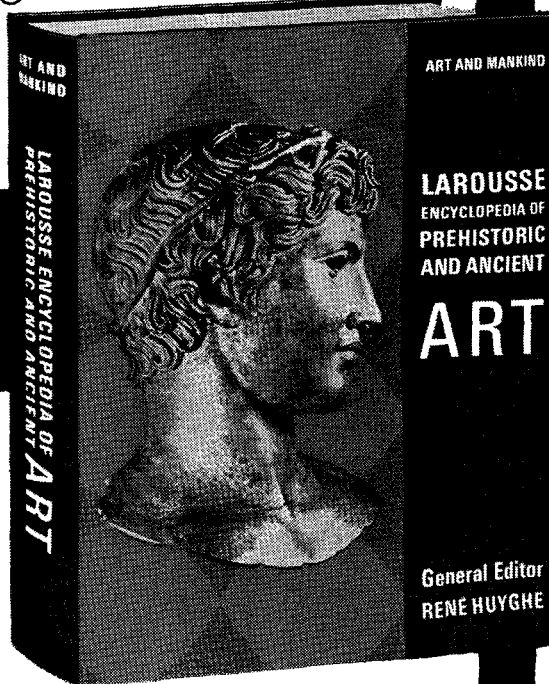


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Report on London

rapid economic expansion with more manifest social justice. Such planning cannot be static but must change as conditions change.

Unions and wages

The proper relationship between wage increases and productivity is now so obviously a prime factor in sustained growth that the Labor Party must add this plank to its platform. Almost every union has a program for increased wages and a forty- or thirty-five-hour week irrespective of productivity. Some are still led by rumbustious old-fashioned types like Ted Hill of the Boilermakers' Society, who sounds as if he believes fiercely in the class war and urges that British shipowners should be forced to build ships in England without regard to costs, for the maximum benefit of boilermakers.

The unions have refused to join the National Income Commission, formed to guide and comment upon wage increases. They have, however, joined the National Economic Development Council, which also includes representatives of government, industry, and the universities. And Ned, as it is called, did have the courage to point out in a recent report that, if money wages are held below the growth rate, real wages can rise at double the rate achieved in the past fifty years.

Now the Council's future is uncertain. The unions see its value as a voluntary and independent but influential body outside the government, because it could break the virtually absolute civil service control of planning through the Treasury. For that reason the Treasury would probably like to absorb Ned. But a third, forgotten factor in the political equation may give the Council an opportunity to assert its independence and enhance its prestige.

New industries make jobs

That factor is the geographical unevenness that will show up in Britain's gradual recovery. Prosperity seems like a tide that can quickly flood southern and midland England but becomes shallower as it spreads west and north. Areas at the extremes of these islands could again be left high and dry.

While this is clearly a problem for planning, it does not appear fully susceptible to slide-rule or monetary planning, or even to direct control of the location of new investment. Scotland, for example, is surging with new industrial activity, much of it directed there. It now has a car industry: British Motors has a commercial-vehicle factory at Bathgate, and Rootes is producing the "Imp" small car, Scotland's first automobile for thirty-three years, at Linwood. A \$50 million pulp and paper mill is to be built at Fort William. New light-industry towns are being completed, like East Kilbride near Glasgow, planned for 70,000 people. But in its latest report the Scottish Development Department declares that short-term employment prospects are not reassuring, and that in spite of continuous migration from Scotland at the rate of 25,000 a year. The Scottish economy is "out of balance with modern market requirements."

Figures issued recently for Wales indicate what these modern market requirements for full employment may be. Jobs in the thousands have disappeared from Wales in national government posts (minus 35 percent), farming (minus 31 percent), shipbuilding (minus 22 percent), mining (minus 11 percent). Jobs have increased in metal manufacture (plus 5 percent), distribution (plus 13 percent), local government (plus 14 percent), general manufacturing (plus 24 percent), office work (plus 25 percent), and utilities (plus 51 percent).

The pull of London and the south of England is mainly the pull of government, commerce, research, and education. Therefore, the unemployment problem of the future cannot be overcome without a considerable devolution of political power, for that power is the magnet which draws close the major trading houses, the major financiers, almost all the science-based industries, and most of the best-trained and most highly educated men and women.

New prosperity is thus likely to accentuate the challenge to orthodox planning. And a population explosion that has just begun could greatly intensify it. By the year 2000 the population of the United Kingdom could exceed seventy million.

Atlantic Repartee

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

Exercise and heart disease

SIR:

The July issue contains an article ("Exercise and Heart Disease") by Dr. Samuel A. Levine of the greatest importance not only for the non-medical public but also for physicians. Equally important will be the impact of this article on attorneys for insurance companies, as well as for applicants and any legal and quasi-legal bodies, like industrial commissions, which may have something to do with decisions concerning compensation insurance for heart disease conditions related to employment or accident. For years, I, along with countless other physicians, have maintained that coronary artery disease of the acute variety — namely, either coronary thrombosis with myocardial infarction or angina pectoris with or without ensuing myocardial damage — is frequently related to conditions of employment, severe physical effort, acute anxiety, and other emotional disturbances. It was high time that someone as sage as Dr. Levine expressed himself about the nonsense concerning the value of exercise for patients with heart conditions.

NORBERT ENZER, M.D.
Milwaukee, Wis.

SIR:

Having learned from Dr. Samuel Levine forty years ago about all I know or care to know about heart disease, I trust his conclusions about "Exercise and Heart Disease" because of my confidence in his judgment, rather than because of the evidence he adduces, which seems to me not entirely convincing.

Dr. Levine recalls reading in the

morning newspapers, after a heavy snowstorm, the distressing list of men who succumbed after shoveling snow. But newspapers only headline cardiac deaths after snowstorms; in fine weather such deaths are not newsworthy. I suspect that a statistician might be interested to know whether an equally distressing list might not be compiled almost any morning of the year of men over fifty who succumbed without having touched a shovel of any sort.

Still, I agree with Dr. Levine and confine my own exercise to a daily walk — not very brisk either, especially when the thermometer is above 90 degrees.

ROBERT W. BUCK, M.D.
*Secretary, Massachusetts Medical Society
Boston, Mass.*

"I, personally . . ."

SIR:

Congratulations are due you for making available to your readers the article "Albania: The Last Marxist Paradise" (June *Atlantic*).

Within this Albanian Marxist state, in northern Epirus, live many thousands of Greek families in an area which the Albanian terrorists call Southern Albania.

As an expression of gratitude to the author, James Cameron, the Panepirotic Federation of America is awarding him "The Northern Epirus Aid for Freedom Award."

BASIL J. PHOTOS, M.D.
*Supreme President
Panepirotic Federation of America
Chicago, Ill.*

SIR:

James Cameron's piece richly deserves its first place in your June

issue. Its delightful humor, its sensitivity in observation, its admirable style exercise a charm that is irresistible. It reminds the reader of the great pleasure to be had in reading Cameron's book *Mandarin Red*, published some eight years ago, in which he gave his readers a lively, impartial, and penetrating appraisal of Communist China, born of the shrewd, close observation of a gifted journalist.

BENJAMIN H. KIZER
Spokane, Wash.

SIR:

Your June issue was excellent. "Endure the Night" by Loren Eiseley was one of the most exciting pieces I have ever read. His seemingly rambling night thoughts led to some startling truths. Even while being intensely personal and introspective, he became somehow the spokesman for all civilized men. What a blessing that Mr. Eiseley doesn't resort to sleeping tablets like the rest of us!

MRS. BERNARD GLASSMAN
Oklahoma City, Okla.

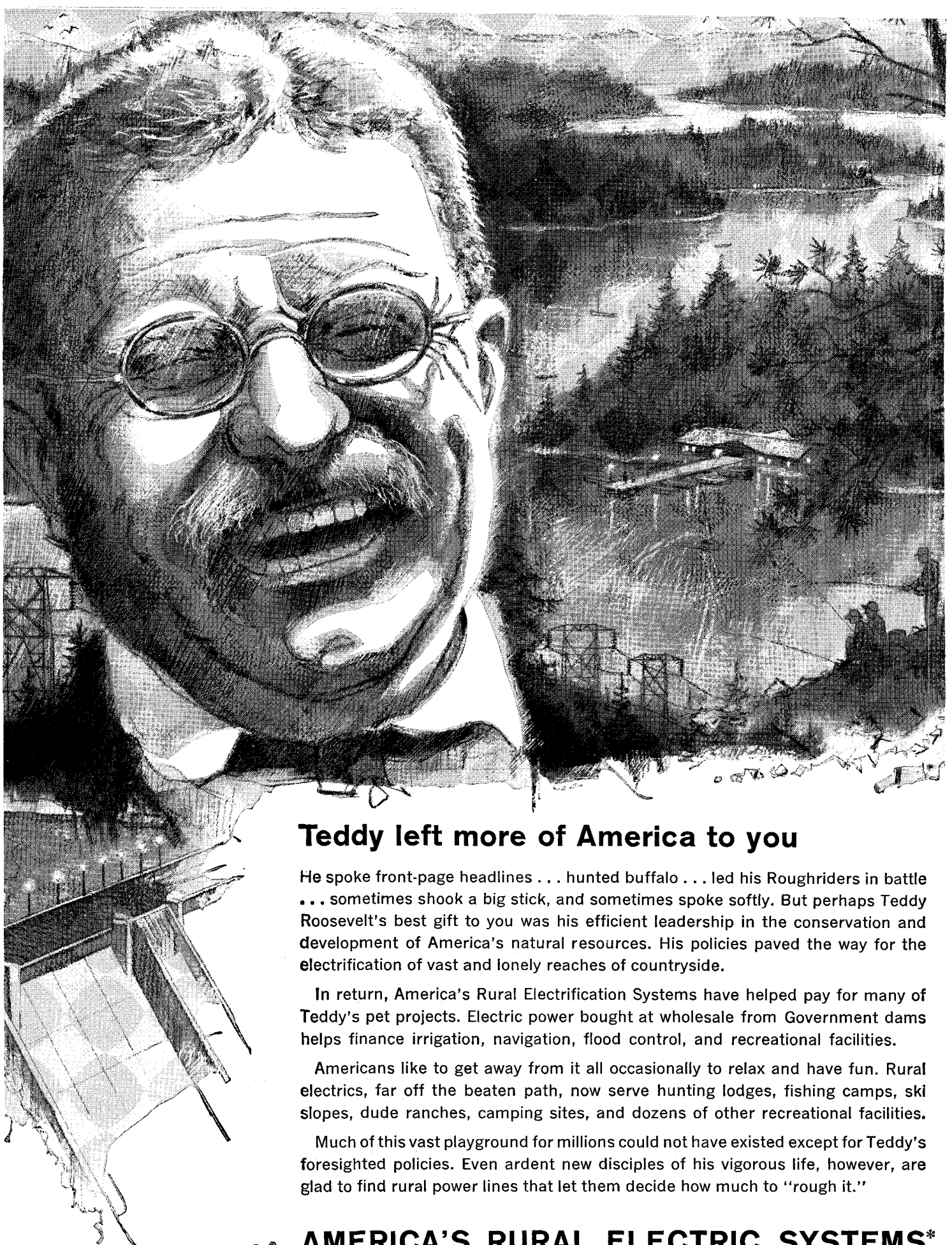
SIR:

May the intimate friend for whom I prepared a will two weeks ago (without compensation, but with vast satisfaction) and I join your Jessica Mitford ("The Undertakers' Racket," June *Atlantic*) as charter members of Burial Beatniks of America, Inc.? This is the provision which should qualify us:

"I abhor the so-called profession of undertaking and all its concomitants and it is my earnest desire that no levy shall be made on my estate by any member of that putrescent calling. I therefore direct that, immediately after my death, my body shall be delivered to the University of Virginia hospital for whatever disposition the management of that institution may deem appropriate. In her will, executed contemporaneously with this, my wife has consented to this disposition of my body, and I hereby consent to the identical disposition of her body which is provided for in her said will."

This provision is not in the least copyrighted; I shall be glad to have it used widely. It should give the bandits serious trouble.

A. J. G. PRIEST
*University of Virginia Law School
Charlottesville, Va.*



Teddy left more of America to you

He spoke front-page headlines . . . hunted buffalo . . . led his Roughriders in battle . . . sometimes shook a big stick, and sometimes spoke softly. But perhaps Teddy Roosevelt's best gift to you was his efficient leadership in the conservation and development of America's natural resources. His policies paved the way for the electrification of vast and lonely reaches of countryside.

In return, America's Rural Electrification Systems have helped pay for many of Teddy's pet projects. Electric power bought at wholesale from Government dams helps finance irrigation, navigation, flood control, and recreational facilities.

Americans like to get away from it all occasionally to relax and have fun. Rural electrics, far off the beaten path, now serve hunting lodges, fishing camps, ski slopes, dude ranches, camping sites, and dozens of other recreational facilities.

Much of this vast playground for millions could not have existed except for Teddy's foresighted policies. Even ardent new disciples of his vigorous life, however, are glad to find rural power lines that let them decide how much to "rough it."



AMERICA'S RURAL ELECTRIC SYSTEMS*

*These are the nearly 1,000 consumer-owned, non-profit electric systems, financed by the Rural Electrification Administration loans, which serve 20 million rural Americans in 46 states. For more information, write Rural Electrics, 2000 Florida Avenue, N. W., Washington 9, D. C.



ROBERT FROST CONFRONTS KHRUSHCHEV

BY F. D. REEVE

It was characteristic of Robert Frost that in his mid-eighties he should stand up to the most demanding occasions of his career. His triumphant tours of England and Scotland were followed by his trip to Israel and by his reading at the Inauguration, and then, at President Kennedy's urging, he accepted the invitation to visit the Soviet Union. This is what took place, as recorded by F. D. REEVE, poet, critic, and professor of Russian literature at Wesleyan University, who served as Mr. Frost's interpreter.

THE mountains of the Caucasus lay beneath us like brown fishbacks on an azure sea. We were flying at 10,000 feet. The whole world was bright. Down in the olive-dark valleys there were roads and rivers, lying like twisted wisps of thread on a dark carpet. You could see houses and long barns and fields.

We were a planeload of vacationers, of pale city people headed for three weeks of watermelons and sun. Except four of us. Four of us were vacationers of a kind, all right, but we weren't coming for watermelons and sun. Besides me, there were Robert Frost, Aleksei Surkov, poet and representative of the Soviet Writers' Union, and Anatoly Myshkov, an able translator from the American desk of the Soviet Foreign Office.

Frost had dozed intermittently during the flight. The plane had hummed along, vibrating soporifically as machines do, and Frost had kept napping. The others talked.

Ever since the end of July, when President Kennedy had asked Frost to go, the poet had thought of the role he would play, of how he wanted to see Premier Khrushchev. To the President's request to represent the United States in a cultural exchange, Frost had replied by letter on July 24:

DEAR MR. PRESIDENT:

How grand for you to think of me this way and how like you to take the chance of sending anyone like me

over there affinatizing with the Russians. You must know a lot about me besides my rank from my poems but think how the professors interpret the poems! I am almost as full of politics and history as you are. I like to tell the story of the mere sailor-boy from upstate New York who by favor of his captain and the American consul at St. Petersburg got to see the Czar in St. Petersburg with the gift in his hand of an acorn that fell from a tree that stood by the house of George Washington. That was in the 1830's when proud young Americans were equal to anything. He said to the Czar, "Washington was a great ruler and you're a great ruler and I thought you might like to plant the acorn with me by your palace." And so he did. I have been having a lot of historical parallels lately: a big one between Caesar's imperial democracy that made so many millions equal under arbitrary power and the Russian democracy. Ours is a more Senatorial democracy like the Republic of Rome. I have thought I saw the Russian and the American democracies drawing together, theirs easing down from a kind of abstract severity to taking less and less care of the masses: ours creeping up to taking more and more care of the masses as they grew innumerable. I see us becoming the two great powers of the modern world in noble rivalry while a third power of United Germany, France, and Italy, the common market, looks on as an expanded polyglot Switzerland.

I shall be reading poems chiefly, over there, but I shall be talking some where I read and you may be sure I won't be talking just literature. I'm the kind of Democrat that *will* reason. You know my admiration for your "Profiles." I am frightened by this big

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undertaking but I was more frightened at your Inauguration. I am glad Stewart [Udall, Secretary of the Interior] will be along to take care of me. He has been a good influence in my life. And Fred[erick] Adams [Director] of the Morgan Library. I had a very good talk with Anatoly Dobrynin [Soviet ambassador at Washington] in Washington last May. You probably know that my Adams House at Harvard has an oil portrait of one of our old boys, Jack Reed [John Reed, the newspaper reporter and author of *Ten Days that Shook the World*, who is buried in the Kremlin wall], which nobody has succeeded in making us take down.

Forgive the long letter. I don't write letters but you have stirred my imagination and I have been interested in Russia as a power ever since Rurik came to Novgorod; and these are my credentials. I could go on with them like this to make the picture complete: about the English-speaking world of England, Ireland, Canada, and Australia, New Zealand and Us versus the Russian-speaking world for the next century or so, mostly a stand-off but now and then a showdown to test our mettle. The rest of the world would be Asia and Africa, more or less negligible for the time being, though it needn't be too openly declared. Much of this would be the better for not being declared openly but kept always in the back of our minds in all our diplomatic and other relations. I am describing not so much what ought to be but what is and will be — reporting and prophesying. This is the way we are one world, as you put it, of independent nations interdependent — the separateness of the parts as important as the connection of the parts.

Great times to be alive, aren't they?

Sincerely yours,

ROBERT FROST

Frost's eminence at eighty-eight allowed him the privilege of assuming a simplicity that was not naturally his. It also constrained him to require of himself and his intelligence a solution, or the formulation of a "problem," in dramatically simple but profound terms. He wasn't pretending to be a sailor boy, but he felt he represented his people. He was going to see the chief political officer of the Soviet Union — the other great country in the world, Frost often said — and he would have liked to have proposed a gesture as simple and as meaningful as the sailor boy's. Nevertheless, for all his repetition of the sailor boy's story and for all his talk of a horse trade with the Russians, he himself was aware that the world *had* changed since the 1830s, since his own boyhood in the 1880s, even since his first popular success in the 1920s, and he was unsure that the political role he would have liked to play was playable at all. Still, he said, he was going to tell the Russians what he meant — but he half doubted that they would understand.

Frost had flown back to Moscow from Leningrad Wednesday morning, September 5. Wednesday

evening he gave a poetry reading at the Foreign Literature Library. He didn't know that Secretary Udall was going down to Gagra the following morning to see Premier Khrushchev. We tried to find out if anything could be done to have Frost invited also, but though arrangements for Frost's visit had been initiated some time previously, nothing seemed forthcoming; and we knew Frost would be piqued, would feel deceived, would raise hell and curse us all out if he didn't go. One of us even tried to reach the airport Thursday morning before the plane left, but the secretary's party left earlier than announced, and we missed them. When he heard about it, Frost was annoyed — he said all his friends were running out on him — but he was mollified by our insisting that Secretary Udall surely had had to go on his own business and maybe he was arranging Frost's visit, too. Frost finally dismissed the incident with a wave of his hand, as if to say we were all damned liars and no-goods (he regularly twitted translators about "cheating" on him), and turned to the activity at hand — taping a television poetry reading and discussion with Yevtushenko and Surkov. He had given two readings to large and unusually enthusiastic audiences. He had acquired a sense that he was respected and liked sincerely as a poet there in that alien land. He was confident, though extremely tired.

On Thursday evening, as we dined at the Jack Matlocks' (he was an officer of the American embassy), and Frost with pleasure ate American food and joked with the Matlocks' small children, the invitation came through. Matlock answered a phone call and returned beaming — Frost was invited to visit Khrushchev the next day, leaving Moscow on a jet flight at 8 A.M.

We went back to the hotel around ten thirty. On the way, Frost suddenly said he felt wobbly, unwell. Fred Adams, an old and cherished friend, lightly teased and coddled him. Perhaps it was passing indigestion.

Back in his room, Frost swallowed some stomach stiffener, which he didn't like at all. He continued to feel worse. We talked to him about alternatives, about what he would think of himself afterward if he didn't go. We persuaded him to decide nothing until the morning. He was to leave the hotel at 6:30. We'd be in at 5:45, we said; there would be some breakfast at 6:00. Then we could decide everything. We said good night, and he shut his door. He didn't like you "to do" for him, though when he wanted something he had to have it right away.

Outside in the corridor, Adams and I talked a while longer. He knew some of Frost's previous illnesses and Frost's special ways. We both agreed

that Frost was, above all, suddenly extremely nervous. For we knew how he prepared himself for a poetry reading, how he would spend an hour or two by himself in his room beforehand, and how he would dine only afterward. The impending trip was no mere reading. And he was so deeply committed to his poetic-prophetic-political role that, of course, he had to be nervous. But if he was, also, sick? If he were to get sicker? We agreed to decide everything in the morning — or, really, by daylight, for by now it was almost dawn.

ADAMS' alarm clock rang. He woke me. We dressed, went to Frost. He said he was worse but would go to Gagra. "That's what I came for," he said. Adams and I asked Frost which of us he wanted along. He joked about Freddy's Russian and about his absolutely needing me. "We're in this all together, aren't we?" he said. And we all agreed we were indeed. By 6:30 we were downstairs, ready to meet Surkov. By 8:15 we were in the air.

At 10:50 we were at the airport outside Sochi. A delegation met us, the same government officials and engineers who had greeted Udall the day before, and escorted us to a waiting limousine, a black Chaika with curtains around the windows and a chauffeur who drove as fast as hell, one hand on the horn. An hour later we had crossed the Ukrainian-Georgian border and driven up to the guesthouse of the Georgian S.S.R. Ministry of Health. We were to wash, rest, eat a little, and then drive another twenty minutes to the Prime Minister's *dacha*.

A dining room and lounge were downstairs. Frost's and my room was on the second floor. A balcony outside overlooked a lush subtropical garden of palms, bananas, orange and lemon trees. The sea lay beyond, azure and beautiful in the yellow southern light.

Frost felt worse. He lay down. He napped. He complained that his stomach hurt more. No, he didn't want anything to eat or drink, just some "perry," he said, meaning the pear-flavored soda he had taken a liking to.

The rest of us in the group sat down to lunch in the dining room, somewhat confused. Our hosts were upset; Surkov and Myshkov were somewhat incredulous and much concerned; I was as nervous as Frost. I kept leaving the table and looking in on him. The second time that I asked him if he wanted a doctor, he said yes.

The host at the guesthouse came in. We took Frost's temperature. Frost said he couldn't go any farther. I said we'd better call a doctor. Twenty minutes later a young girl (most doctors

in Russia are women) came walking up the hill. She wore a long white frock and carried her little doctor's bag. She measured Frost's temperature, took his pulse, listened to his chest and back, suggested he drink some soup or tea, agreed that he wasn't very well but that he didn't seem really sick. It seemed, she said, to be a case of indigestion and probably the strain of so much traveling. She agreed that if it was something serious, he ought to be in Moscow. Frost kept saying he couldn't go any farther, he just couldn't.

I told Surkov that Frost couldn't travel any farther, that he was done in. I went back to Frost and Surkov got on the phone. Fifteen minutes later he came back and said that the Premier was sending his own doctor over and would soon follow himself. Khrushchev had made the gesture of a master. When I told Frost what would happen, he was obviously relieved — and yet, also, even more nervous, for the meeting was imminent.

Time passed. Frost dozed. The rest of us in our shirt sleeves stood out on the balcony overlooking the sea, talking, saying how we would like to stay on and go swimming there. The young doctor sat downstairs by herself and kept coming up to check on Frost. I looked in every few minutes.

Surkov pleaded business and disappeared, Myshkov with him. I kept walking up and down along the balcony. For what seemed a long time there was nobody around. Just the palms and the sea, the stucco walls, and Frost, dozing.

I was in the room when suddenly Khrushchev's doctor came in. He was a suntanned, attractive man, slim, middle-aged, with glasses and a tan nankeen jacket. He was all business. He examined Frost very carefully, just as the other doctor had done, but with the authority that comes of confidence and position. He asked me for Frost's medical history, how long we had traveled, and I answered as I could, citing Frost's previous internal disorder, stating when we had arrived, and insisting that, for a number of reasons, we had to get back to Moscow that night. Frankly, I didn't think Frost could stand being isolated in this resort town. And the doctor kept nodding significantly and suggesting that Frost was just worn out. Frost's temperature was 101.5 degrees.

The doctor rose, recommended diet and rest, and left the room. I told Frost that Khrushchev would come soon.

Everything was quiet again. The palm leaves outside the windows rose and fell slowly like broad fans. Frost shut his eyes. I started to read a book but couldn't concentrate for as much as a sentence. Minutes of waiting stretched out like days. I kept going out into the hall to check the clock.

Nobody came. Nothing happened. I went out

to see if, indeed, the Premier had come. I noticed a man out front and called to him. He stared hard at me, said he knew nothing, and disappeared inside. He didn't come back. With a strange uneasiness, as if in a haunted castle, though it was bright and sunny everywhere, I went back in and out onto the balcony. Where had everybody gone?

I turned a corner on the balcony and suddenly saw, sitting at the table where an hour before Surkov, Myshkov, and I had been making small talk, Khrushchev and Surkov in discussion.

Our time was getting shorter and shorter, and Frost was getting worse waiting. A moment later Surkov presented me to the Premier. I said Frost was not very well, very grateful to have had the doctor, extremely pleased that the Premier had come to the guesthouse, and very anxious to see him. Khrushchev's doctor appeared, and Khrushchev asked him for a diagnosis. The doctor gave a detailed and authentic account. Khrushchev summed it up by asking whether it meant he could see Frost or not. The doctor said he could. Khrushchev said, let's go.

WHEN I told Frost the Premier was coming, he swung himself up onto the edge of his bed. He put shoes and socks on. The Russians came in. We moved some chairs over. Khrushchev sat on one, right beside Frost. Myshkov sat on Frost's bed, translating Frost into Russian. I sat on the opposite bed, translating Khrushchev into English. Surkov sat on a chair at the foot of one bed; Lebedev, the Premier's secretary, sat on a chair at the foot of the other. The host of the guesthouse sat in another chair. The door and windows were open, and you could see the water in the distance.

Frost wore shirt and trousers. Khrushchev wore a natty summer suit, olive-tan in color, over a pale-beige Russian blouse. He was suntanned and healthy-looking, full of vigor, and extremely courteous. He asked about Frost's health, chided him for not taking care of himself, expressed admiration at Frost's traveling so far, said how pleased he was to see him, reminded him to be sure to follow the doctors' orders if he was going to live to be one hundred. Frost, for his part, said that he was very glad to have come, that he was very pleased by the invitation, that you could never trust doctors anyway, and that he was certainly going to live to be one hundred because in the year he would be one hundred his country would be two hundred. It was something, he said, being half as old as your country.

Khrushchev asked him how he had found his stay in Russia, how he had been received. Frost replied that he had had a fine time, that the

Premier certainly had done a lot for poetry, judging by all the poems that were published and by all the poets around. They talked briefly about art and poetry and the artist's relation to his society. Frost conveyed the President's greetings to the Premier and expressed his gratitude to those who had arranged his trip.

And with that the real conversation began. Khrushchev wondered if Frost had anything special in mind, and Frost started talking about what had long lain closest to his heart: a way for working out an East-West understanding.

He didn't talk down coexistence, as some of his Republican friends wanted him to do. He made it clear from the first that he assumed the Soviet system was here to stay; that, like it or not, socialism was inevitable; and that he admired Premier Khrushchev for the audacity and courage with which he used power. Frost didn't doubt coexistence — though he never used the word; he referred to "rivalry" — but he did worry about the moral quality of the leaders of both sides and, therefore, about the permanence of their accomplishments. For he believed, some time before his Russian trip, that the morality of politicians determined their historical merit. He seriously meant that the 1960 presidential election was symptomatic of an Augustan revival. The vigor of the age, he felt, promised a brilliant future.

He believed that the top thing a government could bestow was character. This was the poet's role in government. A great nation makes great poetry, and great poetry makes a great nation, he repeated to Khrushchev what he had often said. He told the Premier that there should be no petty squabbles, that there must be a noble rivalry between Russia and the United States, forcefully and magnanimously pressed by the leaders of both sides. At our level, said Frost to Khrushchev, there must be candid understanding.

Frost talked briefly about cultural exchange, said that it was a good thing but that it didn't go very far, didn't amount to much. And besides, he added, that's not where the real power is anyway. We're laid out for rivalry in sports, science, art, democracy, he said. That's the real test, which democracy's going to win?

And the talk moved into the tense world of international politics and national prestige. The more Frost tried to bear down on his "modest proposals" for effecting a Berlin solution in the light of his own notion of political magnanimity, the more Khrushchev pointed out the hard reasoning supporting his own convictions. In response to Frost's suggestion of reuniting the two halves of Berlin, the Premier castigated the military organization of NATO, the recrudescence of Nazi

power in West Germany, and the irresponsible politics of the Western allies in allowing Germany to become a threat to the peace once more. Frost said it wouldn't be a threat if united and demilitarized and given a commercial trade route. Khrushchev said it wasn't a threat actually anyway, any more than NATO was, because Soviet rockets could blast all Europe to smithereens in less than thirty minutes. If you really want to do something to regularize the situation, the Premier proposed, sign a peace treaty. That, he said, was what had happened in Austria, and look how stable the situation was there. The Premier told Frost that President Kennedy himself had said he wanted to sign a peace treaty but couldn't because of conditions, because of conditions at home. Frost reasserted his abhorrence of the idea that bickering over Berlin, on what he considered basically an irrelevant issue, might provoke a huge war between the two giants of the world, the two countries to whom, he said, the next one hundred years belong. The Premier said that the Warsaw Pact countries were forging ahead economically and that they would soon overtake the Common Market. And Frost came back to his theme of horse trading, of recognizing the present limits of political power and the continual drawing closer together of the capitalist and the planned economies, of what he called the democracy straining up toward socialism and the socialist democracy humanizing downward from the severity of its ideal.

When pressed on Berlin, the Premier said that the West had no proper claim to East Berlin at all, that it was "ours." There is nothing to trade, he said. He in turn proposed that Frost ask his President and his countrymen once more to consider establishing Berlin as a free city, garrisoned by UN troops, with (under these conditions) boundaries and access guaranteed by the Russians.

There was no doubt that both men were confident of the spirit of their countries and of the military power behind each. Each man indicated that he and his country were willing to compete with the other. Frost said that, if there had to be a fight, it should be a big one, a basic one. But he advocated rivalry in everything else, in sports, business, arts — a rivalry which, he said, God wanted. God wants us to contend, he said; you have progress only in conflict. Premier Khrushchev said that the fundamental conflict between the two countries was peaceful economic competition. He said that the Soviet Union and all the Warsaw Pact nations were young countries, healthy, vital, full of energy. He said they had made extraordinary strides forward. The United States and Western Europe, he said, were thousands of years old with a defunct economic

system. This reminded him, he said, of an anecdote reported in Gorki's memoirs of Tolstoi, where Tolstoi told about being too old and too weak and too infirm to do it but still having the desire. Frost chuckled and said that might be true for the two of them but that the United States was too young to worry about that yet. Frost said that the Premier had great power and could do tremendous good by effecting a political settlement through dealing unilaterally with the United States; that all Khrushchev had to do was to make a simple solution to the Berlin crisis and that the United States would accept it. You have the soul of a poet, Premier Khrushchev replied.

Frost insisted on a distinction between European civilization, on the one hand, and Asian and African, on the other. To his impassioned plea for recognition of common European cultural values, shared by Russia and the United States, too, in contradistinction to what he called the absence of culture in Africa and the impossible foreignness of China, the Premier was restrained. He was patient. He had talked about the weakened American dollar and about the realignment of military power as the result of rockets — the oceans had virtually dried up, he said, and in the same way that the British Navy had vanished as a force, so the United States couldn't count on protection by isolation. The Russians were grateful to the Americans for many things, the Premier said, and reported how, the day before, he had joked with Secretary Udall, who had commended the Russians' extensive hydroelectric installations, that they had learned the techniques from Americans in the 1930s.

Frost kept coming back to political questions. In relations between the two countries, he said, there should be no blackguarding, no dirty play. There should be no more propaganda and no more name-calling. This had to be stopped. And Khrushchev emphatically agreed.

He asked Frost if he weren't tired, if he, Khrushchev, hadn't overstayed his time. Frost said no, he was glad to have had such a frank, such a high-minded talk. Khrushchev asked Frost to be sure to give his greetings to the President and to the American people, and to urge on the President consideration of the issues as Frost and Khrushchev had discussed them. It was a great pleasure to meet such a famous poet, said the Premier. He was glad that Frost was pleased by his trip to Russia, and he wished him a continued and completely successful creative career.

They were standing, shaking hands. Frost once more expressed his pleasure that the meeting had been arranged. Khrushchev turned politely, walked around the bed, and went out of the room. The others followed.

"Well, we did it, didn't we," said Frost, dropping back on his bed, very tired. "He's a great man," he added. "He knows what power is and isn't afraid to take hold of it. He's a great man, all right."

It was about quarter to five. The talk had lasted nearly an hour and a half. Frost had forgotten to give Khrushchev the copy of *In the Clearing* which he had brought for him. "Robert," I said, "don't you want to sign the book?" "Oh, I forgot, didn't I?" he said. "Yeh, I better, hadn't I?"

I rushed out and asked Surkov to ask the Premier to wait a moment, Frost wanted to give him his book. Back upstairs Frost was getting set to inscribe the book, but he couldn't remember Khrushchev's title. He finally put down:

To Premier Khrushchev
from his rival in friendship
Robert Frost
Gagra
Sept 7 1962

I took it downstairs and handed it to Khrushchev, who was sitting beside the driver in a green, open Chaika convertible.

THERE were a number of things Frost went to Russia for. The more any of us think back on it, though, the more we see it as a dramatization of the terms by which we honor excellence and, in honoring it, engage it to serve us. The honored excellence can't refuse.

Frost was a famous man, a famous institution, long before he went to Russia. Literary honors encouraged in him a sense of urgency about political control or, bluntly, power. He went to Russia, so he hoped from the start, to see Khrushchev, to talk to the man in charge. He wanted to talk about his notion of the inevitable course of civilization and what he believed the Caesars of our world had to do. The honors he received made him nervous, for honor, of course, may be terrifying: it may mean you have to do something better the next time, something which you fear will fail — as Frost feared he would fail on his trip to Gagra.

He went to Russia with the notion that the Russians were a lot of peasants, a landful of bears, but they outhonored him. They honored him sincerely out of respect for his skill, so that when he went to Gagra he went with a special sense of intensity, devotion, obligation, and inevitability. He went with a certain irreverence, that special responsibility of the honored man.

Khrushchev, the most powerful political figure in Russia, acknowledged his responsibility of main-

taining cultural tradition. Frost, at his death the most venerated literary man in America, acknowledged his responsibility of shaping the forces of power in the world. The two men talked freely, irreverently, with deep respect and high intensity. They discussed the East-West alignment of power; they told anecdotes; they analyzed the meaning of economic competition; they complimented each other on their vitality; they decried the horrors of war and insisted on the necessity of using force to maintain control, to preserve pride, to assert tradition.

Khrushchev, who said he hated the treacherous Nazis, praised capitalist American technical skill. Frost, who said the Chinese and Africans amounted to nothing in the structure of the world, admired the accomplishments of Russian socialism. Together they agreed that Russia and the United States must cease all pettiness, must be grand.

What remains of this meeting, as of Frost's whole trip to Russia, is the dramatic confrontation of two irreverent and much-honored men, each of whom was more affected by the other than most people suppose. The power of skill is that it commands respect.

Particularly disappointing to Frost was the tendency of some of the American press to sensationalize his trip. He was unhappy that an A.P. reporter stretched his reading of "Mending Wall" into commentary on Berlin. He was discomfited that reporters who quoted him straight seemed to use his words in ways he hadn't meant them. Right after the press conference at which he called Khrushchev a ruffian, he asked me if he had been understood. He said he meant rough-and-ready; he meant the word in its northern Vermont sense of praise for the energetic, audacious, and virile man who comes down from the hills on Saturday night and has the courage and skill to pick the town up by the scruff of its neck.

Later he was deeply disturbed both by the way his own use of the word "liberal" was analyzed and by the way people interpreted his remark that Khrushchev had told him that Americans were too liberal to fight.

Much nonsense was written over this. Plunged into a press conference, just off the plane and tired after two weeks on the road and a seventeen-hour trip home, Frost may have appeared to have put his foot in it, so to speak, in quoting Khrushchev as he did. But he had expressed many times before this press conference both his own attitude toward liberalism and the attitude he understood Khrushchev to be taking. He believed that the world today is dominated not so much by ideals and isms as by actual power balances. He urged that his country be ready ultimately to risk its own

defense and be willing always to make every gesture of magnanimity. Political power, cultural excellence, and moral integrity were, for him, inseparable. Those “liberals” who lacked his strength of conviction seemed to him, as he put it, saphheads. He didn’t admire them. He deeply admired Khrushchev, a card-carrying member of the Communist Party — “he’s our enemy and he’s a great man” — for the drive and purposefulness of his vision of power.

LAST fall the controversy around the “too-liberal-to-fight” phrase exceeded reasonable proportions. Few people understood what Frost had said or what his position was. None of the commentators in Washington showed that they understood. Some men argued that the phrase meant the Russians were confident that the Americans wouldn’t defend by arms “certain values which are not negotiable.” Others said the phrase meant that Khrushchev feared “the United States will fight because the liberals are too weak to prevent it.”

In a letter addressed to Norman Thomas in reply to a note from him, but never finished, Frost went right to the center of the controversy, as he had a number of times in private conversation and as he suggested in his reading at the Library of Congress in October. He indicated that Khrushchev’s and his own understanding of “liberalism” was directly connected with nobility of performance and actual expression of political control. They admired each other as men who dared do and say what they believed correctly human.

Everyone seems to want to start joking with me about the word “liberal” but as you say it’s no joking matter. It was almost that with K[h]rus[h]chev. Shall I try to tell you the affable way he used it with me in Gagra. He was just being good-natured and literary when he expressed concern for American liberality. He was quoting either Gorky to Tolstoi or Tolstoi to Gorky, I forget which, when he said there was such a thing possibly as a nation’s getting like the bald-headed row at a leg show so it enjoyed wanting to do what it could no longer do. I was interested to find the great old powerhouse so bookish. People have asked me if he was literary like Kennedy and you and me. I think I broke down his figure by answering we were too young a nation for that worry.

There are all sorts of liberals and I have amused myself with defining them. K[h]rus[h]chev’s was a good crack. My own latest is that they are people who have had the liberal education that I fled and have come back to assert my difference with in their own strongholds, the colleges. If Matthew Arnold is their gospel, I come pretty near being a liberal myself. I have teasingly described them as people who

can’t take their own side in a quarrel and would rather fuss with a Gordian knot than cut it and as “Dover Beach-combers” and as Matthew Arnold’s wisest “who take dejectedly their seat upon the intellectual throne.” They are never arbitrary enough “to bid their will avouch it” like a real leader. But all that aside after it has entertained you enough, I yield to no one in my admiration for the kind of liberal you have been, you and Henry Wallace. One of the great moments of my life was when we three foregathered at Larry Spivak’s party and I stood between you and Henry for a chance photographer to take our picture. My son-in-law had been rebuking Henry for going to China when Hull had warned him not to go. Henry had already admitted he shouldn’t have gone. My son-in-law had dispersed in the crowd and I had put my hand on Henry’s shoulder in affectionate sympathy. Then you came along and there we three stood in a row against the world. I treasure the picture and if you want these sentiments signed I’ll come and have a talk with you whenever you’re inclined. I can’t see how K[h]rus[h]chev’s talk got turned into what you quote[:] that we weren’t men enough to fight. I came nearer than he to threatening. With my native geniality I assured him that we were no more afraid of him than he was of us. We seemed in perfect agreement that we shouldn’t come to blows till we were sure there was a big issue remaining between us, of his kind of democracy versus our kind of democracy, approximating each other as they are, his by easing downward towards socialism from the severity of its original ideals, ours by straining upward towards socialism through various phases of welfare state-ism. I said the stage or arena is set between us for a rivalry of perhaps a hundred years. Let’s hope we can take it out in sports, science, art, business, and politics before ever we have to take it out in the bloody politics of war. It was all magnanimity — Aristotle’s great word. I should have expected you to approve. Liberal in a good sense of the word. Browning tells of a post-office bulletin notice in Italy[:] “two liberal thieves were shot.” If only a word would stay put in basic English.

This may seem part of history now, although the principles involved bear down on us today more, not less, acutely. It seems to me still as close and vivid as the meeting at Gagra; as Frost lying on his bed after the meeting, exhausted, his temperature normal again. It seems as close as the drive to the airport — we missed the plane — and the night spent in a tiny, hot room before the morning flight back to Moscow. It seems still as close as Frost, in the hospital, saying he was finished with poetry, that he was just about played out, that he wanted to go back to Russia to see Khrushchev because they understood each other. It will always seem as close as the letter I have which says we teamed up. “Didn’t we ride Hell-bent back from Gagra after toasts to miss our plane?”

TANGANYIKA: African New Frontier

BY MARTHA GELLHORN

In 1961, Julius Nyerere, the son of the chief of an obscure Tanganyikan tribe, led his country to independence and became the first President of the new republic.

MARTHA GELLHORN, who last winter journeyed to Africa to study this new nation, here tells us of the venture in self-government and self-help being successfully undertaken in Tanganyika.

THE Republic of Tanganyika is rarely in the news, because it is peaceful. That is a remarkable news item in itself. Tanganyika is four times the size of Great Britain, all of England, Wales, Scotland, and Northern Ireland; its population is less than that of Tokyo. Space and emptiness are the first heart-lifting delights of the country. The highest and most magical mountain in Africa, Kilimanjaro, rises like a giant floating sugarloaf above the clouds on the northern frontier; Lake Victoria, where the Nile begins, lies to the west; and for five hundred miles the Indian Ocean, with dhows and coral reefs, bounds the eastern coast. In 1871, Stanley made his supremely funny remark to Dr. Livingstone under a mango tree beside Lake Tanganyika on the western border. And in the Olduvai Gorge, in northern Tanganyika, two famous archaeologists, Dr. L. S. B. Leakey and his wife, have discovered what are probably the oldest traces of man on earth.

This large lovely land produces sisal, coffee, cotton, diamonds, and also leprosy, bilharzia, sleeping sickness, and malaria. Out of a population of nine and a half million, only 392,500 people are in paid employment; the rest work for themselves, as much or as little as they wish. They are herders and small farmers, and free as it would now seem only Africans can be; very poor, neither starving nor shivering in this sun, a cause for concern to their leaders and to many modern nations of more or less goodwill, but apparently no problem to themselves. They have discovered or never forgotten how to take daily pleasure in life. The land of Tanganyika is a wonder to the eye; the people are a wonder to the mind. A young American teacher, of the finest brand we

Photograph of Julius Nyerere courtesy of Wide World Photos.



export, remarked carefully, "They're different."

Tanganyika, shot full of luck, gave birth to its own George Washington. A smallish, slender, delicately made man, now aged forty-three, Julius Nyerere led his country to independence in 1961, without bloodshed, and is the first President of the Republic of Tanganyika. He was elected by 97 percent of the popular vote and is universally loved and respected. This is how he thinks and speaks: "We, the people of Tanganyika, would like to light a candle and put it on top of Mount Kilimanjaro, to shine beyond our borders, giving hope where there was despair, love where there was hate, and dignity where before there was only humiliation." He is a son of the chief of an obscure tribe that lives in the Lake Victoria region; he is also a master of arts from Edinburgh University and a Roman Catholic convert. He is quiet and wise and still modest, vastly intelligent, and vastly charming, and a man of peace. His country is most fortunate; he can be counted as a major national resource.

President Nyerere is the leader of the African-

style New Frontier. The slogan of his party, TANU, the only political organization in Tanganyika, is: "We have three enemies to fight — poverty, ignorance, and disease." That is the party line, and they mean it. It is a rest to find people determined to make life better, rather than determined to make life worse for someone else. The Tanganyikan Defense Force consists of two battalions, called the Tanganyika Rifles. There is no desire to spend money on arms, and no money to spend. The entire government revenue is less than the annual sales at Selfridge's, a London department store.

National income and loans from foreign nations must be used for roads and bridges, dams, clean water supplies, hospitals, houses, schools, and for training the young to run the country. Everything being done in Tanganyika, or planned to be done, is on a human scale and has to do with everyday life. The Western mind basks in this: the leaders do not talk in billions about moon shots. They talk in thousands about T.B. control and a Farm Institute and other sensible efforts which anyone can understand. Everyone is not only welcome but urged to pitch in on the job of nation building. Self-help, a Nyerere invention, actually produces results: the unskilled populace, in a burst of enthusiasm, volunteers for manual labor. If your village needs a road, get together and dig it: the government will supply pickaxes and a surveyor. The work is spasmodic and primitive, but they have made a real start on that basic rule: The Lord helps those who help themselves. President Nyerere sets an example of simple living, devotion to duty, and incorruptibility; it is to be hoped that all the other public servants follow him.

THE British, much bullied about their colonial past, cannot have been monsters, judging by the countries formerly under their dominion. After British troops won Tanganyika from the Germans in the First World War, it became a League of Nations Mandate and later a United Nations Trusteeship. British civil servants governed and left behind them a fine legacy: respect for law, the honor of the civil service. The Germans, in their day, were far from useless to Tanganyika: they obliged the natives to learn one language, Swahili, instead of accepting the African Babel of tribal tongues. Tanganyikans, unlike many Africans, are able to talk to all their compatriots. The Germans also put down tribal warfare with a harsh hand. Tribalism, the bane of Africa exactly as, on a large scale, it is the scourge of our lives, does not exist in Tanganyika. People of the same tribe, with the same customs and language, are cozier

together, but they do not wish to murder members of other tribes. Since the European population ("European" means anyone with a white skin) is only 23,000 strong and not startlingly rich, there is no violent anti-white prejudice.

Tanganyikans are full of beans and national pride, but no foreigner, with a polite tongue in his head, need feel nervous there. How long this laudable state of tolerance will last does not depend on Tanganyika alone; it depends on what else happens in Africa and mainly depends on the whites in South Africa and Southern Rhodesia, and the Africans in Kenya. Nyerere himself knows the value of the gentleness and good humor of his people; he also knows that no country is an "Iland." If race wars break out in Africa, Tanganyika's live-and-let-live policy will be threatened. Today, members of 120 African tribes whose religions are pagan, Muslim, and Christian; 100,000 Asians, mostly from India; and whites from thirty different countries dwell together decently. This is a splendid achievement anywhere. It makes one question the phrase "backward nation."

In our speedy and unthinking lingo, Tanganyika is a backward nation. True, and very sad, infant mortality is enormous — I have been told 50 percent and don't believe it. Malnutrition is practically universal, more due to ignorance than to crop failure or bad land. Modern methods in agriculture are almost unknown, and this huge underpopulated agricultural country has to import food. There are 30,000 miles of roads — less than in the state of Arizona — and to call them roads is a compliment. Schools and teachers are lacking, to say nothing of pencils and paper; and though half a million children study through the fourth grade, only five thousand can get into high school because there aren't enough schools to get into. And it is appalling that malaria is still the greatest killer. The complete list of Tanganyika's wants would fill a volume. By our material standards, Tanganyika is backward enough.

The leaders of the country wish to change all this, quickly. When you travel through Tanganyika you feel their task would reduce Hercules to tears, and that haste is hopeless. You may also feel that these African New Frontiersmen do not know the Western world as we do, and have not noticed how backward we are too, in our own ways. There is much to learn from Tanganyika; there is much to preserve.

Above all, the quality of the people should be preserved. This is so different from anything we know that it is impossible to describe. As a hint, merely, they have gaiety and repose, affability and eccentricity, benign sloth, and the tireless curiosity of the newborn. Their dress, dictated by poverty

or tribal custom or whim, or all of these, is astounding and never dull. They move, loll, stand as if they had made a private choice in the matter, and their time was their own. They gossip endlessly, and they laugh. Are they happy? The Europeans all say yes. An English civil servant, who has spent his life in Africa, assured me that the "apathetic contentment" of the Africans would protect them against modern civilization: the small minority which wants to advance will do so.

Among that small advancing minority — who are clearly less content than their apathetic brothers — a young man, burning with tuberculosis and patriotism and a fierce desire to push his people forward, said, "We leaders of TANU are not happy, I can tell you. We think to the future of our country." Another Tanganyikan, who lives in a modern house, worries about his children's education, and is passionately involved in preserving the game parks, spoke of "contentment like a stunted tree." An Indian doctor, who runs a crowded clinic in Arusha and is trusted by the Africans, offered this explanation: "They live in nature, they do not feel stress and strain, you see. They are happy."

My diagnosis of the quality of Africans is that they lack the time sense, and so are spared the horror and the nuisance of looking ahead. Their leaders will have a tough job to establish the clock in the African mentality. Ordinary Africans carry their clocks in their bodies; bodies declare their needs and slowly wear out, why should one know one's age? And nature is a good enough clock: you can tell time by the harvests and by the rains and by the birth of children who are loved and merry. Neuroses are unknown among these people, as is heart disease. They live in the time they have, and do not count it.

Yet it would also be foolish to think that here is an ideal people: there are as few paragons as there are Grade A devils anywhere. The quality of Tanganyikans is their own, and valuable: they are also good and lazy, and curing disease and malnutrition will not cure the climate; they are likely to remain lazy. Like everyone, they want something for nothing and are specially ready to think the world owes them a living. Their minds certainly do not work as ours do, and facts do not limit and discipline their thinking. A little education does not go a long way, but is sure to produce vanity. They are often maddening, even to each other.

In Uganda, last year, I asked an old Englishman who had planted tea in Africa for forty years, married an African wife, and raised an African family whether he understood Africans. He said no, at once. All Europeans are constantly baffled

by Africans; they believe they just about know what to expect, and are then stunned by what seems inexplicable behavior. Africans do not understand us either. Among other things, they imagine we are always angry, because we are always in a hurry. Their highest praise for a white man is that he is *pole pole* — slow. We are also barred from each other by that unmentionable sense, smell. In West Africa, feeling morally guilty because I could not overcome my revulsion from the smell of ordinary Africans, I asked what *we* smelled like to them. "*L'odeur fâde des morts*," I was told. And there is no doubt that Africans are bored by us — you have only to observe the change of expression and voice when they talk with each other — and that we are frequently bored by them.

Still, it is not by accident that they have survived, since the earliest man-from-ape, on this beautiful, deadly continent, and that even now they can survive with a bit of thatch and mud to shelter them, rags to clothe them, a spear for protection, and a long knife to till the soil. We, who revere know-how, must realize that they have their own profound, natural know-how. And they enjoy life.

IF YOU like and believe statistics, two statistics match: 80 percent of Tanganyika's exports are agricultural (not foodstuffs); and 80 percent of Tanganyikans are illiterate. For Nyerere and his New Frontiersmen, determined to raise the standard of living in their country, agriculture and education are the means to that end.

My driver was a competent Kenyan, who works on a European farm in the Rift Valley on the Kenya side. We drove through Handeni Province, and he had a fit. All that good land, unused; green as paint, lush, wasted. Each remote African hut propped up a semi-recumbent African male. The country is rolling, and the sky forever high and blue, and gray monkeys bounded over the road, and eagles sat on trees which were handsome and unknown to me. We bounced in the Land-rover, and I explained that it was Ramadan and most of the local population was Muslim; presumably, as they fasted for a month from sunrise to sundown, without even a drop of water, they felt pretty languid. But Wambua kept studying the land; in Tanganyika any citizen can get all the land he wants for the asking. And there they were, lying about. "These people not progress," Wambua said with contempt.

Handeni Province is hot country: cotton country for those who bother to grow it; otherwise the locals cultivate maize to feed themselves, on small

holdings they have cleared from the bush. The year 1961 was a ruinous one, and the United States sent a lavish gift of maize meal, which is the staple diet. Resident Europeans think this was generous but unfortunate. They claim that the Africans wait happily each year for the gift. Why break your back (or, rather, why break the women's backs, since women seem to do the work) if sweet yellow maize meal arrives from heaven across the sea? A TANU youth leader said, "It was good of America. We are very grateful. But we explain to the people, America can refuse to send maize sometime. We must work."

The local agricultural adviser, a European, persuaded the people to clear six thousand acres for cotton, which is heroic handwork in the bush and means a pay crop and unheard-of riches for the penniless. Then a politician came to admire the work and told the people that their humble tools were things of the past and that Czechoslovakia was going to "lend" the country three hundred tractors. No one could drive or repair a tractor, and anyhow the tractors have not appeared, but the people downed tools. This makes one wonder whether foreign aid is an unmixed blessing. The soundest aid is to build something essential and operate it for five years, until the Tanganyikans learn to take over. The Nordic countries (Finland, Sweden, Denmark, Norway) are about to do just this with a secondary school and a Farmers' Technical Training School. Israel also gives realistic aid, inviting trainees and teaching them what they can apply at home, sending Israeli specialists and equipment to Tanganyika. But these are small nations, able to think straight because exempt from cold war madness.

My driver, Wambua, would have been less haughty if he had seen the coffee and pyrethrum plantations on Mount Meru. Meru is a wonderful cone-shaped volcano west of Kilimanjaro; the farmers who work the rich soil on its slopes have banded into successful cooperatives. Cooperatives, started by the British administration, suit Africans perfectly; they are as natural a form of group endeavor as the tribe. Nearly one thousand producers' co-ops and thirty-four big co-op unions account for one fourth of Tanganyika's exports. A European field inspector on Meru said that the Africans work harder since independence and listen to advice from the Agricultural Department without suspicion, since it is now their own. He thought finally they might persuade the Africans to prune their coffee plants for maximum yield, not maximum prettiness.

Both of us, however, were delighted by the prettiness of the women and children, in their bright ragged clothes, picking white pyrethrum flowers on the misty mountainside. There is always a

sturdy grandmum, with a lined, mocking face, who asks questions for the group: Who are you? Where do you come from? Are you married? How many children? They gasped with admiration when I said that I came from America, as if I'd swum and walked the distance. And the head man at the coffee co-op made me a speech. "We like America. America is our friend. Mr. Nelson helped us very much." The Tanganyika New Frontiersmen will have to give "vigah" and training to the sleepier farmers, but Meru proves it can be done.

Education is an African passion and cure-all. Nyerere, improvising with genius for his people, suggested that anyone who could read and write should teach an illiterate compatriot. A quarter million primers have been printed for adults and are in circulation. A round, serene woman, Commissioner of the Tanganyika Girl Guides, told me how the women in her village built their own community center of burned brick with a tin roof, and how eagerly they attended classes. In one literacy class, a grandmother, mother, and daughter were learning to read and write with equal excitement. At the lowest level, the Community Development Department takes on education: their field workers instruct women in rudimentary hygiene, cooking, and child care; they set up literacy classes; they find out what the village needs most and organize the people to build it for themselves with free government materials; they also teach the new citizens how their government operates. This work is barely beginning, but it is hopeful.

A first-rate, intelligent Community Development inspector showed me a bridge over a ravine, built by some of his village volunteers, and a road cut in zigzags across hills. Later I went to a field full of women, colorful as birds in their long sarongs and making sounds, as a greeting, exactly like birds. That field was a *mama shamba*. The village women had cleared the trees and undergrowth from virgin soil and planted cotton. They were helping themselves by making some money; the Community Development organizer, a lanky girl, suggested the idea, procured the seed, and kept their morale high despite empty Ramadan stomachs and the burning sun.

This self-help is a tangible benefit to the people and good homework in citizenship, but, after literacy, the main job of the Community Development Department will be to teach the women hygiene. Much of the physical misery of Tanganyika could be eradicated with abundant cheap soap abundantly used, mosquito nets, and boiled water. Rampant tuberculosis, from overcrowding

and poor diet, is due to pitiful ignorance. Anything will grow, and anyone can build as many huts as he needs. But it will take a long time to overcome African prudery about venereal disease. The V.D. specialist is known; no one likes to be seen going to him. Better to spread disease, which they do, understanding so little the dangers.

Education ranges from reading and writing under a tree to the handsome building of the University College at Dar es Salaam. The best thing about this education is the willingness of the students. In elementary and secondary schools, the curriculum is copied from England; grading is done by English standards. Shakespeare is splendid, but perhaps a Tanganyikan child would be better off studying irrigation. In a whitewashed boys' secondary school, I asked the young gents — aged ten to sixteen, dressed in white shirts and shorts — what they wanted to do in life. They all wanted to go to the university; two of them might make it, if their intelligence and their school fees suffice. They hoped to become teachers, lawyers, doctors, businessmen, in that order. All their fathers were farmers; farm work is demeaning. The idea that a farmer can be an educated man and a trained professional has not yet hit Tanganyika. Even a career as an engineer was too low; engineers presumably stand in the sun sometimes and dirty their hands. And no one, including their teachers, ever heard of African art; or realized that a nation without art and artists is faceless. Most of these children will emerge with no more than mediocre eighth-grade schooling and a damaging notion of intellectual superiority. The three small cities of Tanganyika are already filling up with unskilled unemployed; in due course, the half-educated unemployed will join them.

The University College now instructs seventy-eight students of public administration and law. There I attended the class of future magistrates, eleven men, aged twenty-five to forty, chosen because of their native good sense and character. They are being trained to administer the law, and that day they were studying corroborative evidence. Their teacher was English, very tough, himself a former magistrate, and the students loved the class and laughed with pleasure when caught in woolly-mindedness. ("It's *very* interesting," a young chief in spectacles whispered to me.) At another session, these students argued with passion about Tanganyikan politics. They had learned enough political science to know that a one-party system, as in Tanganyika, is not the democratic norm. Some were worried about freedom, but others suggested that if all the M.P.'s in Parliament could give their personal opinions freely, then liberty would be protected.

Tanganyikans ask: how can we have an opposition when no one is in opposition? No one wishes for any guiding hand other than Nyerere's, though some of his henchmen are less admired. The civil service chafes under the politicians' rule, with reason, because the civil servants have had previous experience in their work, whereas the politicians are amateurs. This one-party state provided a choice of candidates to Parliament; the voters chose between men, not between doctrines. But the law is separate from the executive; the supremacy of the law and the actual system of meting out justice ("Justice must not only be done but seen to be done") are copied straight from England, and there is no better model in the world. As long as judges and magistrates have tenure of office and the courts are open and English Judges' Rules apply, Tanganyika is on the right track. At the University College, the first class of future Tanganyikan magistrates was being taught firmly that their duty is to truth and justice and to nothing else.

One small slice of education charmed me beyond all others. Egypt has the Pyramids and Spain has the Prado and Tanganyika has its game parks, but most Tanganyikans neither know nor care. The government realizes the absolute value of these great tracts of land — the Serengeti is one of the marvels of the world — and realizes also that to preserve the wild animals, in their natural home, is a trust they hold for all of us. The nonexistent national income can hardly be spent on conservation; money must be raised by foreigners. But the parks can best be preserved if the citizens themselves learn to care. Previously, Africans' one interest in game parks was poaching.

A young American planned a jolly educational program for African children, and trained Africans to replace him. In buses, Tanganyikan children arrive at the hostel in Lake Manyara Park for weekends; it is a school treat. They listen to a kind of quiz-game lecture on the specimens in the tiny park museum; at night they watch a color film of three African boys traveling in that very park. The dormitory and dining hall are bright, clean, modern, and for most of them, luxury. The next day they travel around the park, with African guides, and after they've seen lions and buffalo and elephants with their own eyes, they become ardent animal lovers, proud of their land, and converts to conservation. (Meanwhile, an African park official tours the villages, sets up his movie Landrover, and shows films of the animals to spellbound grown-ups gathered under the acacia trees.) The day I visited Manyara, European schoolgirls had been invited for the weekend. The likable green-uniformed Ranger spoke very bad English; the girls of course

spoke fluent Swahili, but his pride could not be hurt. Yet he won their attention, and it did not seem strange for an audience of white children and their teachers to be hearing about the nation's heritage from an African who knew things they did not know. This scene would not have happened in Africa a few years ago. Poaching has decreased notably; the kiddies have spread the word.

In order not to disappoint, I must deal with the Communist Menace in Tanganyika. I did hear Communism mentioned *once*. A young firebrand, a high political appointee, received me in his grand office, which is directly across the street from the gas station he used to manage. We started with South Africa: why did the United States government allow Americans to own 50 percent of South African industry? I said I doubted if they did, and anyhow, what could the government do about it? My attempts to explain private enterprise were not successful.

Presently I asked if he hated the British. He smiled winningly and said, "We sympathize with them. They are declining." Later I asked how he felt about white people generally, in Tanganyika. "Frankly, we are in a position of strength," said he. "If they do anything we don't like, we can tell them to leave. We would not feel nice with ourselves to play with weak fellows." We were talking of foreign aid. "If the Russians offer us technicians we will take them," he announced. "We are independent. If this country went Communist tomorrow, it would not take orders from Moscow. We will not take orders from anybody. Our whole way of thinking is toward the West — the British. We were taught to be independent and do our own thinking." He invited me to his house, where I met two enchanting daughters and his mother (old African women are a joy), with her veil thrust back and bare feet. Since it was Ramadan and he a Muslim, we had no refreshments. He was unique, hotheaded, happy, great fun to argue with; and so much for Communism in Tanganyika.

Tanganyika owes an unpayable debt to the British civil servants still laboring away, in secondary positions, to make this country run. The missionaries have also done a valuable job in their hospitals and schools, and they have not tainted the scene with religious intolerance. The country

is dotted with Europeans who deserve well of the nation, for they are serving it. East Africa would fall apart were it not for the Indians, small peaceable men who maintain essential services, from a shop back-of-beyond to garages to post offices. None of these are protected by the Africans' age-old know-how in survival, nor are they rewarded by great riches. Tanganyika is a glory, but it is also rough going.

In a mission school copybook, while listening to a gentle singsong history class, I scrawled what seems to me the big question about Tanganyika, perhaps about all Africa: Is it right for anyone to shove these people into the twentieth century — let alone, is it possible?

EURIPIDES

BY DEWITT BELL

At Salamis, they say, you found
the ocean. They say, as a youth,
you wrote from the pack of other
poets

and wrote for nothing.

At the Festivals your dramas
won nothing, yet the populace

applauded others.

Embittered, they say, you embraced your cave
in the cliffs at Salamis
and made, like Melville, a pact
with the sea.

Made Hippolytus of a wave,

Dionysus of storm,
and of seashell and sand, Pentheus:
all ageless, all changing as water.

And that pagan, Socrates, they say,
would see no other play but yours,
so did he hold the sea.

Alas! old master, comfort me —

I write from the pack of other
poets,

and make no pact with the sea.

COME LADY DEATH

BY PETER S. BEAGLE



Born and brought up in the Bronx, PETER S. BEAGLE studied creative writing under Edwin L. Peterson at the University of Pittsburgh and then spent a year on the European continent. His first novel, A FINE AND PRIVATE PLACE, was published by Viking in 1960, and he is now at work on another book of fiction.

THIS all happened in England a long time ago, when that George who spoke English with a heavy German accent and hated his sons was King. At that time there lived in London a lady who had nothing to do but give parties. Her name was Flora, Lady Neville, and she was a widow and very old. She lived in a great house not far from Buckingham Palace, and she had so many servants that she could not possibly remember all their names; indeed, there were some she had never even seen. She had more food than she could eat, more gowns than she could ever wear; she had wine in her cellars that no one would drink in her lifetime, and her private vaults were filled with great works of art that she did not know she owned. She spent the last years of her life giving parties and balls to which the greatest lords of England — and sometimes the King himself — came, and she was known as the wisest and wittiest woman in all London.

But in time her own parties began to bore her, and though she invited the most famous people in the land and hired the greatest jugglers and acrobats and dancers and magicians to entertain them, still she found her parties duller and duller. Listening to court gossip, which she had always loved, made her yawn. The most marvelous music, the most exciting feats of magic put her to sleep. Watching a beautiful young couple dance by her made her feel sad, and she hated to feel sad.

And so, one summer afternoon she called her

closest friends around her and said to them, "More and more I find that my parties entertain everyone but me. The secret of my long life is that nothing has ever been dull for me. For all my life, I have been interested in everything I saw and been anxious to see more. But I cannot stand to be bored, and I will not go to parties at which I expect to be bored, especially if they are my own. Therefore, to my next ball I shall invite the one guest I am sure no one, not even myself, could possibly find boring. My friends, the guest of honor at my next party shall be Death himself!"

A young poet thought that this was a wonderful idea, but the rest of her friends were terrified and drew back from her. They did not want to die, they pleaded with her. Death would come for them when he was ready; why should she invite him before the appointed hour, which would arrive soon enough? But Lady Neville said, "Precisely. If Death has planned to take any of us on the night of my party, he will come whether he is invited or not. But if none of us are to die, then I think it would be charming to have Death among us — perhaps even to perform some little trick if he is in a good humor. And think of being able to say that we had been to a party with Death! All of London will envy us, all of England!"

The idea began to please her friends, but a young lord, very new to London, suggested timidly, "Death is so busy. Suppose he has work to do and cannot accept your invitation?"

Mezzotint by James McArdell, after C. A. Coypel.

"No one has ever refused an invitation of mine," said Lady Neville, "not even the King." And the young lord was not invited to her party.

SHE sat down then and there and wrote out the invitation. There was some dispute among her friends as to how they should address Death. "His Lordship Death" seemed to place him only on the level of a viscount or a baron. "His Grace Death" met with more acceptance, but Lady Neville said it sounded hypocritical. And to refer to Death as "His Majesty" was to make him the equal of the King of England, which even Lady Neville would not dare to do. It was finally decided that all should speak of him as "His Eminence Death," which pleased nearly everyone.

Captain Compson, known both as England's most dashing cavalry officer and most elegant rake, remarked next, "That's all very well, but how is the invitation to reach Death? Does anyone here know where he lives?"

"Death undoubtedly lives in London," said Lady Neville, "like everyone else of any importance, though he probably goes to Deauville for the summer. Actually, Death must live fairly near my own house. This is much the best section of London, and you could hardly expect a person of Death's importance to live anywhere else. When I stop to think of it, it's really rather strange that we haven't met before now, on the street."

Most of her friends agreed with her, but the poet, whose name was David Lorimond, cried out, "No, my lady, you are wrong! Death lives among the poor. Death lives in the foulest, darkest alleys of this city, in some vile, rat-ridden hovel that smells of—" He stopped here, partly because Lady Neville had indicated her displeasure, and partly because he had never been inside such a hut or thought of wondering what it smelled like. "Death lives among the poor," he went on, "and comes to visit them every day, for he is their only friend."

Lady Neville answered him as coldly as she had spoken to the young lord. "He may be forced to deal with them, David, but I hardly think that he seeks them out as companions. I am certain that it is as difficult for him to think of the poor as individuals as it is for me. Death is, after all, a nobleman."

There was no real argument among the lords and ladies that Death lived in a neighborhood at least as good as their own, but none of them seemed to know the name of Death's street, and no one had ever seen Death's house.

"If there were a war," Captain Compson said, "Death would be easy to find. I have seen him,

you know, even spoken to him, but he has never answered me."

"Quite proper," said Lady Neville. "Death must always speak first. You are not a very correct person, Captain." But she smiled at him, as all women did.

Then an idea came to her. "My hairdresser has a sick child, I understand," she said. "He was telling me about it yesterday, sounding most dull and hopeless. I will send for him and give him the invitation, and he in his turn can give it to Death when he comes to take the brat. A bit unconventional, I admit, but I see no other way."

"If he refuses?" asked a lord who had just been married.

"Why should he?" asked Lady Neville.

Again it was the poet who exclaimed amidst the general approval that this was a cruel and wicked thing to do. But he fell silent when Lady Neville innocently asked him, "Why, David?"

So the hairdresser was sent for, and when he stood before them, smiling nervously and twisting his hands to be in the same room with so many great lords, Lady Neville told him the errand that was required of him. And she was right, as she usually was, for he made no refusal. He merely took the invitation in his hand and asked to be excused.

He did not return for two days, but when he did he presented himself to Lady Neville without being sent for and handed her a small white envelope. Saying, "How very nice of you, thank you very much," she opened it and found therein a plain calling card with nothing on it except these words: *Death will be pleased to attend Lady Neville's ball.*

"Death gave you this?" she asked the hairdresser eagerly. "What was he like?" But the hairdresser stood still, looking past her, and said nothing, and she, not really waiting for an answer, called a dozen servants to her and told them to run and summon her friends. As she paced up and down the room waiting for them, she asked again, "What is Death like?" The hairdresser did not reply.

When her friends came they passed the little card excitedly from hand to hand, until it had gotten quite smudged and bent from their fingers. But they all admitted that, beyond its message, there was nothing particularly unusual about it. It was neither hot nor cold to the touch, and what little odor clung to it was rather pleasant. Everyone said that it was a very familiar smell, but no one could give it a name. The poet said that it reminded him of lilacs but not exactly.

It was Captain Compson, however, who pointed out the one thing that no one else had noticed. "Look at the handwriting itself," he said. "Have you ever seen anything more graceful? The letters

seem as light as birds. I think we have wasted our time speaking of Death as His This and His That. A woman wrote this note."

Then there was an uproar and a great babble, and the card had to be handed around again so that everyone could exclaim, "Yes, by God!" over it. The voice of the poet rose out of the hubbub saying, "It is very natural, when you come to think of it. After all, the French say *la mort*. Lady Death. I should much prefer Death to be a woman."

"Death rides a great black horse," said Captain Compson firmly, "and wears armor of the same color. Death is very tall, taller than anyone. It was no woman I saw on the battlefield, striking right and left like any soldier. Perhaps the hairdresser wrote it himself, or the hairdresser's wife."

But the hairdresser refused to speak, though they gathered around him and begged him to say who had given him the note. At first they promised him all sorts of rewards, and later they threatened to do terrible things to him. "Did you write this card?" he was asked, and "Who wrote it, then? Was it a living woman? Was it really Death? Did Death say anything to you? How did you know it was Death? Is Death a woman? Are you trying to make fools of us all?"

Not a word from the hairdresser, not one word, and finally Lady Neville called her servants to have him whipped and thrown into the street. He did not look at her as they took him away, or utter a sound.

Silencing her friends with a wave of her hand, Lady Neville said, "The ball will take place two weeks from tonight. Let Death come as Death pleases, whether as man or woman or strange, sexless creature." She smiled calmly. "Death may well be a woman," she said. "I am less certain of Death's form than I was, but I am also less frightened of Death. I am too old to be afraid of anything that can use a quill pen to write me a letter. Go home now, and as you make your preparations for the ball see that you speak of it to your servants, that they may spread the news all over London. Let it be known that on this one night no one in the world will die, for Death will be dancing at Lady Neville's ball."

FOR the next two weeks Lady Neville's great house shook and groaned and creaked like an old tree in a gale as the servants hammered and scrubbed, polished and painted, making ready for the ball. Lady Neville had always been very proud of her house, but as the ball drew near she began to be afraid that it would not be nearly grand enough for Death, who was surely accustomed to

visiting in the homes of richer, mightier people than herself. Fearing the scorn of Death, she worked night and day supervising her servants' preparations. Curtains and carpets had to be cleaned, goldwork and silverware polished until they gleamed by themselves in the dark. The grand staircase that rushed down into the ballroom like a waterfall was washed and rubbed so often that it was almost impossible to walk on it without slipping. As for the ballroom itself, it took thirty-two servants working at once to clean it properly, not counting those who were polishing the glass chandelier that was taller than a man and the fourteen smaller lamps. And when they were done she made them do it all over, not because she saw any dust or dirt anywhere, but because she was sure that Death would.

As for herself, she chose her finest gown and saw to its laundering personally. She called in another hairdresser and had him put up her hair in the style of an earlier time, wanting to show Death that she was a woman who enjoyed her age and did not find it necessary to ape the young and beautiful. All the day of the ball she sat before her mirror, not making herself up much beyond the normal touches of rouge and eye shadow and fine rice powder, but staring at the lean old face she had been born with, wondering how it would appear to Death. Her steward asked her to approve his wine selection, but she sent him away and stayed at her mirror until it was time to dress and go downstairs to meet her guests.

Everyone arrived early. When she looked out of a window, Lady Neville saw that the driveway of her home was choked with carriages and fine horses. "It all looks like a great funeral procession," she said. The footman cried the names of her guests to the echoing ballroom. "Captain Henry Compson, His Majesty's Household Cavalry! Mr. David Lorimond! Lord and Lady Torrance!" (They were the youngest couple there, having been married only three months before.) "Sir Roger Harbison! The Contessa della Candini!" Lady Neville permitted them all to kiss her hand and made them welcome.

She had engaged the finest musicians she could find to play for the dancing, but though they began to play at her signal not one couple stepped out on the floor, nor did one young lord approach her to request the honor of the first dance, as was proper. They milled together, shining and murmuring, their eyes fixed on the ballroom door. Every time they heard a carriage clatter up the driveway they seemed to flinch a little and draw closer together; every time the footman announced the arrival of another guest, they all sighed softly and swayed a little on their feet with relief.

"Why did they come to my party if they were

afraid?" Lady Neville muttered scornfully to herself. "I am not afraid of meeting Death. I ask only that Death may be impressed by the magnificence of my house and the flavor of my wines. I will die sooner than anyone here, but I am not afraid."

Certain that Death would not arrive until midnight, she moved among her guests, attempting to calm them, not with her words, which she knew they would not hear, but with the tone of her voice, as if they were so many frightened horses. But little by little, she herself was infected by their nervousness: whenever she sat down she stood up again immediately, she tasted a dozen glasses of wine without finishing any of them, and she glanced constantly at her jeweled watch, at first wanting to hurry the midnight along and end the waiting, later scratching at the watch face with her forefinger, as if she would push away the night and drag the sun backward into the sky. When midnight came, she was standing with the rest of them, breathing through her mouth, shifting from foot to foot, listening for the sound of carriage wheels turning in gravel.

WHEN the clock began to strike midnight, everyone, even Lady Neville and the brave Captain Compson, gave one startled little cry and then was silent again, listening to the tolling of the clock. The smaller clocks upstairs began to chime. Lady Neville's ears hurt. She caught sight of herself in the ballroom mirror, one gray face turned up toward the ceiling as if she were gasping for air, and she thought, "Death will be a woman, a hideous, filthy old crone as tall and strong as a man. And the most terrible thing of all will be that she will have my face." All the clocks stopped striking, and Lady Neville closed her eyes.

She opened them again only when she heard the whispering around her take on a different tone, one in which fear was fused with relief and a certain chagrin. For no new carriage stood in the driveway. Death had not come.

The noise grew slowly louder; here and there people were beginning to laugh. Near her, Lady Neville heard young Lord Torrance say to his wife, "There, my darling, I told you there was nothing to be afraid of. It was all a joke."

"I am ruined," Lady Neville thought. The laughter was increasing; it pounded against her ears in strokes, like the chiming of the clocks. "I wanted to give a ball so grand that those who were not invited would be shamed in front of the whole city, and this is my reward. I am ruined, and I deserve it."

Turning to the poet Lorimond, she said, "Dance

with me, David." She signaled to the musicians, who at once began to play. When Lorimond hesitated, she said, "Dance with me now. You will not have another chance. I shall never give a party again."

Lorimond bowed and led her out onto the dance floor. The guests parted for them, and the laughter died down for a moment, but Lady Neville knew that it would soon begin again. "Well, let them laugh," she thought. "I did not fear Death when they were all trembling. Why should I fear their laughter?" But she could feel a stinging at the thin lids of her eyes, and she closed them once more as she began to dance with Lorimond.

And then, quite suddenly, all the carriage horses outside the house whinnied loudly, just once, as the guests had cried out at midnight. There were a great many horses, and their one salute was so loud that everyone in the room became instantly silent. They heard the heavy steps of the footman as he went to open the door, and they shivered as if they felt the cool breeze that drifted into the house. Then they heard a light voice saying, "Am I late? Oh, I am so sorry. The horses were tired," and before the footman could re-enter to announce her, a lovely young girl in a white dress stepped gracefully into the ballroom doorway and stood there smiling.

She could not have been more than nineteen. Her hair was yellow, and she wore it long. It fell thickly upon her bare shoulders that gleamed warmly through it, two limestone islands rising out of a dark golden sea. Her face was wide at the forehead and cheekbones, and narrow at the chin, and her skin was so clear that many of the ladies there — Lady Neville among them — touched their own faces wonderingly, and instantly drew their hands away as though their own skin had rasped their fingers. Her mouth was pale, where the mouths of the other women were red and orange and even purple. Her eyebrows, thicker and straighter than was fashionable, met over dark, calm eyes that were set so deep in her young face and were so black, so uncompromisingly black, that the middle-aged wife of a middle-aged lord murmured, "Touch of the gypsy there, I think."

"Or something worse," suggested her husband's mistress.

"Be silent!" Lady Neville spoke louder than she had intended, and the girl turned to look at her. She smiled, and Lady Neville tried to smile back, but her mouth seemed very stiff. "Welcome," she said. "Welcome, my lady Death."

A sigh rustled among the lords and ladies as the girl took the old woman's hand and curtsied to her, sinking and rising in one motion, like a wave. "You are Lady Neville," she said. "Thank you so

much for inviting me." Her accent was as faint and as almost familiar as her perfume.

"Please excuse me for being late," she said earnestly. "I had to come from a long way off, and my horses are so tired."

"The groom will rub them down," Lady Neville said, "and feed them if you wish."

"Oh, no," the girl answered quickly. "Tell him not to go near the horses, please. They are not really horses, and they are very fierce."

She accepted a glass of wine from a servant and drank it slowly, sighing softly and contentedly. "What good wine," she said. "And what a beautiful house you have."

"Thank you," said Lady Neville. Without turning, she could feel every woman in the room envying her, sensing it as she could always sense the approach of rain.

"I wish I lived here," Death said in her low, sweet voice. "I will, one day."

Then, seeing Lady Neville become as still as if she had turned to ice, she put her hand on the old woman's arm and said, "Oh, I'm sorry, I'm so sorry. I am so cruel, but I never mean to be. Please forgive me, Lady Neville. I am not used to company, and I do such stupid things. Please forgive me."

Her hand felt as light and warm on Lady Neville's arm as the hand of any other young girl, and her eyes were so appealing that Lady Neville replied, "You have said nothing wrong. While you are my guest, my house is yours."

"Thank you," said Death, and she smiled so radiantly that the musicians began to play quite by themselves, with no sign from Lady Neville. She would have stopped them, but Death said, "Oh, what lovely music! Let them play, please."

So the musicians played a gavotte, and Death, unabashed by eyes that stared at her in greedy terror, sang softly to herself without words, lifted her white gown slightly with both hands, and made hesitant little patting steps with her small feet. "I have not danced in so long," she said wistfully. "I'm quite sure I've forgotten how."

She was shy; she would not look up to embarrass the young lords, not one of whom stepped forward to dance with her. Lady Neville felt a flood of shame and sympathy, emotions she thought had withered in her years ago. "Is she to be humiliated at my own ball?" she thought angrily. "It is because she is Death; if she were the ugliest, foulest hag in all the world they would clamor to dance with her, because they are gentlemen and they know what is expected of them. But no gentleman will dance with Death, no matter how beautiful she is." She glanced sideways at David Lorimond. His face was flushed, and his hands were clasped so tightly as he stared at Death that

his fingers were like glass, but when Lady Neville touched his arm he did not turn, and when she hissed, "David!", he pretended not to hear her.

Then Captain Compson, gray-haired and handsome in his uniform, stepped out of the crowd and bowed gracefully before Death. "If I may have the honor," he said.

"Captain Compson," said Death, smiling. She put her arm in his. "I was hoping you would ask me."

This brought a frown from the older women, who did not consider it a proper thing to say, but for that Death cared not a rap. Captain Compson led her to the center of the floor, and there they danced. Death was curiously graceless at first — she was too anxious to please her partner, and she seemed to have no notion of rhythm. The Captain himself moved with the mixture of dignity and humor that Lady Neville had never seen in another man, but when he looked at her over Death's shoulder, she saw something that no one else appeared to notice: that his face and eyes were immobile with fear, and that, though he offered Death his hand with easy gallantry, he flinched slightly when she took it. And yet he danced as well as Lady Neville had ever seen him.

"Ah, that's what comes of having a reputation to maintain," she thought. "Captain Compson too must do what is expected of him. I hope someone else will dance with her soon."

But no one did. Little by little, other couples overcame their fear and slipped hurriedly out on the floor when Death was looking the other way, but nobody sought to relieve Captain Compson of his beautiful partner. They danced every dance together. In time, some of the men present began to look at her with more appreciation than terror, but when she returned their glances and smiled at them, they clung to their partners as if a cold wind were threatening to blow them away.

One of the few who stared at her frankly and with pleasure was young Lord Torrance, who usually danced only with his wife. Another was the poet Lorimond. Dancing with Lady Neville, he remarked to her, "If she is Death, what do these frightened fools think they are? If she is ugliness, what must they be? I hate their fear. It is obscene."

Death and the Captain danced past them at that moment, and they heard him say to her, "But if that was truly you that I saw in the battle, how can you have changed so? How can you have become so lovely?"

Death's laughter was gay and soft. "I thought that among so many beautiful people it might be better to be beautiful. I was afraid of frightening everyone and spoiling the party."

"They all thought she would be ugly," said

Lorimond to Lady Neville. "I — I knew she would be beautiful."

"Then why have you not danced with her?" Lady Neville asked him. "Are you also afraid?"

"No, oh, no," the poet answered quickly and passionately. "I will ask her to dance very soon. I only want to look at her a little longer."

THE musicians played on and on. The dancing wore away the night as slowly as falling water wears down a cliff. It seemed to Lady Neville that no night had ever endured longer, and yet she was neither tired nor bored. She danced with every man there, except with Lord Torrance, who was dancing with his wife as if they had just met that night, and, of course, with Captain Compson. Once he lifted his hand and touched Death's golden hair very lightly. He was a striking man still, a fit partner for so beautiful a girl, but Lady Neville looked at his face each time she passed him and realized that he was older than anyone knew.

Death herself seemed younger than the youngest there. No woman at the ball danced better than she now, though it was hard for Lady Neville to remember at what point her awkwardness had given way to the liquid sweetness of her movements. She smiled and called to everyone who caught her eye — and she knew them all by name; she sang constantly, making up words to the dance tunes, nonsense words, sounds without meaning, and yet everyone strained to hear her soft voice without knowing why. And when, during a waltz, she caught up the trailing end of her gown to give her more freedom as she danced, she seemed to Lady Neville to move like a little sailing boat over a still evening sea.

Lady Neville heard Lady Torrance arguing angrily with the Contessa della Candini. "I don't care if she is Death, she's no older than I am, she can't be!"

"Nonsense," said the Contessa, who could not afford to be generous to any other woman. "She is twenty-eight, thirty, if she is an hour. And that dress, that bridal gown she wears — really!"

"Vile," said the woman who had come to the ball as Captain Compson's freely acknowledged mistress. "Tasteless. But one should know better than to expect taste from Death, I suppose." Lady Torrance looked as if she were going to cry.

"They are jealous of Death," Lady Neville said to herself. "How strange. I am not jealous of her, not in the least. And I do not fear her at all." She was very proud of herself.

Then, as unbiddenly as they had begun to play, the musicians stopped. They began to put away

their instruments. In the sudden shrill silence, Death pulled away from Captain Compson and ran to look out of one of the tall windows, pushing the curtains apart with both hands. "Look!" she said, with her back turned to them. "Come and look. The night is almost gone."

The summer sky was still dark, and the eastern horizon was only a shade lighter than the rest of the sky, but the stars had vanished and the trees near the house were gradually becoming distinct. Death pressed her face against the window and said, so softly that the other guests could barely hear her, "I must go now."

"No," Lady Neville said, and was not immediately aware that she had spoken. "You must stay a while longer. The ball was in your honor. Please stay."

Death held out both hands to her, and Lady Neville came and took them in her own. "I've had a wonderful time," she said gently. "You cannot possibly imagine how it feels to be actually invited to such a ball as this, because you have given them and gone to them all your life. One is like another to you, but for me it is different. Do you understand me?" Lady Neville nodded silently. "I will remember this night forever," Death said.

"Stay," Captain Compson said. "Stay just a little longer." He put his hand on Death's shoulder, and she smiled and leaned her cheek against it. "Dear Captain Compson," she said. "My first real gallant. Aren't you tired of me yet?"

"Never," he said. "Please stay."

"Stay," said Lorimond, and he too seemed about to touch her. "Stay. I want to talk to you. I want to look at you. I will dance with you if you stay."

"How many followers I have," Death said in wonder. She stretched one hand toward Lorimond, but he drew back from her and then flushed in shame. "A soldier and a poet. How wonderful it is to be a woman. But why did you not speak to me earlier, both of you? Now it is too late. I must go."

"Please stay," Lady Torrance whispered. She held on to her husband's hand for courage. "We think you are so beautiful, both of us do."

"Gracious Lady Torrance," the girl said kindly. She turned back to the window, touched it lightly, and it flew open. The cool dawn air rushed into the ballroom, fresh with rain but already smelling faintly of the London streets over which it had passed. They heard birdsong and the strange, harsh nickering of Death's horses.

"Do you want me to stay?" she asked. The question was put, not to Lady Neville, nor to Captain Compson, nor to any of her admirers, but to the Contessa della Candini, who stood well

back from them all, hugging her flowers to herself and humming a little song of irritation. She did not in the least want Death to stay, but she was afraid that all the other women would think her envious of Death's beauty, and so she said, "Yes. Of course I do."

"Ah," said Death. She was almost whispering. "And you," she said to another woman, "do you want me to stay? Do you want me to be one of your friends?"

"Yes," said the woman, "because you are beautiful and a true lady."

"And you," said Death to a man, "and you," to a woman, "and you," to another man, "do you want me to stay?" And they all answered, "Yes, Lady Death, we do."

"Do you want me, then?" she cried at last to all of them. "Do you want me to live among you and to be one of you, and not to be Death anymore? Do you want me to visit your houses and come to all your parties? Do you want me to ride horses like yours instead of mine, do you want me to wear the kind of dresses you wear, and say the things you would say? Would one of you marry me, and would the rest of you dance at my wedding and bring gifts to my children? Is that what you want?"

"Yes," said Lady Neville. "Stay here, stay with me, stay with us."

Death's voice, without becoming louder, had become clearer and older; too old a voice, thought Lady Neville, for such a young girl. "Be sure," said Death. "Be sure of what you want, be very sure. Do all of you want me to stay? For if one of you says to me, no, go away, then I must leave at once and never return. Be sure. Do you all want me?"

And everyone there cried with one voice, "Yes! Yes, you must stay with us. You are so beautiful that we cannot let you go."

"We are tired," said Captain Compson.

"We are blind," said Lorimond, adding, "Especially to poetry."

"We are afraid," said Lord Torrance quietly, and his wife took his arm and said, "Both of us."

"We are dull and stupid," said Lady Neville, "and growing old uselessly. Stay with us, Lady Death."

And then Death smiled sweetly and radiantly and took a step forward, and it was as though she had come down among them from a great height. "Very well," she said. "I will stay with you. I will be Death no more. I will be a woman."

THE room was full of a deep sigh, although no one was seen to open his mouth. No one moved,

for the golden-haired girl was Death still, and her horses still whinnied for her outside. No one could look at her for long, although she was the most beautiful girl anyone there had ever seen.

"There is a price to pay," she said. "There is always a price. Some one of you must become Death in my place, for there must forever be Death in the world. Will anyone choose? Will anyone here become Death of his own free will? For only thus can I become a human girl."

No one spoke, no one spoke at all. But they backed slowly away from her, like waves slipping back down a beach to the sea when you try to catch them. The Contessa della Candini and her friends would have crept quietly out of the door, but Death smiled at them and they stood where they were. Captain Compson opened his mouth as though he were going to declare himself, but he said nothing. Lady Neville did not move.

"No one," said Death. She touched a flower with her finger, and it seemed to crouch and flex itself like a pleased cat. "No one at all," she said. "Then I must choose, and that is just, for that is the way that I became Death. I never wanted to be Death, and it makes me so happy that you want me to become one of yourselves. I have searched a long time for people who would want me. Now I have only to choose someone to replace me and it is done. I will choose very carefully."

"Oh, we were so foolish," Lady Neville said to herself. "We were so foolish." But she said nothing aloud; she merely clasped her hands and stared at the young girl, thinking vaguely that if she had had a daughter she would have been greatly pleased if she resembled the lady Death.

"The Contessa della Candini," said Death thoughtfully, and that woman gave a little squeak of terror because she could not draw her breath for a scream. But Death laughed and said, "No, that would be silly." She said nothing more, but for a long time after that the Contessa burned with humiliation at not having been chosen to be Death.

"Not Captain Compson," murmured Death, "because he is too kind to become Death, and because it would be too cruel to him. He wants to die so badly." The expression on the Captain's face did not change, but his hands began to tremble.

"Not Lorimond," the girl continued, "because he knows so little about life, and because I like him." The poet flushed, and turned white, and then turned pink again. He made as if to kneel clumsily on one knee, but instead he pulled himself erect and stood as much like Captain Compson as he could.

"Not the Torrances," said Death, "never Lord

and Lady Torrance, for both of them care too much about another person to take any pride in being Death." But she hesitated over Lady Torrance for a while, staring at her out of her dark and curious eyes. "I was your age when I became Death," she said at last. "I wonder what it will be like to be your age again. I have been Death for so long." Lady Torrance shivered and did not speak.

And at last Death said quietly, "Lady Neville."
"I am here," Lady Neville answered.

"I think you are the only one," said Death.
"I choose you, Lady Neville."

Again Lady Neville heard every guest sigh softly, and although her back was to them all she knew that they were sighing in relief that neither themselves nor anyone dear to themselves had been chosen. Lady Torrance gave a little cry of protest, but Lady Neville knew that she would have cried out at whatever choice Death made. She heard herself say calmly, "I am honored. But was there no one more worthy than I?"

"Not one," said Death. "There is no one quite so weary of being human, no one who knows better how meaningless it is to be alive. And there is no one else here with the power to treat life" — and she smiled sweetly and cruelly — "the life of your hairdresser's child, for instance, as the meaningless thing it is. Death has a heart, but it is forever an empty heart, and I think, Lady Neville, that your heart is like a dry riverbed, like a seashell. You will be very content as Death, more so than I, for I was very young when I became Death."

She came toward Lady Neville, light and swaying, her deep eyes wide and full of the light of the red morning sun that was beginning to rise. The guests at the ball moved back from

her, although she did not look at them, but Lady Neville clenched her hands tightly and watched Death come toward her with her little dancing steps. "We must kiss each other," Death said. "That is the way I became Death." She shook her head delightedly, so that her soft hair swirled about her shoulders. "Quickly, quickly," she said. "Oh, I cannot wait to be human again."

"You may not like it," Lady Neville said. She felt very calm, though she could hear her old heart pounding in her chest and feel it in the tips of her fingers. "You may not like it after a while," she said.

"Perhaps not." Death's smile was very close to her now. "I will not be as beautiful as I am, and perhaps people will not love me as much as they do now. But I will be human for a while, and at last I will die. I have done my penance."

"What penance?" the old woman asked the beautiful girl. "What was it you did? Why did you become Death?"

"I don't remember," said the lady Death. "And you too will forget in time." She was smaller than Lady Neville, and so much younger. In her white dress she might have been the daughter that Lady Neville had never had, who would have been with her always and held her mother's head lightly in the crook of her arm when she felt old and sad. Now she lifted her head to kiss Lady Neville's cheek, and as she did so she whispered in her ear, "You will still be beautiful when I am ugly. Be kind to me then."

Behind Lady Neville the handsome gentlemen and ladies murmured and sighed, fluttering like moths in their evening dress, in their elegant gowns. "I promise," she said, and then she pursed her dry lips to kiss the soft, sweet-smelling cheek of the young lady Death.

DEDICATIONS

BY ROBERT NYE

Begrudged by the promising pencraft of my name —
On the flyleaves of books I thought were mine —
Dedicating each poem to you as if
It hoped its nine letters would be read
Into the classic authorship, and free-hearted
Of Love-until-our-names-are-both-forgotten
(In such shorthands as half-admired their remembrance)
I could not yet refuse to sign myself
Or much regret you and your books are mine
For I loved the girl who read them for her virtue
And now you have my vices and my name.



The POPE of the DIALOGUE

by BARBARA WARD

"In all the exchanges of Pope John's four-year pontificate," says BARBARA WARD, "one can observe a common thread: to understand what lay behind men's angers and suspicions, to find what united men and where a common interest could be discerned." Here is Barbara Ward's appraisal of the late Pope.

IN ONE of the hymns of the great feast of Pentecost, the faithful pray that the Holy Spirit may "loosen men's rigidities" (*fleve quod est rigidum*), and if there was one grace which seemed more than any other to illumine the pontificate of John XXIII, it was surely this. Wherever he found a human situation caught in a rigor of fear, hate, anger, or distrust, he began, patiently and quietly, to look for the means of reconciliation, or, if this was beyond reach, its preliminary — relaxation.

His method was simplicity itself. He sought the man behind the emotion, greeted him with the affectionate courtesy which men owe to each other as brothers in the human family, and then invited him to speak his mind. The Pope has been called "the Pope of the Dialogue," and one cannot exaggerate the significance of his efforts to restore communication where it had effectively broken down, to make possible a full human exchange when the effort to learn and understand had been abandoned, to put an end to anti-human confrontations in which each side, looking inward to its own fears and prejudices, does no more than fling insults and epithets across a blind incomprehending gulf.

Anyone who has reflected on his or her own reaction to opposition or encroachment must

Photograph courtesy of Wide World Photos.

recognize how easily the human dialogue does break down. Most of us have a sneaking vision of ourselves as completely rational, completely disinterested, and completely right. But if we are, the people who attack our positions or denounce our attitudes must, by definition, be irrational, grasping, and wrong. So we react with self-righteous indignation. Yet, at another level of consciousness, we are equally aware that our pretensions are false. So those who criticize us expose our weakness, and we react with fear. Fear and pride make deplorable counselors. Instead of the dialogue of mutual enlightenment, we fall back on insult or the silence of injury. Communication ceases. Hatred begins. It is for this reason that historians almost always give a truer perspective of embattled issues than do contemporaries. After four hundred years of increasingly dispassionate scholarship, we know how profoundly the stagnant Catholic Church and the bellicose papacy of the Renaissance were in need of reform. We also know the degree to which the reformers, in breaking the unity of Christendom, paved the way not so much to a renewed Christianity as to the rise of the divisive loyalties of modern nationalism. There were contemporaries who had inklings of this dilemma. Erasmus, Budé, Vives, Sir Thomas More, the great generation of humanists, loved the Church as a "seamless garment," yet longed for its radical reformation. But the reforming energies had been frustrated

by 1520. Thereafter the dialogue between Christians became increasingly the *dialogue des sourds*, the exchanges of men deaf to each other, drowning the voice of conciliation in cries and countercries of "Antichrist" and in the clash of arms.

Now, if the passage of time and the calming of passions can show so frequently that the original dispute was *not* as irreconcilable as it appeared, may it not be true of present dissensions, and may it not be the path of self-interest as well as of wisdom to try the method of the renewed dialogue, in order to prevent further estrangement or, in more violent disputes, to see that hostilities do not get out of control?

THIS appears to have been Pope John's constant preoccupation. In all the exchanges of his four-year pontificate, one can observe a common thread: to understand what lay behind men's angers and suspicions, to find what united men and where a common interest could be discerned. The method was perhaps most apparent in his approach to the ecumenical movement. The broad search for the reunion of Christendom did not, until the pontificate of John XXIII, receive any marked official encouragement from Rome, and at least two of the attitudes of some leading Catholic clerics had proved solid stumbling blocks. Strict theological interpretations of the Church as the fullness of Christ's revelation and the (necessarily) complete prolongation of His ministry seemed to make it impossible for Catholic churchmen to admit that any blame, and hence responsibility, for the divisions of Christianity could be laid at the Church's door. "We are a 'perfect society.' We are the True Church. Take us or leave us." This seemed to be the last word, and clearly no dialogue can be fruitfully conducted in an atmosphere in which give-and-take is excluded *a priori*.

A close pendant to this attitude lay in the suspicions felt by non-Catholic Christians that, in some way, their faith and sincerity were suspect in Catholic eyes. If the Catholic Church was so obviously without blame or stain, only some special obduracy could keep men from recognizing its authentic claims. It is true that isolated attempts, as in Boston, to revive the view that salvation was possible only inside the Church were quickly suppressed as heresy. But what of the apparently more widespread belief that only Catholics could claim to be truly Christian? And could self-respecting men and women join wholeheartedly in a dialogue over which hung an uneasy question mark as to their own good faith?

In fact, both positions could be held only by

adhering to a high order of theological abstraction. In existential fact, any historian studying the pre-Reformation Church knew perfectly well how wide was the spectrum of failure, and hence of culpability. And to believe that a John Wesley or a David Livingstone or an Albert Schweitzer — quite apart from millions of less notable lives — did not show forth, like a candle set in a dark room, the love and compassion of Christ was to live with a myopia worthy of the original Pharisees.

It is precisely *away* from thought at a high level of abstraction that Pope John sought to lead his people. In his last great encyclical, *Pacem in Terris*, he underlined the distinction between error as an idea and the life and conduct of people who may be said to err. The actual concrete development of history may already be leading them away from error. Moreover, their good faith and fidelity to their own conscience are alone decisive. This fundamental insistence upon freedom of conscience is one of the great liberating formulations of the encyclical.

Within the context of life as it is lived and not as it is analyzed and defined, the Pope accepted the other Christian communions as members of the Christian family, welcomed their prayers for the success of the Council, and gave their representatives the fullest access to documents and debates. In fact, one great cardinal jokingly complained to Protestant friends that they were the spoiled children of the conference, receiving meticulous translations at every turn while he had to rely on his not always very adequate Latin. The warmth of the welcome, the assiduous attention the delegates encountered banished forever any uneasy suspicion of "second-class citizenship" in the commonwealth of God.

Meanwhile, the whole purpose of the Council itself was designed to dissipate the sense of a complacent, arrogant Church. Its fundamental and explicit aim was reform, to prepare Catholics to be more worthy and effective participants in the ecumenical encounter. Although the Pope's death interrupted the Council's work before much had been accomplished, the guidance he gave it — which a strong liberal majority of the episcopate clearly welcomed — pointed to his sense that the Church needed to reconsider its own attitudes if there was to be much hope of finding future common ground with the other communions.

One such instance could be found in the intention to reduce judiciously the predominant role of the Roman Curia, the very symbol to the outside world of centralization and authoritarianism in the Catholic Church. Greater authority to the bishops and greater initiative to the laity both had their place in the broad consensus informing conciliar opinion, and both had an especial appeal

to other Christian communions — to the Orthodox with their emphasis on episcopal authority, to the Protestants with their concept of “the priesthood of all believers.”

But the most important issue touched on at the Council concerned the source of Christianity’s guidance, inspiration, and authority. As the ecumenical movement has developed, it has become clear that of all roads to unity the most promising is the rediscovery of common traditions and roots. A moderator of the Church of Scotland has likened divided Christians to men standing on opposite sides of a river too broad and turbulent to be crossed. If they would but follow its course back along the banks to the original spring, they would reach a common source, and there, no doubt, the gap would prove bridgeable. In such a context of reconciliation much depends upon the primacy of early sources, above all, of the Bible. When, therefore, the Council received its prepared paper, or schema, on this issue, the non-Catholic observers seem to have made clear their misgivings about its emphasis upon the Church as a source of authority and inspiration, independent or quasi-independent of the Scriptures. Too rigid a definition at this point would have appeared to non-Catholic Christians to block the path back to the original springs. Thus it might have checked the work of reconciliation and rediscovery at its most hopeful point. Pope John withdrew the document.

IT CAN, of course, be argued that history has already accomplished much of the work of reconciliation between Christians. A few churchmen on either side still show “damn’d, disinheriting countenances,” but after four centuries of coexistence, Christians are not being imprisoned or burned or drawn and quartered by other Christians. The violent debate which splits the world in half today lies between Communism and anti-Communism, and although it may still be concerned with the nature and destiny of man, it is conceived in secular terms and fought over the issues of his terrestrial fate. For Pope John, however, the distinction made little difference. He used his habitual instruments of peacemaking: insistence on the distinction between error and the one who errs, emphasis on the need for self-examination and renewal, total commitment to the fact of human solidarity, of common membership in a single family, of human brotherhood rooted in the fatherhood of God.

Naturally, there was no compounding of error. When one reads the measured, tranquil opening paragraphs of *Pacem in Terris*, it is difficult to avoid

the impression that Mr. Khrushchev, in praising the encyclical, did not go so far as to read it. The fundamental, inalienable rights of the human person, including the free exercise of conscience; the citizen’s right to all the physical preconditions of a genuinely human existence — rest, work, shelter, food, and private property; the essentially subordinate character of the state in serving and forwarding such rights and interests: all these statements of principle add up to a total rejection of Marxist theory.

But before the cold war warriors could claim the papacy as a close ally in the anti-Communist, anti-socialist, anti-collectivist crusade, they noticed a number of nuances in statement and in policy which made John XXIII an uneasy associate. Far from upholding the “sacred principles of free enterprise,” Western-style, the Pope concluded that the government had a perfectly legitimate part to play as conductor of the plural economy’s diverse orchestra. His defense of private property itself led him to some searching questions about its effectiveness as an institution in the West. Can one in the name of private property tolerate agricultural systems in which nearly 80 percent of the people own no property at all? Is it not a weakness in Western industrialism that heavy concentrations of share-ownership exclude the majority of workers from a full part in the benefits of a system their labors underpin? In *Pacem in Terris*, the Pope points to the answer he sees as a possible line of compromise between the socialist and the private approach — a large extension of the cooperative principle, not only to farming but to industrial enterprise as well. And the same sense of justice and solidarity applied at the international level inspires his great plea in the encyclical *Mater et Magistra* that the wealthy nations who have in part achieved their wealth with the cooperation, however ignored, of coolie and fellah should now, by generous aid, ensure the poor societies a larger share in the human patrimony.

Nor was it simply institutional problems that caused the Pope to show some reticence in the confrontation between the Communist and the non-Communist world. He lived, after all, in the city of *La Dolce Vita*. He cannot have been wholly unaware of the filming and publicizing of *Cleopatra* in his vicinity. His mild comment that men could lose their way not only through the perils of atheism but through an undue emphasis “on the comforts of material existence” was warning nonetheless that for him the materialism of the Marxist system, denounced in so many fervent Western orations, was no more and no less to be condemned than materialism from any other source. Born in poverty, experiencing early in his priesthood the impact of industrialization on the urban poor,

living in France through the experiment of the worker-priests, profoundly influenced by the vivid social concern of French Catholic thought, Pope John did not accept the picture of virtuous West and monstrous conspiracy in the East enshrined in the clichés and half-truths of contemporary cold war propaganda. Errors were not condoned, but what he judged and sought to influence was the actual, historical, existential facts of contemporary society. These do not all fit into the categories of black and white, of hostility and rejection beloved of the extremists. The Pope had no intention of trying to make them do so, and thereby to block the possibility, however remote, of confrontation, of discussion, of an eventual meeting of minds.

His insistence on the existential facts of modern life was all the more intense because, as *Pacem in Terris* makes clear, he was profoundly aware of the degree to which the modern world of science and technology involves all human societies in daunting problems of adaptation, and forces them all to live in so close an interdependence that solving or not solving these problems is literally a matter of life and death for the whole planet. Fall-out rains down on the just and unjust. The resort to force by any can destroy all. In these conditions, to provide a political and social framework within which humanity can live at peace is not a Utopian dream. It is a realist's necessity. However different internal systems of government may be at their subordinate levels, man requires institutions at the world level. This is his need not as American or Russian, not as Communist or Democrat, but as man himself. Such an authority would not usurp the legitimate powers of state governments. But in the age of the atomic bomb, none of the state governments can safeguard the fundamental security of the citizen; they must give way to international institutions of peacemaking and peace-preserving which can do so. In pursuit of such an end, distinctions between systems have to be laid aside. Men must, in the name of man himself, conduct the dialogue of survival.

The Pope attempted to maintain it in every possible context: in the encyclicals with their explicit proposals for disarmament, conciliation, and world authority; in all his allocutions with their repeated emphasis on the world as a family and men as brothers; in his prayers — as he lay dying, "*Ut unum sint*" ("That they may be one") was almost his last whispered wish; in the warmth and simplicity of his welcome to all comers. One thinks particularly of the words he addressed to Khrushchev's son-in-law: "They tell me you are an atheist. But you will not refuse an old man's blessing for your children." And when he died, it seemed for a moment as though by the sheer force of a paternal love he had given a large

part of the human race an experience, however brief, of a profound solidarity. Herblock's cartoon, showing a darkened world, and above it the simple caption "A death in the family," captured this sense of shared bereavement. And must we not admit that never, on such a scale, has anything like it been felt before?

The universal question today is whether the dialogue can be developed now that its greatest exponent is dead. There seems to be a general consensus that, in the field of Christian reunion, there can be no arresting the energies released by Pope John. At the Council, it was the liberal, ecumenically minded bishops who dominated the debate, and they derived strength not only from the Pope's encouragement but from each other. At the papal election in June, the cardinal who most specifically declared his intention of following in Pope John's path — Cardinal Montini — was elected on the second day, and soon after declared his intention of reconvening the Council.

But in the secular field, it can be argued that hopes of continuity are much less secure. It is not simply a question of ideological rigidity on the Communist side. Political conservatives accused the late Pope of having given Communism a new impetus in Italy, and of risking the legitimate rights of Eastern Europeans in his attempt to secure a little more elbowroom for Catholics living under Communist governments. The irreconcilables even accused him of meddling in affairs he did not understand and of bringing into the *realpolitik* of nations elements of illusion and sentiment which strengthen the Communists and weaken everybody else.

Such voices are also heard in the two countries on which ultimate responsibility for survival rests. Republicans attacking "softness," Stalinists preaching the inevitability of imperialist war in fact deny the possibility of a dialogue. Yet this intractable mood does not prevail at the highest level. The dispute which Mr. Khrushchev is conducting with his Chinese "allies" turns precisely on this point of the possibility of coexistence. And within a week of the Pope's death President Kennedy, in perhaps the noblest of all his speeches, appealed for a renewal of negotiations with Russia in precisely the terms that had constantly recurred in papal thinking: understanding of the other's point of view, critical examination of one's own attitudes, above all, profound acceptance of human solidarity. "We all inhabit this planet. We all breathe the same air. We all cherish our children's future. And we are all mortal." This is the very language of the dialogue that Pope John sought so patiently to foster. It is also, perhaps, the most hopeful portent that his spirit and his mission will survive his death.

UPON REALIZATION OF THE POET'S DUTY

BY TIM HALL

The European Statue Poem (Preferably Italian)

Defy the pigeons, Sir,
they're all the legion you have
left. Below you, on the square, Fiats purr
and putter, while the Sunday hurdy-gurdy, squat
antique, grinds out his own reprieve.

Your posture, Sir, does not
match step with afternoon dis-
order. Sun and stucco cannot change your lot.
You stand abrupt, commanding, on your charger, jut
your shoulder's armor none the less

for watching grime and spat-
ter etch the years upon your horse's
rump, and seeing state and merchant run your lot
of outranked peers into the sun-stained ground to rot.
Today you've pigeons, no ground forces.

The Unquestionable Translation (Preferably Icelandic)

This winter the ice clapped down
like a pot lid on the bay.
Our boats lie, round and brown
as rats, on the shore.
My nets are drying,
in the eaves; and the youngest,
still at her breast,
cries when the light comes,
earlier each morning.
She is silent.
Yesterday, a gull rolled, pattering,
down the roof,
to the ground yard,
nearly dead from starving.
I sit, warming, before the fire.

AN EARLY FALL

BY SAMUEL MOON

I remember when we were children once,
we lay on the south slope of a hill
for two full hours in the full sun
tickling each other with the ripe grass
to see who would rub his nose first,
itch grown to lust in that delicate torture.

Caught in that eddy of warmth and quiet
deep in the frosty tumultuous day,
we suddenly knew that our hands were still,
and ripe in the sun we lost ourselves
in the wind curving around our nest;
our wide and thoughtless eyes let in
the sky, a brilliant cold blue,
with high white flocks of clouds moving
swiftly across it, migrating southward.

Lingering there, we burned with the grass
until, hiding our shamefaced eyes,
we collected ourselves, and hand in hand
we slowly wandered again home.

FORSAKEN

BY ROBERT WALLACE

Into my deep sadness he came bouncing
from the woods — a slate-blue butterfly
with a thread of crimson on each wing,
flittering on the weathered dock-boards
like a pennant windy with the most cheerful news.

He fluttered about me, dime-tinier,
merry as money, perching on knees
as if they were gay as Noah's mountain,
lighting among my upturned toes
as if for sweetnesses, as if they were good flowers

— until I have understood his coming!
Though I have given all I have
and you still will not love me,
I am coming on stumps to you, holding
out bouquets of these poor sunny feet and toes!

THE RAND CORPORATION and OUR POLICY MAKERS

by Saul Friedman

SAUL FRIEDMAN, *an investigative reporter and editorial writer for the Houston CHRONICLE, has been a newspaperman for eleven years. As a Nieman Fellow, he spent last year studying foreign affairs and defense policy. The following report on the nation's top "paramilitary academy" grew out of those studies.*

FOR nearly a generation the United States has labored through an age of warlike peace. Because of the possibility of thermonuclear annihilation, it is inevitable that the nation's leading thinkers, scientists, and scholars should be preoccupied, as never before, with the study of the weaponry, strategy, economics, psychology, and politics of conflict.

During World War II thousands of talented scientists and technicians came to industry and government to create the means to win the war. Their contributions were decisive, but rarely did the scientist or scholar take part in the making of military and political strategy. In 1945, at the height of the war which gave birth to the atom bomb, radar, and jet power, the federal government spent \$513 million for research and development of weapons. This year the federal government expects to spend more than \$7 billion on defense research and development and nearly \$4 billion more on atomic energy and space research. (In contrast, about \$1 billion will be spent on all other — peaceful — research paid for by government.) It is estimated by the National Science Foundation that the federal budget finances about 65 percent of the total national expenditure for research and development, and 92 percent of that money is invested in defense research. Since 1945 the budget for defense research has increased more than twentyfold, and it continues to rise.

Figures in the billions become blurred in the consciousness, but the comparisons serve to show

that research and development for defense have become a giant new industry. The scientist, the technologist, and the scholar have enlisted in the paramilitary, the branch of the nation's defense establishment which is neither military nor civilian but both, and which exerts astonishing influence. It gives rationality and intellectuality to foreign policy and military strategy and to possible wars, ranging from anti-guerrilla combat in the jungles of Southeast Asia to global thermonuclear holocaust.

The Department of Defense draws its paramilitary personnel from more than three hundred universities and nonprofit institutions in the nation. Universities have created — on and off the campus — centers and institutions to do research for defense. These university-associated research centers actively compete for consultation contracts with the Defense Department, the State Department, or the military services. If the special research center on the campus does not have a contract, then the individual member of the faculty who has become noted in his field consults with the government on the technological or the political problems of strategy. The *Boston Globe* reported recently that five thousand academics from the Cambridge area serve as consultants in Washington.

The single most influential research organization, however, is not directly associated with a university. The Rand Corporation of Santa Monica, California, is the oldest among more

than one hundred and fifty nonprofit organizations which have been created to do specialized strategic research. It is to the other research groups what West Point, Annapolis, and the Air Force Academy are to the army, navy, and air force. The Rand Corporation is the paramilitary academy of United States strategic thinking.

Achieving a remarkable degree of intradisciplinary research, the Rand Corporation does the basic thinking behind the weapons systems, the procurement policies, and the global strategy of the United States. Unlike any strategic research organization anywhere else in the world, the Rand Corporation has become internationally famous, and controversial, for bringing a new mode of thought to problems of cold war strategy. (The Soviets, incidentally, have called Rand "The Academy of Death and Destruction.") In bringing about his revolution of the Defense Department, Secretary Robert McNamara acknowledged his debt to the Rand approach by naming Rand researchers and supporters to top posts in his department.

ON NOVEMBER 7, 1944, a few months after D-day, General H. H. ("Hap") Arnold, head of the army air forces, issued a memorandum briefly recounting the important role research and development had played in the war, especially for the air forces, and expressing the need for the air force to retain organized brainpower after the war "to assist in avoiding future national peril and winning the next war." Officials of Rand (a contraction of the words "research and development") point to this memo as the origin of their organization.

In hearings last year before a House subcommittee on military operations, Rand President Franklin R. Collbohm recounted the early planning for what became Project Rand. In late 1945, Collbohm, assistant to Arthur Raymond, vice president of engineering for the Douglas Aircraft Company at Santa Monica, spoke to General Arnold about "ways in which we could save these scientific and industrial resources for the service of the Government. There was general agreement that there was no procurement agency in the Government existing at the time that was suitable for buying brains rather than bolts and nuts," Collbohm said, "and the discussion then was that a new high-level procurement agency that was really designed and staffed to buy brains would have to be set up. At that time it was recognized that it was not going to be suitable to use contract negotiation procedures that are typical of industrial negotiations."

In late 1945, without congressional approval

and without taking bids, General Arnold signed a contract with the Douglas Aircraft Company to create Project Rand. Air Force Regulation 20-9 gave it official status, and on March 9, 1946, General Curtis E. LeMay, who was to become commander of the Strategic Air Command, said that the objectives of Project Rand were to engage in "a program of study and research on the broad subject of intercontinental warfare other than surface, with the objective of recommending to the Army Air Forces preferred techniques and instrumentalities for this purpose." The contradictions that were later to cause severely strained relations between Rand and the air force were inherent in Regulation 20-9, which defined Project Rand as an agency to furnish information and "independent, objective advice" in order to "assist in the formulation and implementation of Air Force plans, policies and programs."

Douglas, the fifth-largest contractor during the war, cooperated fully to create Project Rand. Collbohm was placed in charge. Rand was given space at the Santa Monica plant. Douglas furnished accounting services and security guards, and Rand became a subsidiary division of the aircraft company. However, in search of autonomy, Collbohm said, Rand moved from the Douglas plant, when it was justified, to rented quarters in downtown Santa Monica, still retaining some of Douglas' services. Nevertheless, other aircraft companies were somewhat nervous about the relationship between Rand, the air force, and Douglas. So Collbohm decided to "alleviate that problem" by setting up a Rand Advisory Council, a most unusual move, since Rand was an air force project. Members of the council included Collbohm's former boss, Raymond, Douglas president Donald Douglas, and top executives from North American Aviation, Boeing Aircraft, and Northrop Corporation. The council, said Collbohm, "sat as a board over us, meeting regularly, knew what we were doing and so on."

By 1948 Rand set out for a wider range of thinkers. As Collbohm testified, "World War II weapons and concepts were rendered obsolete by advancing technology; the military, economic and political considerations have become indissolubly linked. Project Rand was formed out of the conviction by General Arnold that the Air Force should support this new effort to assist in its reaching decisions concerning air war of the future — decisions which must include economic and political, as well as scientific, engineering and military insights." To obtain men capable of such research, it was evident that Rand would have to abolish its rather thinly disguised association with the aircraft industry and seek autonomy also from the air force. "Actually," said Collbohm frankly, "we

thought that pretty well at the beginning but we did not publicize it. But it was obvious that if something like this [Rand] was expected to survive, it would have to be completely independent. Otherwise it would never be thought to be completely objective and unbiased, whether or not it was."

ENTER now the man who breathed the kind of life into Rand that made it the influence it is today. He was the late H. Rowan Gaither, Jr., a peripatetic San Francisco attorney and former chairman of the Ford Foundation who established a great reputation during World War II as a research and development administrator and logistics expert with the Radiation Laboratories of Massachusetts Institute of Technology. These were the laboratories at which the uses and applications of radar were developed. Gaither worked there with Karl Compton, then president of M.I.T., and Arthur Raymond of Douglas Aircraft Company.

In 1948, about the time Rand began casting about for aid in setting up an autonomous shop, Gaither had been asked by Compton to undertake a study of possible programs and policies of what was to become the Ford Foundation. This was known to Raymond and to L. J. Henderson, Jr., a Harvard-trained attorney and banker then at Rand who had worked with Gaither at the Radiation Laboratories. Henderson and Collbohm approached officials of the nascent Ford Foundation and received the promise of a loan of \$500,000, which later became an outright grant of \$1,000,000.

On May 14, 1948, with Collbohm, Henderson, and Gaither as the incorporators, California granted the Rand Corporation a charter "to further and promote scientific, educational and charitable purposes, all for the public welfare and security of the United States of America." Collbohm became president, Henderson was named vice president, and Gaither was elected the first chairman of the board of trustees. Rand was incorporated as a nonprofit, nonstock organization owned by the member-trustees. With the exception of officers like Collbohm and Henderson, members of the board were elected to five-year terms, not to exceed two consecutive terms. The board meets twice a year for two or three days to ratify general policies of Rand. The day-to-day research work and policy are under the guidance of the full-time administrators and eminent Rand scholars who are on the corporation's research council. Under the terms of its contract with the air force, Rand's work is subject to the formal approval of an advisory group of air force officers.

This became an impediment to independence as Rand research began to run counter to the purely military outlook of air force policies.

Once the Articles of Incorporation gave Rand *de jure*, if not *de facto*, autonomy from the air force and the aircraft industry, Rand's next job was to build its image and influence through an impressive new board of trustees. It included Dr. Lee A. DuBridge, a physicist, then president of California Institute of Technology; Charles Dollard, an educator, a former member of the General Staff Corps in World War II, and then president of the Carnegie Corporation; Philip M. Morse, a physicist who was director of Brookhaven National Laboratories; and J. A. Hutcheson, vice president and director of research for Westinghouse Electric.

The names of succeeding trustees indicate the evolution of Rand as a crucial research link in a chain which includes a powerful military service, educational institutions, and industries that are all heavily committed to a rather like-minded and single-minded view of this nation's role in the world. They therefore come naturally to the necessity of multibillion-dollar arms budgets. Rand has shown, to the occasional distaste of the air force, much remarkable objectivity and independence in its research, but rarely is it an objectivity which has *qualitatively* differed from the air force's view of the cold war, as Collbohm testified before Congress. "Whatever we take on," he said, "should mesh in with our ongoing program, which is primarily the Air Force program."

The present trustees include Mark W. Cresap, Jr., president of Westinghouse Electric Corporation; Don K. Price, Jr., dean of Harvard's Graduate School of Public Administration; David A. Shepard, executive vice president, Standard Oil Company (New Jersey); Kenneth S. Pitzer, president of Rice University; Charles A. Thomas, board chairman, Monsanto Chemical Company; J. A. Stratton, president of M.I.T.; William Webster, president of the New England Electric System; Edwin E. Huddleson, Jr., an attorney with Gaither's former law firm; William R. Hewlett, executive vice president and partner in Hewlett-Packard Company, an electronics firm; and Philip L. Graham, president of the Washington *Post* and *Newsweek*. Since Gaither's death in 1961, Frank Stanton, president of the Columbia Broadcasting System, has been chairman of the board.

EACH year since 1948 Rand has grown by 10 percent. In 1953, with an assist from the Ford Foundation and a mortgage, Rand left its rented offices and built, around six inner courtyards, a two-story, two-million-dollar, palm-studded build-

ing overlooking the Pacific Ocean. In 1961 Rand spent about \$4 million to put up an attached five-story building for more office space.

Rand makes most of its money by charging the air force 6 percent of the estimated cost of the contracts which the air force lets to private industry as a result of Rand's work. Rand, in recent years, has received relatively small grants and contracts from private foundations and other government agencies, and some money has come in from the publication of books written under Rand auspices. The air force, however, has accounted for more than 80 percent of Rand's earnings in the past few years and all of Rand's earnings in earlier years. In 1948 Rand earned about \$3.5 million. By 1962 Rand was earning about \$20 million and had spawned two subsidiary nonprofit organizations, Analytic Services, Inc. (Anser), earning more than \$1 million a year, and Systems Development Corporation (SDC), earning more than \$50 million a year. Rand, like all nonprofit research organizations working on defense contracts, reinvests the "profits" for independent research and new equipment.

Rand created Anser at the request of the air force, to do the detail work with which Rand did not want to bother. Systems Development Corporation, which did the studies of actual hardware needs of the air force, began as a division of Rand. It soon became apparent that SDC's work was going to make it much larger than Rand. Rand decided to let its child out of the house for fear the offspring would control the parent.

Since Rand, Anser, and SDC are not stock companies, Rand cannot control Anser or SDC through stock holdings. However, J. R. Goldstein, a Rand vice president, attorney Huddleson, and David Packard, a business partner with Rand trustee Hewlett in the Hewlett-Packard Company, are among those on the board of SDC. Collbohm, Goldstein, and Huddleson incorporated SDC in California, and it makes its main offices in Santa Monica. Anser, also incorporated in California by Collbohm, Huddleson, and Rand treasurer J. S. King, Jr., includes the latter two and Rand vice president Henderson on its board. In the event of the dissolution of SDC or Anser, the assets revert to Rand.

There is little doubt that much of Rand's original influence was generated by its close association with the air force, government, and industry. But, paradoxically, its greatest influence and its reputation as the innovator of strategic thinking have come because of its stubborn independence from the air force, government, and industry. This independence rests, of course, with the people who have come to Rand and the work they have done, sometimes in spite of the efforts of

Rand's administrators, to maintain harmony with the air force, government, and industry.

The Rand Corporation began in 1948 with a base of about 255 people — young Ph.D.'s with new ideas, and older scientists who had become intellectual or industrial gadflies. They were recruited quietly and slowly, through a scouting system, from the science and university centers of the West Coast and the Northeast. Today, recruiting in much the same way, Rand has nearly 1100 employees, of whom about 730 are researchers, almost all holding a Ph.D.

AT FIRST Rand was divided into four research departments. Now there are eleven: aero-astronautics, computer sciences, cost analysis, economics, electronics, logistics, mathematics, physics, planetary sciences, social sciences, and systems operations. Even the detractors of Rand, like Harvard's social scientist David Riesman, admit that Rand succeeded in bringing disciplines together in a working relationship as no university in the country has. "Rand has succeeded where universities have failed," says Riesman. "They have learned how to mobilize various disciplines, seemingly unrelated, to move with a problem from the seedling of theory to application."

One of Rand's distinguished alumni, Harvard professor Thomas C. Schelling, an economist turned strategist, calls Rand the perfect place for an intellectual prima donna. "University professors go to Rand because the salaries are good, the climate is ideal, there is much prestige in the job, and they can think and write without the nuisance of having to teach." Some go there for another reason, one which is beginning to influence many aspiring scholars — the desire to take part in power and policy making. "Rand is an ivory tower that is part of the real world," says Schelling. "You're part of a researching community, but you know your work is going to have an effect on things that are happening in the world."

Schelling gained his reputation through Rand, and so did men like Albert J. Wohlstetter, a logician who made a fortune building prefabricated houses; Herman Kahn, an intellectual iconoclast with a crackling-fast brain; Bernard Brodie, a grandfatherly political scientist from Yale who now gives learned lectures on "the residual possibility of general nuclear war"; Hans Speier, an historical sociologist famous for his studies of Nazi propaganda techniques; Charles Hitch, an economist, former Rhodes Scholar, and the author of a book which revolutionized defense policies; and Dr. Alain C. Enthoven, a brilliant,

eclectic economist who came to Rand at age twenty-six with a new doctorate and now, at thirty-two, holds a top job under Hitch, helping to apply economic principles to strategy in the Department of Defense.

RAND is not monolithic, however, and should not be judged by a few thinkers. Hundreds of researchers have contributed to the quiet work of Rand. Until the mid-1950s Rand was doing a competent, sometimes spectacular job of providing the air force with reasons and workable ideas for hardware and new weapons systems, and the strategic rationalizations for weapons for which the air force was seeking appropriations. An air force spokesman said one of Rand's "oblique" accomplishments was to give "prestige type support for favored Air Force proposals to the Department of Defense and the Congress."

In-flight refueling was a Rand innovation which gave the Strategic Air Command its global capability. Rand scientists, like Richard and A. L. Latter, helped solve theoretical problems in the design of the hydrogen bomb. This work to create the relatively light H-bomb led to proposals for an intercontinental ballistic missile. Rand scientists largely solved the heat and re-entry problems, and thus made the ICBM a reality.

But for Rand the air force might not have "naturally" come by the hegemony it has over intercontinental missile weaponry; the army and navy research programs were left far behind. Rand established offices in Washington under Henderson, where a large staff keeps in constant liaison with the Pentagon, and in Dayton, Ohio, near Wright-Patterson Air Base. After scoffing for some years at the Rand boondoggle, the other services resurrected their stagnant research programs and established their research organizations — the army's Research Analysis Corporation at Bethesda, Maryland, and the navy's Institute for Naval Analysis at Franklin Institute of Pennsylvania. The Defense Department established its Institute for Defense Analysis.

Rand's most far-reaching contribution, in research which affected long-range policies of the entire Defense Department, exerted great influence on political leaders, but parted with short-range air force interests.

In the late 1950s, when the ICBM was becoming a reality, Albert Wohlstetter headed a Rand study of strategic air force bases scattered throughout the United States and around the world. Wohlstetter concluded very quickly, to SAC's horror, that if the Russians struck first with a surprise attack, American air bases, many of them close to the Soviet Union, would be obliterated and the

planes would never leave the ground. Asking the question, "What would happen if the Russians struck at this moment?", Wohlstetter was forced to conclude we would lose a war in a matter of hours. Therefore, Wohlstetter said, our deterrent was no deterrent at all, and in view of our vulnerability we were not a retaliatory power but a first-strike power, and, therefore, we were giving the Russians good reason to surprise our forces.

In 1957, a committee headed by Rand board chairman Gaither made a report to the National Security Council on the state of American defense; and the same year the Soviet Union proved it had a workable ICBM when it orbited Sputnik. The Gaither Report, details of which remain secret, demolished the defense strategy of massive retaliation by pointing out that, with an effective ICBM which could reach to any part of the United States, the Soviet Union could destroy SAC bases and soft missile sites, and thus America's ability to retaliate. Our deterrent threat to retaliate was empty. Following the logic of deterrence, the United States was *not* a retaliatory or second-strike power, since we would have no second strike once the Russians hit us. Therefore the United States had, by its weakness, been thrust into the position of having become a first-strike power, of having to think seriously of making a pre-emptive attack on the Soviet Union. Worse than that, the Soviets were given good reason to make a surprise pre-emptive attack on the United States at any moment. One former Rand researcher reported at the time that Rand had come to be so sure of its logic that it was gloomily predicting the imminence of a Soviet surprise attack.

Wohlstetter, still worrying about the problem of vulnerability versus invulnerability, saw the coming world situation as a "delicate balance of terror." He suggested that if both sides achieved weapons which were immune to attack, then each side would have an "invulnerable second strike force." In that event neither side would want to attack the other for fear of being obliterated by the retaliatory blow. Wohlstetter felt this would bring stability to the cold war. This line of reasoning was one facet of systems analysis, the Rand brand of thinking that has had so much influence on the present Administration and on McNamara.

There was another strand of systems analysis which came largely from the economics department of Rand, headed by Charles Hitch, now Defense Department comptroller. It was called "cost effectiveness," and it applied traditional input-output methods of economics to defense weaponry and then to strategy. One of McNamara's "wizards of odds," Deputy Assistant Secretary of Defense Enthoven, worked at Rand under Hitch and Wohlstetter. Now in charge of systems

analysis for Hitch's office, Enthoven explains it this way: "The problem was how to allocate economic and strategic resources most effectively in a world situation where strategies must change with changing conditions. We have a given amount of resources. What is the best weapons system in which to invest these resources? We have a given world situation with limited political 'resources.' What is the best strategy to invest in this situation?"

Under the leadership of the logician Wohlstetter and the economists headed by Hitch and Enthoven, Rand sought to quantify strategic problems, the better to deal with them; to quantify the effectiveness of American striking strength, the better to know what we need; to quantify even uncertainties, the better to be prepared for all possibilities. The Rand strategists categorically deny that they use computers to give the United States its strategy, but they attempt as nearly as possible to attain the same level of superhuman machine rationality.

The kind of superrational quantitative analysis being applied to strategy and nuclear war in the Defense Department is shown by this excerpt from a recent Enthoven speech: "By 1961, a great deal of progress had been made in the development of an economic theory for our posture for thermonuclear war. . . . Although there is obviously much more to the problem of thermonuclear war than economic analysis of efficient and inefficient postures . . . we have made a great deal of progress in the translation of our broad objectives into specific quantitative criteria that can be applied in a systematic and practical way to the evaluation of proposed forces and postures. . . . The economic theory of our posture for nuclear war can be described in terms very similar to the economic theory of a multi-product firm."

Following the precepts of Wohlstetter and the systems analysts, McNamara built his Defense Department revolution around "controlled response," or the "controlled use of force," applying — in economic terms — an input of force to obtain the best possible output of results. This was cost effectiveness in strategy. Cost effectiveness in weapons procurement soon had the services howling at McNamara and Rand. With the building of Minuteman, McNamara saw no need for producing more manned bombers. If the navy had Polaris, there was no need for more expensive and more vulnerable aircraft carriers. It had to follow that the day of the big manned bomber and the big carrier was coming to an end. McNamara's application of systems analysis and cost effectiveness brought the cancellation of Skybolt, the end of the RS-70 bomber program, and it may bring the end of Dyna-Soar. In McNamara's view, they were unnecessary for our strategy.

As contract-renewal time came around, the air force made threats about cutting down Rand's funds. A Defense Department official who came from Rand says many on the Rand staff were in favor of looking elsewhere for contracts. Others felt they ought to remain working for the air force. The Rand administrators promised to curb some of the more independent and anti-air-force thinkers at Rand. Rand vice president Henderson, based in Washington, obviously annoyed by the strained air force-Rand relations, partly blames top Rand men who went to work for McNamara. He says he can sympathize with the air force criticism that Rand men are "end running" to the Secretary of Defense to sell their positions or realize ambitions for a glamorous Washington job. "We watch carefully to see that the Rand researcher doesn't do too much consulting at the Defense Department," Henderson said. "I don't think a man can do his proper research job for the Air Force if he's constantly at the Pentagon trying to sell his proposals."

As the Rand front office sought to satisfy some of the air force complaints, Rand personnel began to resign. One long-time Rand worker is now at M.I.T. Herman Kahn formed his own research unit, the Hudson Institute in New York.

It is debatable whether Rand consciously undermined the air force position in the American defense establishment, or whether the logic of strategic thinking in a thermonuclear world led Rand into an unavoidable and unwanted conflict with its biggest customer. But premeditated or not, once the battle was joined, Rand thinkers used their elaborately gained skills in strategy to go over the head of the air force to the Department of Defense, or woo young junior officers to their position in an attempt to isolate the bluff and blunt top brass, who did not take kindly to professorial planning of a war.

RAND has helped revolutionize strategy and put the war-making power and the military under civilian authority; it has also had more intangible but nonetheless disturbing, contradictory, and far-reaching influences elsewhere. The Rand strategy, Harvard political scientist Henry Kissinger says, may lead to the breakup of any effective NATO alliance. McNamara's downgrading of thermonuclear threats and tactical nuclear capability in Europe has given impetus to France's desire to acquire its own deterrent threat with an independent nuclear force. Somehow, McNamara's staff of human computers cannot understand France's reluctance to place its nation's most vital interests in systems analysis.

"I have a great deal of respect for the intellectual contribution of Rand in bringing systematic and sophisticated study to strategic problems," Kissinger said. "But there is a fantastic intellectual arrogance for all traditional forms and all those facets of human beings and nations which are not rational. As a result there is a terrible lack of knowledge of men as they are in the real world. Rand looks upon general war and foreign policy from a point of view of cost effectiveness and efficient management. They would have Europeans fit into this scheme, but Europeans do not see themselves as men on the Rand chessboard. They know there is more to men than systems analysis."

More immediate, however, has been Rand's effect on American higher education. As Rand and other nonprofit research groups raided campuses to lure the best minds, many colleges and universities sponsored nonprofit institutions on or near their educational plants to take on various jobs in defense research and hold on to eminent scholars. The Bell Committee report on government contractors for research and development said, "Well over half of the research budgets of such universities as Harvard, Brown, Columbia, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Stanford, California Institute of Technology, University of Illinois, New York University, and Princeton, for illustration, is supported by Federal funds." Many colleges, the report went on to say, have established research organizations related to but separated from the universities, to vie for government research and development contracts. At M.I.T. two such facilities, Lincoln Laboratories and Instrumentation Laboratories, have operating budgets which, when combined, are more than twice the total budget of M.I.T.

Harvard President Nathan Pusey indicated the uneasiness in the minds of many educators when he reported to the university's faculties and governing board in 1961 that, "At least 80 per cent of the institutions of higher education in the United States now receive federal funds, and Harvard is one of those heavily involved in federal programs. Federal research programs make it all the more difficult to preserve the proper balance among various schools and departments, or within each of them between research and teaching. There is danger that the total program of the university could be affected."

Congressmen have been bothered by the effects the nonprofit research organizations are having on industry. California Representative Chet Holifield, chairman of the military operations subcommittee, which has been keeping track of government-sponsored research and development, has expressed alarm that private industry has been enriching itself through the taxpayer-financed

work of nonprofit corporations. He argued in Congress for an amendment to the defense appropriations bill which would protect, for the government, the patents on discoveries made by nonprofit research organizations. In the debate over the amendment Holifield wanted to know "whether the Defense Department is going to continue to give away windfall patent benefits to its contractors which have been paid for by money of American taxpayers." The amendment was defeated.

Industry spokesmen frankly admit that new weapons and hardware devised by nonprofit companies like Rand have helped in their non-government business. Arthur Raymond of Douglas Aircraft says his company could not have built the DC-8 without government-sponsored research on swept-wing bombers. The Boeing 707 virtually duplicates the government-financed designs for the jet tankers now in use. As the government puts more and more money into defense research, private industry decreases the amount of money it spends on research for nondefense products.

CONTROLS over research and development programs, such as those recommended by the Bell Report, by Congress, and by educators, can ameliorate the deleterious effects of Rand and its kin in the areas of government, business, and education. Problems like conflict of interest and empire building are being watched by the responsible people in government, in education, and in the scientific community. Yet the most disturbing influence emanating from Rand and other organizations of its type is less tangible, for it affects ordinary people, most of whom think Rand makes typewriters, and have become resigned to the cold war and the billions spent each year.

Roger Hagan, a Harvard historian and a contributor to the *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists*, believes Rand has "increased public acceptance of nuclear war as a part of national policy. Rand thinking has always been negative in presupposing an eternal, ever spiraling conflict between the United States and the Soviet Union. Rand has done nothing to exert effort in thinking about reasons, alternatives and the way to end thermo-nuclear confrontation."

The little research Rand has done on disarmament or toward reaching an understanding with the Soviet Union has, in fact, been negative. Rand researchers, for example, have devised the presently used "Command and Control" systems to help prevent the accidental outbreak of war. They have analyzed disarmament proceedings to show why negotiations will probably continue to be fruitless. They have studied nuclear-test-ban

proposals, but always with an eye to show the flaws. Once Rand issued a scholarly report entitled "Strategic Surrender" and suppressed it because of a congressional outcry.

Rand has done little positive research toward ending nuclear confrontation because of the belief of Rand's leading thinkers that the theory of "mutual invulnerability" is a positive way to peace. Its research, therefore, is founded on the ability of the United States and the Soviet Union each to maintain power enough to discourage the other from starting a war. Mutual invulnerability, however, is a foundation built upon the sand of an interminable cold war and an onward and upward arms race.

Once we had to have only enough weapons to render the Soviet Union a "massive and crushing blow" should it ever decide to attack the United States. Now, both sides are protecting their missile forces by putting them in submarines or in concrete underground silos. The Rand strategist has thus invented the words "overkill" and "megadeath" to work out in computer fashion the even greater potential destructive force which the United States must have in order to win a nuclear duel. In short, an overkill capacity is needed because a kill capacity will not suffice. Because the "winning" of such an exchange would be meaningless if the civilian population perished, Rand strategists call for a massive shelter program. Yet, paradoxically, if the United States or the Soviet Union was to embark upon mass shelter programs, each side would be tempted to assume that the other was preparing for attack.

In 1957, when the Russians launched the first Sputnik, Rand predicted the Soviet Union would embark on a crash ICBM program which would leave the United States on the short end of an intercontinental missile gap by 1961. As a result the United States began a crash ICBM program. As it developed, the Russians did not increase production of their ICBM until 1961, when it became evident to them that the United States had an overwhelming superiority. The Rand prediction, wrong, as it turned out, precipitated another round of the arms race.

Now limitless space beckons to the strategist for what may become a new round of the struggle for mutual invulnerability. Almost resigned to the loss of the prestigious manned bomber, the air force has opened its campaign for the military exploitation of space. The *Air Force and Space*

Digest, a publication of air force supporters, has taken the offensive against McNamara for dropping the Skybolt and the B-70 bomber program, while it has simultaneously demanded for the air force a greater role in space. The air force, an old hand in the art of interservice rivalry, has been quietly exerting pressure to build up its own potential for space exploration while denigrating the role of civilian-controlled NASA. Rand strategists and researchers have been at work devising weapons systems for space and constructing the rationale. The Russians, they say, are already at work attempting to use earth-orbiting satellites as launching pads for nuclear missiles. Therefore, the Rand researchers believe, it is only a matter of time before the Soviets accomplish this. To maintain mutual invulnerability it is thus necessary that the United States immediately begin a program to exploit space for military purposes.

Largely because of the influence of Rand, the United States now has a rationale for an interminable cold war. Rand's new mode of thinking has led fascinated scholars to the theory of games in warfare and the "rationality of the irrational." Studied seriously, for example, is the prospect of taking certain strategic decisions out of the hands of statesmen and putting them into computers whose course could not be changed. Thus, if we give the computer a set of instructions to "push the button" under certain circumstances, any enemy will surely be deterred, since the possibility of turning back from war will be out of our hands. And so the rationality of Rand becomes a closed rational system which negates humanity and takes an exclusively intellectualist world view.

It is clear that the cold war has become a Frankenstein monster which toys precariously with the weapons for the world's obliteration. And until now, political leaders, military minds, strategists, scientists, and scholars have labored to keep the monster leashed, lest it bring doom to hundreds of millions of people.

The thousands of scientists and scholars influenced by Rand have given powerful demonstrations of their ability to create. But do they step back from the fascinating process of creation to see what it is they have wrought? Can these thinkers who have given of their talents seek the way to stop the mechanism and the will of the monster? Or must we hang on to its leash as it pulls us now across the threshold of infinity into space?

FALL DEFINED

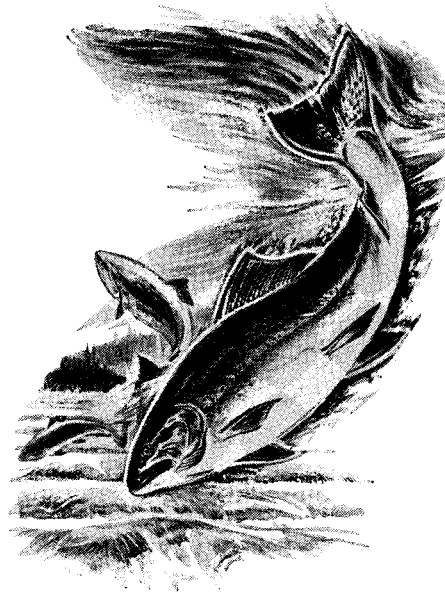
by Roderick Haig-Brown

Angler, author, and conservationist, RODERICK HAIG-BROWN makes his home on the Campbell River in Vancouver. He is best known for his book A RIVER NEVER SLEEPS; now he is at work on a new volume, FISHERMAN'S AUTUMN, whose opening pages the editor of the ATLANTIC was happy to capture while he and Mr. Haig-Brown were fishing for steelhead.

FALL comes quite gradually on the Pacific coast of Canada, so gradually that one scarcely knows when or whether it has arrived. Sometimes a storm blows up from the south early in August, with a cold, wet rain that brings a subtle change. Yet it is certain the sun and the hot days will come again and perhaps hold on through most of September. If they do, there will be early frosts to turn the leaves and insist that fall is here. More often a storm around Labor Day brings the change. Again, the dry hot days may return after it, perhaps bringing woods closure and forest fires, but the change will be clear; fogs will force in from the ocean, and the morning dew will be everywhere. With or without frost, the leaves will turn.

Fall is also in the return of the salmon to their rivers — not in the early king salmon runs that come to a few rivers in May or the early running races of sockeye, but in the typical humpback runs toward the end of July. With their coming the great fall movement to the coastal rivers begins. The big kings follow quickly, in August and September. A few cutthroat trout may have begun their movement even a little before the humpbacks. The cohos come in with the rains of September and October; the dog salmon are close behind them, and often with them, in October and November. Well before the last of the salmon is dead, it is December and unquestionably winter.

Fall fishing is a revival after the quieter times of



summer. Cooler nights and the melt of early snowfall in the mountains bring lower water temperatures, and rains freshen the streams. Shadows are longer, shielding the pools. The fish are more active, and there is a touch of urgency about it all, a feeling that it cannot last very long, so one had better get out and be doing. After all, there have been falls when the heavy rains came early and suddenly, the streams flooded, and everything was over before it had started. Occasionally such memories trick me into going out and searching for runs before they have come in, using up fishing time that might have been better spent a week or two later. But I am not at all sure this is ever a matter for real regret, because one can always come upon surprises — a few migrant fish running ahead of their time, an unexpected hatch that brings resident fish on the feed, or even some phase of movement wholly unsuspected in other years. Few movements of wild creatures run to an exact timetable, year in, year out; and few are without their aberrant individuals; and few of us know our own familiar waters quite so well as we think we do.

Fall is almost everywhere a prime fishing time. In early fall the Arctic grayling reaches his peak of fatness and condition, and the lake trout moves toward shallower water and spawning. Brown trout and eastern brook trout are fall spawners, and the cutthroat is chiefly a winter spawner; all three take on a special beauty of coloration as maturity approaches, echoing the reds and golds of the falling leaves. One may look for the bright and silvery immature fish among these, and even prefer him, but his beauty is less vivid, and he is not set apart as a sign of the season.

There is much pleasure in fall fishing, especially on streams where salmon run. But one does not have to fish to make the most of the season. Of all

Drawing by Charles DeFeo from RETURN TO THE RIVER by R. Haig-Brown, courtesy of William Morrow.

times of the year on the Pacific watershed, fall is the most exciting. Spring is the most beautiful time, summer perhaps the most delightful, winter the most testing, at least physically; but fall is the time of movement. Anyone who passes along the streams may see and feel this movement. Even when I am hunting ruffed grouse or Wilson's snipe, I find myself pushing out to the stream edges, following them where I can, looking down into the fall-dark water to search for the salmon's movements among the drifting leaves. Traveling fish roll up in the heavy water; spawners splash and work and struggle on the shallows; exhausted fish shelter in the eddies. Bear trails are worn and muddy along the banks; prints of coon and mink show up on sandbars and other soft places. Mallards, mergansers, and goldeneyes start up from the quieter reaches, where they have been feeding on salmon already dead. Being a fisherman, one looks for trout among the salmon or checks the brightness of the cohos to see if any are still worth taking; one studies the pools and runs and, when they are unfamiliar, promises to come back some other time to test them. But none of this is necessary. It is enough to be on hand at this solemn, untidy time, when the woods are wet and quiet and the salmon are completing their cycle.

To some people, the thought that the salmon, all Pacific salmon of all species, die very soon after spawning is a depressing one. They see in it only decay and waste, a sort of pathetic frustration of life. This is a natural view, but it does not question deeply enough; the end of the salmon is not death and corruption, but only fall, the autumn of their cycle. They come to the spawning gravels in all their brilliant colors — reds, browns, greens, gray and black and golden. Like the autumn leaves above them, they have their time of fierce glory. Then the frosts and the rains and the winds come. The leaves become torn and sodden and dulled, and in their time they fall, covering the ground, drifting with the stream currents, piling against the rocks and shallows. But within the trees, life is still strong and self-renewing.

As the winds stir and drift the dying leaves, so the waters drift and stir the dying salmon against the gray-brown gravels of the stream beds. But under those gravels life is strong and secret and protected in the buried eggs, the real life of the race. Fungus grows on the emptied bodies, as it grows among the fallen leaves; the dead salmon collect in the eddies and strand on the gravel bars, and the bacteria of change work in them to make a new fertility. In spring life will burst from the gravel as it bursts again from the trees, into the massive yield of the new cycle. Death is seldom more fleeting or more fertile than this.

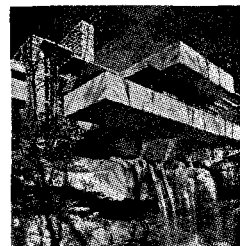
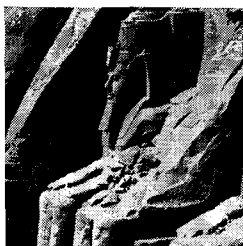
The salmon runs are not the whole story of fall

on the Pacific coast streams, but no one can fish there and not be aware of them, and no fisherman can fail to be curious about them and concerned for them. A great commercial fishery depends on them. Tens of thousands of anglers go out each year to catch them in the salt water, and every angler who fishes a migratory stream sees them and finds his sport, directly or indirectly, through them, for the power of the runs persists through the year and affects all other fish.

But the salmon runs are more than this. They are a last true sample of the immense natural abundances of the North American continent. They have been damaged and reduced in many places, it is true, and in some places, especially the Columbia River, the damage is great and permanent. But they remain a massive abundance, complex and wonderful, throughout most of their range, and throughout much of it their potential of natural abundance is as great as ever, while new understanding of their ways and needs suggests that increase over the natural abundance may well be possible through man-made assistance.

I feel this as a special challenge to mankind in general and to North Americans in particular. Is there one wild thing on the face of the earth that we can use and live with in reasonable harmony, preserving and even enhancing its natural magnificence? The record to date suggests there is not, that our own demanding and untidy living habits must always destroy, if not the creature itself, then certainly the living space it depends upon. Yet, for the salmon, it would seem there is some hope. It is a valuable creature, fundamentally and irreplaceably valuable as a source of food in a hungry world. Much of its living space is the sea, an area of the globe that we have not so far found it possible or necessary to change or damage very greatly. The rest is in the streams, which our own interests demand that we keep as clean and pure as possible. Unhappily, we often consider it convenient to obstruct, divert, or otherwise abuse them, but there is at least a possibility that we may develop beyond these practices in time to save a good deal for the salmon.

This, I admit, is a rather special viewpoint in an age of relentless change and destruction. It reflects intangible values and instinctive, even primitive sympathies that are not much in favor today. But when I come to write of a fisherman's autumn, I am bound to think first of the salmon, and then, remembering the sense of wonder they have stirred in me through nearly forty seasons, I am bound to plead their case and tell what little I know of them. I hope they will long be here, in the waters of California, Oregon, Washington, British Columbia, and Alaska, to stir fresh wonder in the hearts and minds of later human generations.



RAMSES TO REMBRANDT TO WRIGHT

BY SUSAN M. BLACK

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ART I is the name of the most amusing course given at Pritchett College. It isn't intentionally amusing, and when, as a freshman at Pritchett a few years ago, I chose it more or less at random from the college catalogue, I had no way of knowing how diverting it would prove to be. The catalogue described it as the art department's "Introductory Course," covering "The major styles in Western architecture, sculpture and painting from ancient times to the present," but the description conveys no sense of the pace at which we traveled, lickety-split, through a forest of stone figures, wooden hammer beams, pendentive domes, and many-colored canvases.

Art I's thrice-weekly, fifty-minute classes started in late September with a lecture on Egyptian architecture ("manifest in Egyptian mind to thwart time, destruction, death, therefore concern in inventing forms that express ideas of permanence & indestructibility," I scribbled dutifully in my notebook) and ended in late May with a lecture on modern architecture which called fleeting attention to Wright, Gropius, van der Rohe, and Le Corbusier and which galloped past Lever House ("trim, neat, elegant, but no content") to end the course on an evangelical note with the United Nations Secretariat building, hailed as "an embodiment of that organization's aspirations." On our eight-month journey from stone pyramids to glass cubes, we also took up and dropped such artists as Raphael, Leonardo, Michelangelo, Titian, Cézanne, and Picasso, at

the rate of one lecture apiece, and acquired an architectural vocabulary that bristled with hypostyles, pylons, entablatures, triglyphs, stylobates, architraves, voussoirs, and triforia.

Since it was quite normal, during one's freshman year at Pritchett, to be subjected to a number of survey courses encompassing hundreds of years of literature, history, or whatever, it wasn't the amount of ground or the speed per century that distinguished Art I from a dozen other courses; it was the astonishingly brisk hit-and-run fashion in which the ground was covered. For example, in an English poetry course ("Beowulf" to "The Hollow Men") that I also took that year, my professor arbitrarily omitted numerous major poets and devoted his time to a few poems that particularly interested him; we spent seven weeks on Hopkins' "Pied Beauty" and "The Windhover," two weeks being spent on "skies of couple-colour" alone. One reason that no such individual and very sensible decisions were made in Art I was that no single person was in charge of the course. Art I was run by the department, and the department had decided we were better off spending five minutes apiece on Gaddo Gaddi, Gentile da Fabriano, Desiderio da Settignano, Fra Filippo Lippi, Antonio Pollaiuolo, Andrea Palladio, Antonio da Sangallo, Giovanni da Bologna, Giacomo da Vignola, and Oskar Kokoschka than dawdling a second fifty minutes over Michelangelo. It usually cost me a good fraction of those five minutes just to spell the names.

Photographs courtesy of the Print Department, Boston Public Library.

Art I has always been a popular course, elected by about three hundred students each year; instead of being divided, in the usual Pritchett practice, into ten groups of thirty to be separately taught by several members of the department, the three hundred are split into two groups; one hundred and fifty are assigned to the lecture given at nine in the morning on Mondays and Wednesdays and one hundred and fifty are assigned to an identical lecture repeated two hours later. Several of the senior members of the department lecture on their specialties. We were passed from Mr. Schwartz, who spoke with sobriety and a German accent on Egypt, Greece, and Rome, to Mr. Gallatin, who cracked good jokes but spoke so quickly on the Romanesque and Gothic that we protested that shorthand wasn't listed as a prerequisite to the course and never did know which leaping vaults leapt at Amiens and which at Reims, and on, buckety-buckety, to Mr. Beale, who compensated for his deafness by speaking loudly and slowly — a notetaker's delight.

When the buzzer sounds for the class to begin, the lights are dimmed in the vast, windowless lecture hall and the professor steps to the podium with his pointer, tapping it whenever he wishes his carefully arranged slides to be flashed on the screen behind him. The slide machine is capable of showing two slides at a time and is almost constantly required to do so, for no sooner is one shown a Van Eyck than it is likened to a Van der Weyden than it is likened to a Van der Goes. It was sometime during Art I that I decided comparisons weren't so much odious as obtuse.

All courses at Pritchett meet three times a week. What I remember best about Art I is the third of our weekly classes, when the three hundred of us were divided into twenty "art conference" sections. We were assigned to conference sections not according to our artistic ability but according to convenient one-hour gaps in our cluttered schedules. Several junior members of the art department served as conference instructors. It was their task to introduce us to artists so major that we all know something about them but not so major that five minutes of precious lecture time should be squandered on them. These instructors also had to answer any questions we might have, and grade whatever exams and papers were assigned in the course. My conference professor, Mr. Watts, a reticent thirty-five-year-old bachelor, whose graying crew cut was far more interesting to us than any mop of jet-black hair could have been, also took it upon himself to console us with a shake of the head and a sad smile on the lunatic quantity of names and dates that we were being forced to absorb.

It was just this lunatic quantity of names and

dates that made it necessary for us to get together in twos and threes to study for the exams given twice a semester in Art I, something we would have considered *infra dig* in any other course. A nice, ordinary course like English poetry had nice, ordinary, more or less predictable exams; if we had spent two weeks on "skies of couple-colour" we could expect our next exam to consist of a fifty-minute discussion of another Hopkins hyphenation, perhaps "dapple-dawn-drawn Falcon." Unfortunately, Art I's strange teaching methods were reflected in its strange exams, which consisted of a dozen one- to four-minute identifications of single works of art and several of those beloved comparisons.

For exams, we were responsible for the exact identification of every slide shown in lecture, pictured in our textbook, or located in any of the Cambridge or Boston museums near Pritchett, to which we were occasionally sent on a field trip — title of work, name of artist, school, date, location. In addition to those two thousand supposedly familiar works of art, we were expected to be able to give an approximate identification — name of artist, school, date — of any unfamiliar work by an artist we had covered in five to fifty minutes of lecture, stating our reasons for attributing the unfamiliar work to whomever we chose to attribute it to. It was a nightmare. During lectures, about all the professors could do was to attach a few pat generalizations and adjectives to each artist; if our untrained eyes betrayed us, as they often did, and we attributed the unfamiliar work of art to the wrong artist, we also went wrong, simultaneously, on the memorized adjectives and phrases; to mistake a Giotto ("little space or perspective but figures have convincing mass") for a Duccio ("grace, animated Byzantine, linear") meant that one was doomed to lose full credit on the question.

The two girls with whom I studied for exams in Art I were, like me, freshmen, and all three of us conscientiously adhered to the Pritchett tradition of never mentioning grades, throughout first semester. However, when it came to Art I our curiosity was too much for us, and we had to find out how well or badly each of us had done in our final first-semester grades. Since we had considered ourselves about equally well matched in the various question-and-answer bouts to which we had submitted ourselves in the course of preparing for the Art I exams, we were surprised when it turned out that I had received an A in the course and that Carol and Mary Ellen had both received C's. We reasoned it out that somehow or other I must have made the luckiest guesses in identifying various artists, or that when in doubt about an artist, I had perhaps hedged more skillfully than they in setting down certain

parroted adjectives and generalizations. Since we couldn't bear to seem grade-conscious, even in each other's eyes, the matter was quickly dropped and we went right on, as before, cramming for Art I's guessing games when second semester began.

My good fortune in respect to grades was all the more conspicuous when, late one night in the spring, Carol came into my room. She was close to tears — most un-Pritchettlike. "I just don't understand it," she said. "In the Art I exam we got back today, I had almost all the identifications right, and Mr. Keyser gave me a lousy C. How'd you do this time?" I apologetically admitted that Mr. Watts had given me another A. Solemnly we went over each other's work, and to our astonishment found that the papers were almost identical. Off we went to Mary Ellen's room. She, too, had given approximately the same answers as Carol and I, and she, too, had got only a C from her conference professor, Mr. Haynes.

It was then, with virtuous indignation, that we decided to commit a thoroughly unvirtuous act. We would prove to our own satisfaction the injustice of our professors; unbeknown to them, we would draw up a secret indictment of Messrs. Watts, Keyser, and Haynes. The method was easy. The next time we were asked to write a paper, we would simply compose a single essay and each of us would hand in a copy to her professor!

OUR opportunity soon arrived. Art I was dispatched to the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, where we were to examine the works of all the artists that had been mentioned in the course and write a paper comparing any three. Carol, Mary Ellen, and I decided to compose a joint paper on Rembrandt's *Portrait of the Artist's Brother*, Velázquez's *Góngora*, and Goya's *Man in a Brown Suit*, each of us preparing a single typewritten page on one of the paintings, and chronology dictating the order in which the sections were to be written. We wrote the names of the paintings on three slips of paper and drew lots.

Mary Ellen got Rembrandt, Carol got Velázquez, and I got Goya. Mary Ellen made much of the "typical Rembrandtesque light" and of the subject's "inner life," while Carol's page dealt with Velázquez's "uncontemplative objectivity" and I claimed that Goya gave us a "greater wealth of detail than did Rembrandt and Velázquez combined." We concluded our conspiratorial paper with one of those simple-minded butter-up sentences that all freshmen hope will win their professors' hearts: "I found this paper both enjoyable and worthwhile to write, and I

shall never forget these three paintings." I took on the chore of typing the three papers, identical in every particular except for the title page, where by Pritchett decree one put one's own name, one's professor's name, and the name and section of the course. I smiled as I typed.

No sooner had we handed in our papers than we began to have second thoughts. Not that our wickedness troubled us; we began to fear that the college was used to such wickedness and had long since taken precautions against it. They would have hit on ways to expose our plot; surely some lowly member of the art department was obliged to read every last one of the three hundred papers submitted. Wouldn't he find us out and go at once to the head of the department, who would go at once to the dean? Soon we would be in the dean's office, soon we would be expelled from Pritchett. Pursuing justice by unjust means, we would wind up being justly punished.

One day after art conference, Mr. Watts caught up with me in the corridor and asked me if I would like to have a cup of coffee with him at the soda fountain in the basement of the art building. This was by no means an unheard-of thing for a professor to do at Pritchett; it was simply unheard of for Mr. Watts. It was an awkward meeting. I assumed that he was going to say he had found us out, and bad as that would have been, it was somehow worse to discover that he hadn't found us out, that what he wanted to tell me over coffee in that clattering place was how much he admired the work I had been doing in Art I. "It's an impossible course," he said. "I'm always surprised and relieved that a girl can get anything out of it at all." Then, in exactly the same tone of voice, he said, "Are you engaged or anything?" I sensed that I had to say no in such a way that it was practically yes, and of course I failed. I blurted out the single huge word, and we got up and walked together to the library, he talking, poor man, every foot of the way about artists that he hoped we shared an interest in.

Our perfidy was never found out; Art I was far too big an enterprise to trouble itself with such trifles. The papers were returned in due course. Mr. Keyser had given Carol a C minus, Mr. Haynes had given Mary Ellen an infinitesimally superior C plus, Mr. Watts had given me an A. Someone had given himself away, bravely, over a cup of coffee. The least I could do was be brave enough to betray my fellow conspirators; I said that Professor Watts had given me a C. Carol and Mary Ellen were sorry that our conspiracy hadn't proved the college at fault. Dizzy with the sense of someone's having behaved so outrageously for my sake — an A was really going too far — I told them I was sorry too.



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BALTIMORE was made habitable for us by all those lovely racetracks. Friends of ours would come down from New York nearly every weekend, and we'd go out to Pimlico or Laurel on Saturday afternoons and then, after dinner, settle down to a nice long night of poker. The games started modestly — fifty-cent limit — but we soon switched to table stakes. It seemed sensible to play it that way, knowingly. In a limit game there was all that nonsense at the end of the evening, "roodles," where the stakes would be doubled for the final rounds, and the losers never wanted to quit. In table stakes, you knew right from the beginning that the going would be rough and serious — that is, delicious.

I had learned poker the hard way, from a lively, tough Manhattan game where I fast dropped two weeks' salary. More than by the money loss, I had been scorched by a remark of one of the men. We had been playing stud, and I had stayed for a raise and bought a card which did not help my hand but would have helped his. He spoke bitterly of people who didn't know when to drop out, adding automatically that poker was "no game for a woman."

I thought his attitude jerky and unjust. I had paid for the card, hadn't I? Didn't I have the right to throw away my own money? Even later, when I was good at the game, I disagreed with his premise. My own poker credo held that when you had a good hand you made the others pay and pay, and if suckers insisted on staying, so much the better. Of course, I did see what he

meant: that you might wish to preserve a smaller but surer pot by driving out the inferior hands with raises, and if they were too dumb to leave, it increased the chances that someone might draw out on you. But I still thought it was a niggling, play-safe way of gambling.

We had rented the Baltimore house furnished, for we expected to be there only a year or two. Outside, it was like any other shingled, two-story house; inside, like no other. One's first impression of the living room was of a jungle, with antimacassars. There were tropical fish and sinister plants everywhere, and cozies on anything that would take a cozy, including the keyboard of the piano. The dining room was dominated by the devil and his wife, a pair of seven-foot statues carved in wood by demented Italians and garishly painted. The statues inspired a lot of bad jokes, for it was at the circular dining-room table, in the cross fire of their malevolent gaze, that we gathered for our Saturday night poker games.

We never had trouble finding a quorum. Sometimes ten players would show up, requiring us to stick to stud, which I preferred to draw, anyway. Among the regulars were two men whose wives always came but did not play. It took me a long time to realize that the homelier wife, the one who wore glasses, was having a blazing love affair with the pretty wife's husband. There was a third couple, both of whom played, and both abominably. They had three children and could not afford their repeated losses but could not be kept away from the game. They loved each other

dearly in those days (later, he fell or jumped, and she did not even go to the funeral). The only times I ever saw them harsh with each other were at the poker table, where each saw, and loudly criticized, the suicidal gambling habits of the other.

Hal was also a regular: he was flashy and erratic, and it was impossible to know when he really had the cards and when he didn't. He seldom folded before the third or fourth card and always bet heavily if he stayed. As a result, he was usually the evening's biggest winner or loser. George and Perry were basically more conservative, but nevertheless capable of reckless changes of pace, so you could never rule out the possibility of a bluff or a strong hand. If you saw one of them with a four, six, seven, and eight showing, it could be a straight — he just might have stayed at the beginning with a five and an eight. There was my husband, of course, but I would no more comment publicly on his poker playing than on his lovemaking.

And there was Fritz: steady, successful, the most conservative, and to me the most readable of all the regulars. The reason I understood his game so well was because I followed much the same psychology, the same percentages, that he did. But I felt I did it with some style, a certain amount of dash. I would even let myself be caught bluffing on a hand or two early in the evening, just so that no one could ever be sure of me.

I was, in fact, very proud of my conduct, skill, and acceptance at the poker table. In New York, I had been the only woman allowed in a first-rate weekly game that was something of an institution. Fritz never drank while playing. I despised such ungentlemanly prudence and always had at least four highballs during the game. I was a careful dealer, calling the cards clearly and accurately, never prematurely exposing one. I did not bet or fold out of turn. I never yielded to the temptation to "cry a hand in" or to hold endless postmortems when the hand was over. I was reasonably cheerful and gay but didn't overdo the conversation either. In short, Fritz was a pretty good poker player, but in my opinion, I was even better.

THEN one night Fritz and I had our big showdown hand. I had a pair of tens back to back; it was pretty clear from the betting that Fritz had wired sixes. My husband and George folded early. Hal and Perry, each with jacks showing, stayed. On the next two cards, no hand openly paired, but Fritz drew a king and I an ace.

I bet heavily, and he called. Hal and Perry

dropped out. The final card was dealt: to me another ace, to Fritz another six. With a pair of aces showing, I bet fifty dollars, hoping he would think I had three aces. With a pair of sixes showing, he hesitated, looked again at his hole card. Then he called my bet and raised me a hundred dollars.

I was a long time deciding. A lot of things flashed through my mind, not all of them relevant. I remembered having told a friend who could not understand the gambling fever, "There's no more exciting way in the world to spend a hundred dollars. You're not betting it on a horse, or a card — you're betting it on yourself. What really baffles me is the kind of person who'd spend it on a useless piece of china like a Chelsea lettuce leaf." I also remembered some outstanding household bills and the run of bad luck we had been having at the track. I thought of a red tweed dress I had liked but had not bought because it cost ninety dollars.

But mostly I thought about Fritz, and the absolute certainty that he had three sixes and the winning hand. Why not just fold, then? I simply couldn't. For the first time (and this hadn't happened even during my disastrous beginner's game) I felt fear that was close to panic. Whatever I did would be irrecoverably wrong. If I called, I'd be throwing away a hundred dollars. But I pictured myself refusing his raise and his smug expression as he neatly folded his cards into the rest of the pack and raked in the pot. He would succeed in convincing me, convincing everybody, that safe, careful Fritz had bluffed me out of the pot. If only it had been Hal or Perry or George — they would possibly have kings up, or even just a pair of sixes. To win from them was a pleasure, to lose to them no disgrace, for no one could ever be sure what cards they held. With Fritz, though — The worst of it was to know so positively and to be the only one to know, to know from the inside. The others were too easygoing. They underestimated his caution. Not I. So what was I to do?

Well, what exactly was at stake? Money, of course. But more than that. Pride. Judgment. The public and private image of myself as a poker player.

I looked across at Fritz, and there was something in his eye, in his typically stodgy expression, in the faint tremble of his fingers on the table that convinced me that, this once, Fritz was trying to bluff his way to a pot.

"I call," I said, and pushed in the hundred dollars — not so certain of my intuition that I would raise him with the fifty dollars I had left.

He showed me his hole card — the third six. We both smiled as he leaned forward to gather

in the chips. His smile was relieved, prissy, triumphant. Mine, I hoped, was gallant.

I finished out the session, and even played several more times in Baltimore and back in New York. But it was really all over for me. I was the pilot who is not cured by walking away from a crash and taking up another plane. With that night, that hand, I lost my poker nerve totally and forever and with it all joy in the game, or in any form of gambling.

But I never quite understood it till the other day, when I ran into Fritz on Fifth Avenue. We had a drink at the Louis XIV bar and caught up on what had become of everyone. The man with the pretty wife was now remarried, and so was she. The homely wife was still with her husband but, I gathered from Fritz's giggle, still playing around. We lamented the death of the bad poker player and clucked at his wife's lack of grief. George and Perry were partners in a firm making some tiny electrical gadget. We agreed that they might be overextending themselves. Hal had gone into politics and was now involved in an investigation of alleged election fraud.

Fritz offered these tidbits with indiscriminating

enthusiasm. They interested me, but it made me uneasy to hear a man gossip so. We assured each other that we were looking marvelous. For my part, I lied. Fritz looked like an old woman.

That was it, of course! He was a womanish sort of man, and a womanish sort of poker player too. And so, for all my pride, had I been myself. Secretly thrifty, jealously conservative, avoiding risks, willing to bet heavily only on a sure thing — all that is a woman's way, not a man's. (I exclude professional gamblers, who seem nearer to machines than to men or women.) The honest-to-God good poker player is a man, with a man's reckless temperament, his sense of humor on the edge of a precipice, his unguessable courage, his mystical personal feelings about the wooing of luck. Those are the ingredients, and Fritz didn't have them, and neither did I.

We are what we are; it's the only way to be happy. Oh, once in a while I miss the chills and theater of those evenings with the devil and his wife standing guard above the poker table. But, being a woman, I'm pretty realistic about things. And there is something I keep on the mantel as a sort of reminder. It's a little Chelsea lettuce leaf.

WE DON'T MIND BY LAURENCE LIEBERMAN

We are the miracles of modern science.

They are keeping us
alive. We don't even seem to notice

how bored or old we get. And we don't mind.

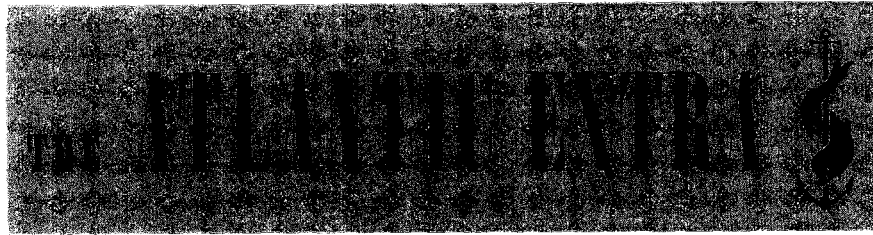
We have each other to remind
us how fast our faces are becoming lined.

We're not too old to learn "The life of the body
is sacred." And when we nod they
warn us not to let our thoughts turn bloody.

Our thoughts are pure. And we are above sin.
No decent man would do himself in.
A healthy mind is a healthy body's twin.

One by one, they take away our chances
to die of the hearts and cancers.
And assure us, by and by, they'll have the answers.

In spite of all they can do to keep us the same
some of us are growing lame.
We still have the spark of life. Who needs the flame?



MR. DOOLEY'S FRIENDS:

Teddy Roosevelt and Mark Twain

BY FINLEY PETER DUNNE

FINLEY PETER DUNNE was an American political satirist in the great tradition, and the comments of his famous bartender, Mr. Dooley, were laughed at and quoted the nation over. Shortly before his death in 1936, Mr. Dunne was persuaded by his son Philip to write down some leisurely reminiscences. The project was never finished, but of the chapters he did complete, which have now been incorporated in a volume of memoirs by his son, MR. DOOLEY REMEMBERS, we have selected excerpts which show the true temper of the man.



To Finley Peter Dunne, friendship was a very special condition. When he called a man his friend, he was not referring to a casual acquaintance or a golfing partner but to someone as firmly and as lastingly related to him as the members of his own family. Friendship to him was a sacrament, as tangible and binding as the sacrament of marriage. His friends were an extraordinary group of men and women. They had to be to capture his affection. They included the famous and the obscure, the radical and the conservative, Americans and foreigners, drunkards and teetotalers, priests and atheists, near-scoundrels and near-saints.

Most of them are gone now, and most are forgotten, but a few will live for as long as the history of our civilization survives. In this category must be included Theodore Roosevelt and Mark Twain. Mark Twain died when I was two years old; Theodore Roosevelt I remember mostly as an expanse of serge waistcoat crossed by a heavy gold watch chain. Whenever he came to our house, I was invited to punch this ample target. I would whale away with both hands while the Colonel cried encouragement in the voice which had so often stirred the multitudes. That is not much on which to build a personal memory. But I can convince myself that I knew both Colonel Roosevelt and

Mark Twain well, because my father made them live again in my imagination. This was not only because he had the writer's knack of description; it was because his description was informed with the affection born of friendship. — PHILIP DUNNE

ON THEODORE ROOSEVELT

I suppose it is really too early, in 1935, for any man to appraise Theodore Roosevelt correctly. His letters, his works, the anecdotes of his family and friends do not go very far in building up a simulacrum. Letters that a family dares to publish often conceal more than they reveal. Anecdotes are often malicious when they are not flattering. T.R. was more many-sided than any other man in my experience. To a student of government he was a statesman, to a political reporter a crafty politician, to a man of letters an author. He was an explorer, a hunter of big game, an ornithologist, a lover of poetry, a soldier, a historian. He had many styles. When he wrote with his own hand, he produced charming articles and books. When he dictated to a typist, his style was rude and awkward. So is the style of any man who is so indifferent to his art as to dictate. I tried my best to dissuade him from this pernicious habit. At one time we had offices with the *Metropolitan*

magazine, and it annoyed me to hear him bawling out his articles to his secretary. He would rush in, hurl his hat and overcoat on the table, and begin a stump speech that was afterward to appear as a considered essay in a self-respecting magazine.

I told him how I felt, but he only laughed.

"They read all right to me," he said.

"But you're no judge," I said. "You are damaging your reputation as a writer. Look at those wonderful things you wrote about your experiences in South America."

"Oh, well," he said, "you must suit your implement to your subject. A pen is all right for a naturalist, with a poetic strain in him."

"A what?"

"A poetic strain," he said. "You didn't know I had it, but I have, and I can use it at times. But when you are dealing with politics you feel that you have your enemy in front of you and you must shake your fist at him and roar the gospel of righteousness in his deaf ear."

And he resumed his march up and down the room, striking his palm with a clenched fist and shouting an article that no one but he himself ever read.

My first acquaintance with Colonel Roosevelt grew, strangely enough, out of an article that was by no means friendly to him. All my impressions of this man of destiny were derived from the New York papers; and the political editors of these papers at the time were all practically controlled by Roosevelt's Republican enemies, Senator Platt and William Barnes. Roosevelt was easy to caricature, so violent were his mannerisms. The picture I had of him in my mind was that of a dude rancher — noisy, something of a bully, class proud, who pretended to a sentiment of democracy that he by no means felt. So one morning when I was especially peevish and found on my desk a copy of his *Rough Riders*, I was ready to ridicule it to the limit. I wrote a savage review and finished by having Mr. Dooley say: "No man that bears a gredge again' himsilf'll iver be governor iv a state. An' if Tiddy done it all he ought to say so an' relieve th' suspense. But if I was him I'd call th' book 'Alone in Cubia.'"

The review caught on, and for a while the book was better known as *Alone in Cuba* than by its real title. Some years afterward, coming east on the Century, I found Colonel and Mrs. Roosevelt on the train. They had just been at some sort of meeting in Buffalo.

"Tell him what happened," said Mrs. Roosevelt, with the angelic smile of a loving wife who has a joke on her husband.

"Well, I oughtn't to," said the Colonel, "but I will. At a reception I was introduced to a very pretty young lady. She said, 'Oh, Governor,

I've read everything you ever wrote.' 'Really! What book did you like best?' 'Why that one, you know, *Alone in Cuba*.'"

I never knew a man who could take a joke on himself with better grace. But I must say, going back to the earlier time when my review first appeared, that I was astonished when I received this letter from him:

MY DEAR MR. DUNNE:

I regret to state that my family and intimate friends are delighted with your review of my book. Now I think you owe me one; and I shall exact that when you next come east you pay me a visit. I have long wanted the chance of making your acquaintance.

Sincerely yours,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT

He never forgot the review, or let me forget it. Years later, when he was President, he wrote me: "Do come on and let me see you again soon. I am by no means as much alone as in Cubia, because I have an ample surrounding of Senators and Congressmen, not to speak of railroad men, Standard Oil men, beef packers, and vendors of patent medicine, the depth of whose feelings for me cannot be expressed in words!" But that was later, after we had become friends.

I NEVER got really acquainted with him until the opening of the Republican convention at Philadelphia in 1900. I was editor in chief of the *Chicago Journal*, and I gave myself the assignment of covering the convention. The proceedings were tailored in advance by Mark Hanna and the other bosses. Major McKinley was to be renominated. The platform had already been written. The only thing left undecided was the nomination of a candidate for Vice President. McKinley, and therefore Hanna, wanted Long of Massachusetts. But, strangely enough, Tom Platt demanded Roosevelt. The story was told me that Platt pleaded, "He has a great war record and is popular. McKinley's war record is against him."

"Oh," said Hanna, "talk sense. Why do you really want that fellow?"

"Well," said Platt, "I want to get rid of the ——. I don't want him raising hell in my state any longer. I want to bury him!"

Hanna got McKinley on the telephone. The President was at first indignant. He disliked his former assistant secretary of the navy. The two were almost exact opposites in character, in training, in disposition. But the feeling that their ally Platt needed help overcame his opposition. He consented to "bury" Roosevelt in the vice presidency.

The Colonel appeared by no means overanxious for the place. Platt worked to cajole him into accepting through appeals to his vanity. His ambition was appealed to, his duty as a soldier. I don't think he was convinced by the claque. My own theory is that he coolly weighed the political possibilities of the position. He might be able to overcome the majority of the Senate with voice and gavel. If he could hammer them into submission, he would be the best-loved man in America. He said afterward that he accepted the nomination because it offered him a quiet and sequestered place in which he could retire and study politics like a philosopher and write books without interruption — a remark that, if he never said anything else that was funny, alone would place him in the front rank of American humorists. Theodore Roosevelt seeking quiet in his life!

But his intention to accept was not known to anyone in the convention when an old friend of mine, Senator Tom Carter of Montana, came up to the press section and said, "Governor Roosevelt wants to see you. Come on down." I can't say I was particularly keen for the meeting. To a somewhat cynical political reporter, a governor of any state was just a governor, and he was nothing more and wouldn't be that much very long. But it suddenly occurred to me that I might gain from him an answer to the question, "Will Roosevelt accept the vice-presidential nomination?" So I went down and found T.R. most amiable and complimentary. I disregarded his flattery and asked him point-blank, "Will you accept the nomination for Vice President?" His face broke into the broadest of his famous grins, and he said, "I don't desire the office, but there has been such an apparently unanimous demand from all parts of the country for my services that I feel bound to accept. Now, about that article, I wish to say —" But what he wished to say I never learned. I had only five minutes to send a flash to my paper.

After he succeeded to the presidency I saw him from time to time at the White House or at Oyster Bay. In the White House, my wife and I found him as cordial a host as Mrs. Roosevelt was a charming and kindly hostess. I must say that of all the men and women who have occupied this place in our day, President and Mrs. Roosevelt were socially the most graceful. They seemed to belong there. The President's table was abundant. I am sure he never tried to live on his salary and allowance. This much is certain, he was less provident than Mr. Coolidge. But he came of another breed.

He drank no spirits himself. He told me that when he was a boy at Harvard, he got into a fight with a friend at the Porcellian Club after both of

them had drunk too much whiskey. From that moment, he never touched the stronger forms of alcohol, but he liked the French white wines, especially champagne, and took good care that his guests had plenty of this excellent, if expensive, stimulant. I liked his dinners, but at his lunches we had what he would call a "bully" time. Mrs. Roosevelt named them "Dooley lunches" because I once described a gathering of baseball players, roller skaters, boxers, contortionists, and poets as his chosen company for meals. This was not quite true, but he did like to have amusing people around him at informal meals and he was utterly indifferent as to their political position, their social standing, or their wealth. Everybody who wanted to talked up, about art or politics or poetry or music or war, the President occasionally sending down a booming pleasantry to a friend at the end of the long table.

Once he placed me next to M. Jusserand, the French ambassador. Jusserand and Spring-Rice of England were great ambassadors for their countries with Roosevelt in the White House. T.R. felt a deep affection for the Frenchman, and Spring-Rice had acted as best man at his wedding in London. Among his other distinctions, M. Jusserand was one of the best living Shakespearean scholars. He spoke the most perfect English with a French accent that made it hard to understand him unless you knew some French. Roosevelt himself was a sound Shakespearean. The three of us first talked about the Baconian theory and agreed that we never knew a man with a spoonful of brains who had really read Shakespeare and Bacon and believed this silly nonsense. Then we got on Shakespeare's plays, and there was a lively discussion. T.R. was disposed to question Shakespeare's authorship of *Romeo and Juliet*, recalling, perhaps, the spuriousness of the First Folio of the play. Jusserand began, "But, my friend, who but a gr-eat poet could have written zis: 'Oh, spik again, br-right angel! for zou art As glorious to zis night, being o'er my 'ead, As eez a winged messenger of 'eaven Unto zee wite-upturned wond'ring eyes Of mortals zat fall back to gaze on heem When he bestrides zee lazy-pacing clouds And sails upon zee bosom of zee air.'"

At this moment a soldierly-looking man across the table was heard to say to his neighbor, "The Japs have fine artillery. Their shrapnel is wonderful. I once saw a group of twenty men at Port Arthur actually disemboweled by one shell burst."

"What was that? What was that?" the President cried suddenly. "Disemboweled?"

From that moment he left Juliet speechless in the moonlight on the balcony while he and the major discussed across the table the nature of gunshot wounds in modern warfare.

The ambassador rallied him lightly after lunch. "I'm sorry," said the President. "I didn't mean to break up our discussion on Shakespeare, but I was deeply interested in what the major said. He was one of our observers at Port Arthur. Major Pershing brought him here."

"It makes little difference," said the Frenchman. "There is quite as much bloodshed as love in Shakespeare — even in *Romeo and Juliet*."

As a general thing, T.R. didn't like the diplomats. He thought few of them knew their own business. They were almost as stupid as our own ambassadors. John Fox used to tell of sitting with him when Miss Alice Roosevelt came in.

"Where are you going, Alice?" he asked.

"To a diplomatic reception," she said.

"I suppose," said her father, "there will be many dagos there. Do you know, John, I divide the human race into two great classes — white men and dagos. And I don't mind telling you that under the term 'dagos,' I include the entire diplomatic corps."

Of course, this was fun. But it is a fact that his strong national feeling did lead him often into fierce expressions of animosity toward foreign countries. He had the deepest possible love of country, not particularly of its people, or of the form of government molded for them by the retired lawyers on the Supreme Court, but of a spiritual creation, something abstract and intangible that he called America. He was as jealous of her as a lover could be of his mistress, as distrustful of those who sought her goodwill, as sad over such faults as his doting eye could see in such a heavenly creature, and fiercely resentful of any attack on her honor.

At this point I should like to insert one of many letters I had from him. Most of them have been published by his various biographers. This one I reprint because it paints a picture of his feeling about our foreign relations that is more illuminating than any I could make. Apparently he wrote it at a white heat and with no premeditation.

Dec. 3, 1904.

MY DEAR DUNNE:

Your letter pleases me so much that I must send you a line in reply. Did you ever happen to read (for your sins) a little volume of mine called *American Ideals*? If you have not, I won't curse you by presenting it to you, but I shall show you some extracts from it when you come on here. I think you will see that I have exactly your theories. You could not protest any more strongly than I would protest against any "social and political

campaign among university professors and associations of wholesale pawnbrokers to create an 'Anglo-Saxon alliance.'" I doubt if this movement is as strong now as it was when I was younger. As I said, I shall show you some of the pieces I have written about it, including one I wrote in support of President Cleveland's Venezuelan message — at which time I had promptly volunteered at the War Department for service against England in the event of war.

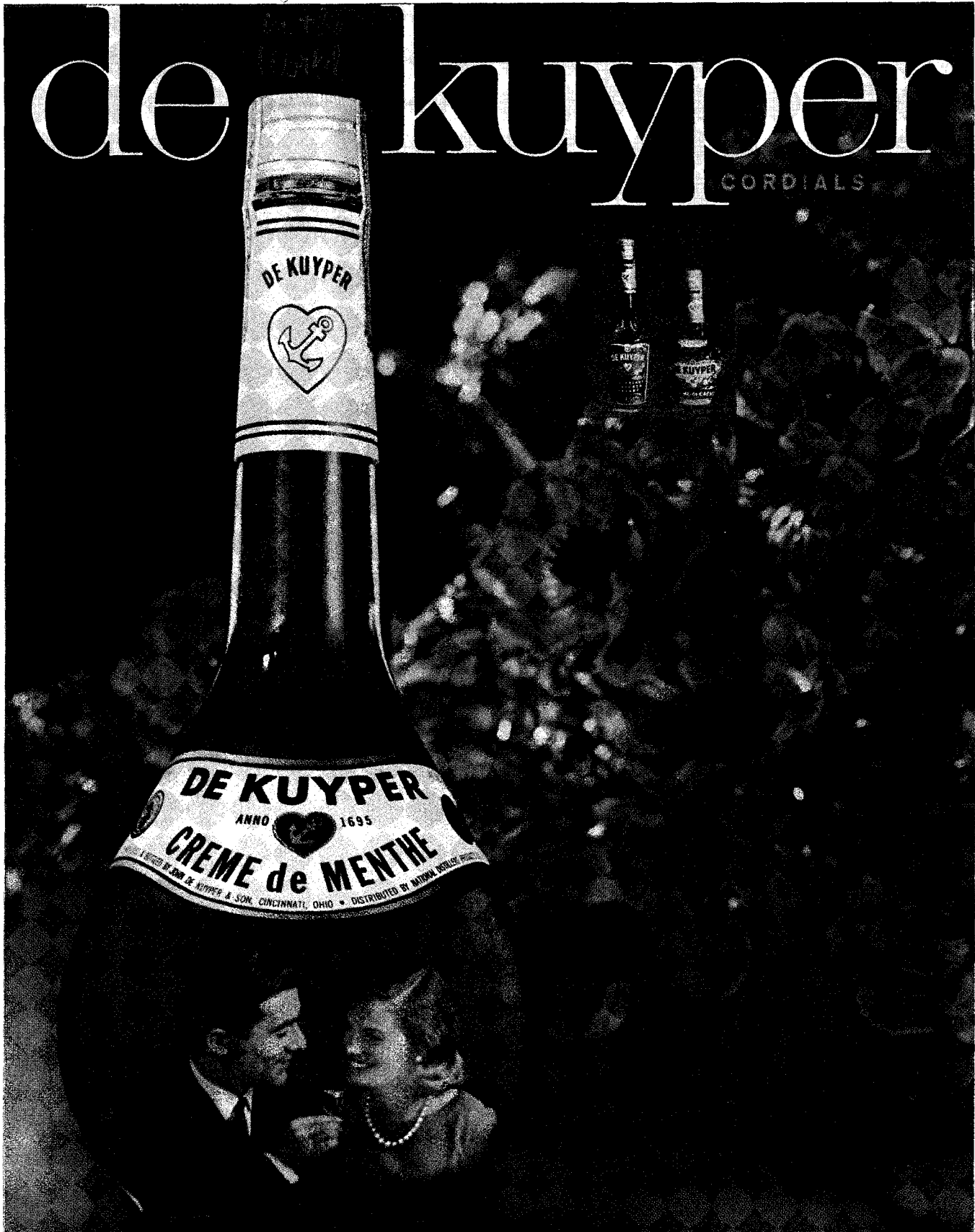
As I stated in my Frederick the Great statue speech the other day, and as I have stated many, many times, we are not the same as any Old-World race. We are a new race, composed of many Old-World stocks. As you, perhaps, know, I was attacked in the last campaign by the A.P.A. people because of a speech of mine at a New England society dinner, where, having listened to what I regarded as altogether too much talk about our being transplanted Englishmen, I explained to the assembled guests that I was not English at all and had little English blood in me; and added that, though it was true I came of one stock (the Dutch) which the English had overridden in New York, yet that I also came from another (the Irish) which had in turn overridden them! As long as I am President there will be no alliance with anybody unless some conditions, which I cannot now see, arise; but there will be friendliness with everybody. I am as friendly to the English Government as to the government of any other European power, but no more so than to any other government. For the English people I have a sincere regard; and there are a very limited number of them, like John Morley, James Bryce, St. Loe Strachey, and my good friend Cecil Spring-Rice, of whom I am personally fond and whom I like to have as my guests. But I am not under the slightest illusion about the English feeling toward us, and the average Englishman is not a being whom I find congenial or with whom I care to associate. I wish him well, but I wish him well at a good distance from me. England has been friendly with us since we have grown so strong as to make her friendship a matter of more moment to her than to us. If we quit building our fleet England's friendship would immediately cool; but I do not think that in this respect she differs from most of the powers of Continental Europe. If we get into trouble we cannot count upon the friendship of any power, or alliance with any power, or blood relationship with any power; we can count upon our preparedness for war and upon the fighting edge of our sailors and soldiers. But I do not want to see bitterness among us against England or against any other power. I have been a strong homeruler, as you know, and of course the descendants of the Irish here will cherish bitter

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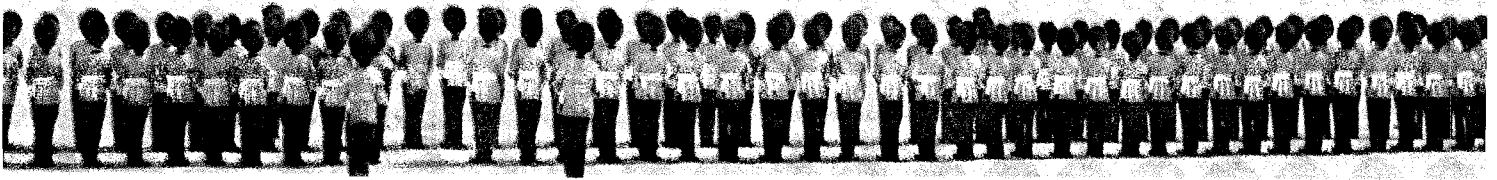
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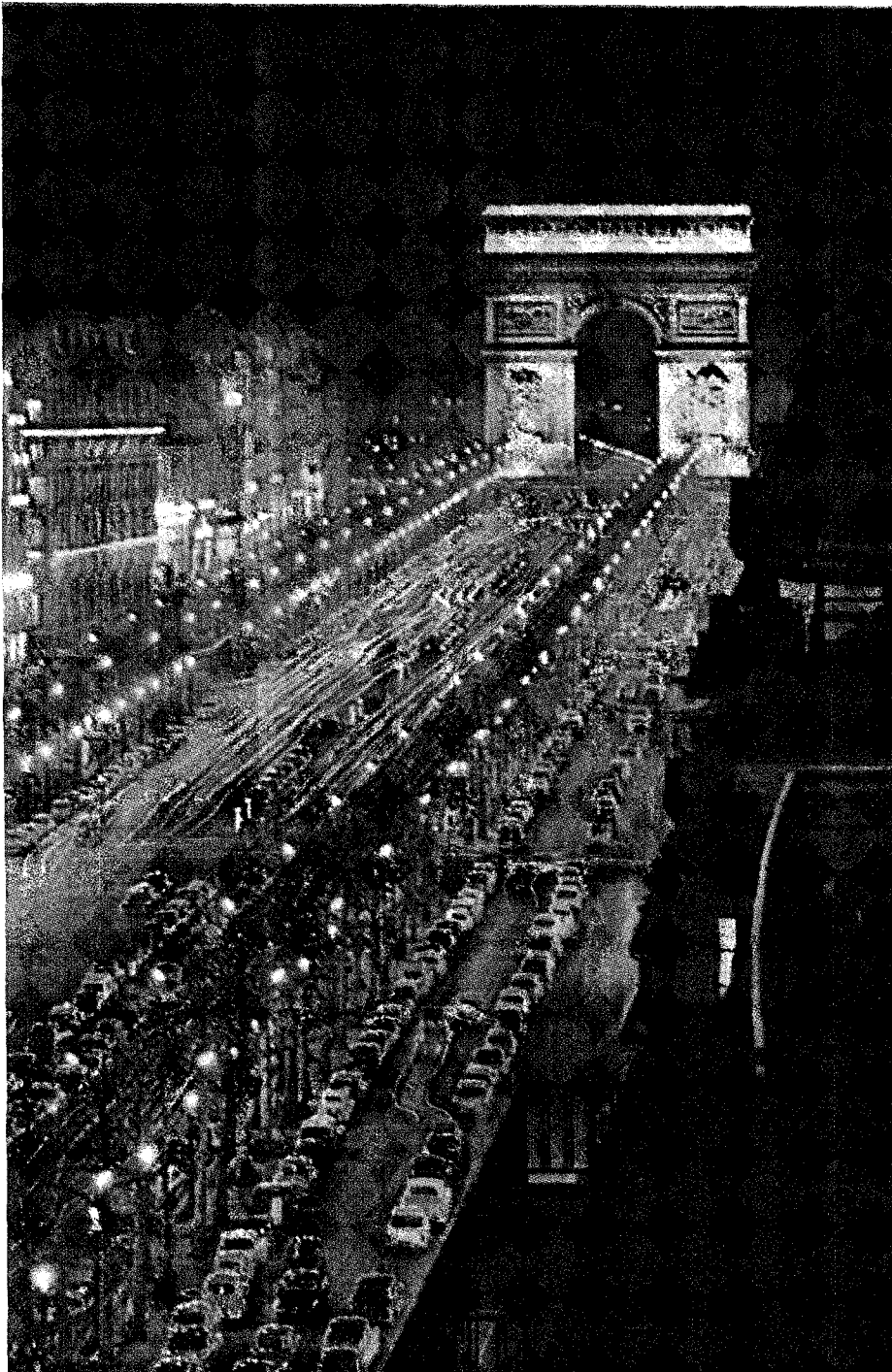
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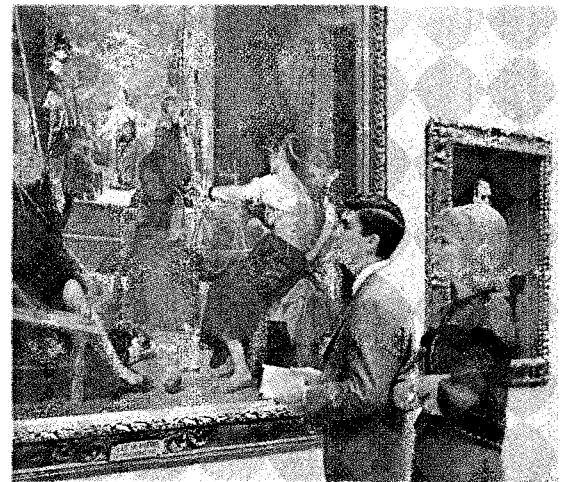
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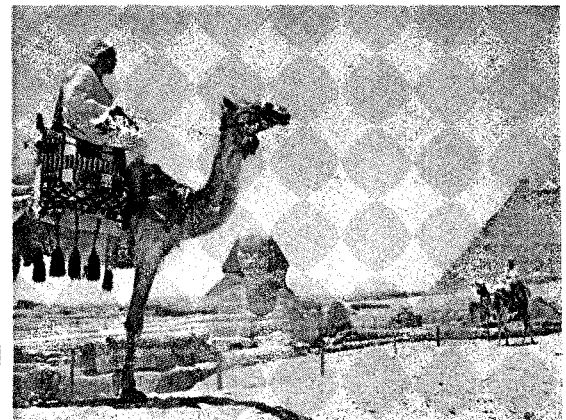
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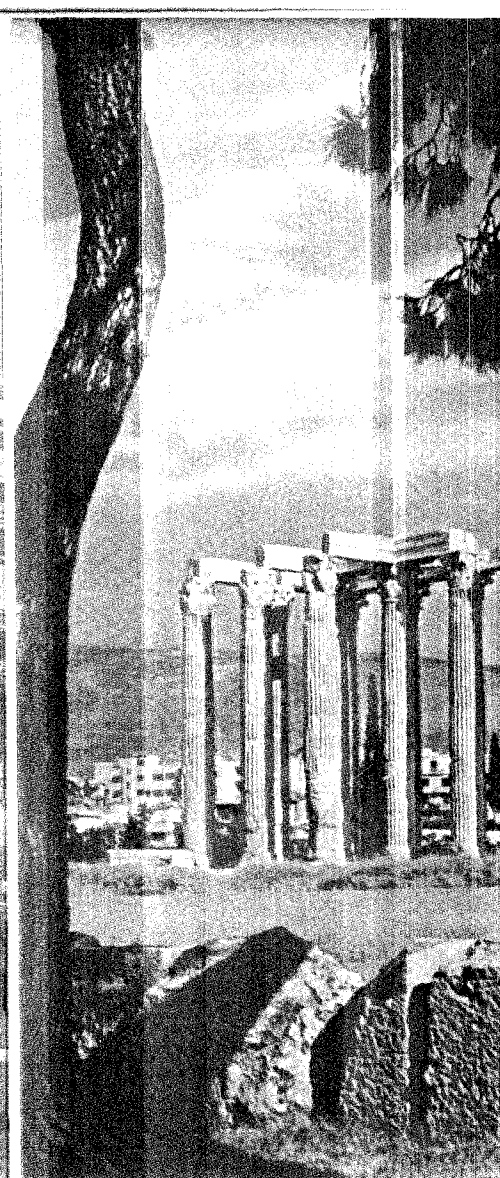
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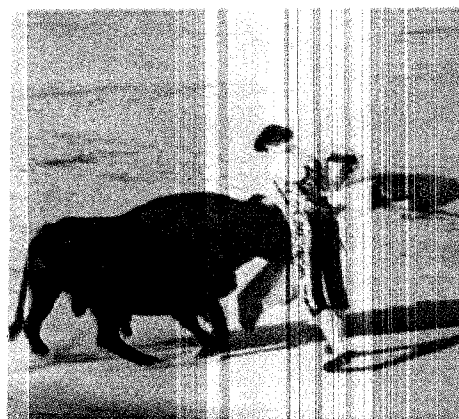
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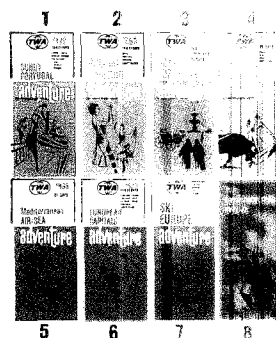
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memories against England just as my beloved friend Jacob Riis hates Germany because of the fate of Schleswig; just as Senator Nelson hates Russia because of what she has done to the Swedish and Finnish people of Finland; just as Alsatian friends of mine have hated Germany; as Italian friends have hated Austria. It is impossible for the American people, or for me, to go into these hatreds, any more than I could have heeded the protest of the Poles against my accepting the statue from the German Emperor. But always remember that I am with you heart and soul in laughing away such a folly as the "Anglo-Saxon alliance" business. The first part of your article in question pleased me much, and I have myself had letters from Englishmen which exactly and literally reproduced the attitude you described the British public is taking toward the United States; and Sir Edward Clarke's speech at the banquet to Choate the other day, reached a point of unconsciously impertinent silliness which could not be caricatured.

I have had a certain share in making the Kiernans of New York a hereditary Harvard family. Kiernan and Daly were two of our best football captains. Nothing has pleased me so much about Harvard — and some things have pleased me very little about Harvard — as the growth of the young Irish, or perhaps I might speak a little more broadly, of the Catholic element in it.

Have you entered Dunne minimus at Groton yet? Pray enter him at once, or he won't get in. All the boys have to be entered in extreme youth. Do write at once and let me know when you have entered him, and I shall send a letter to Endicott Peabody myself about it.

I have been deeply gratified by the support I have received from the young men, Catholic by faith and of Irish descent, this year; and most of all, I am pleased because I got it through no demagogic bid, but because they were convinced that I was their style of a man, and was trying to give everybody a square deal. For instance, I appointed Wynne First Assistant Postmaster General and afterwards promoted him to be Postmaster General; I appointed Lawrence Murray to be Assistant Secretary of Commerce and Labor. As a matter of fact, I did not know that either of them was a Catholic when I appointed him. I appointed each because I thought he was the right man to have in the place. I was pleased to find that they were Catholics, because in the Republican party, until within a short time, there have been so few Catholics, and especially so few Catholics of Irish parentage, that it has been a difficult matter to get them in high position. But of the nine members of the Supreme Court, two are now Catholics of Irish descent; of the seven Ambassa-

dors, one; of the nine members of the Cabinet, one; of the Republican Senators, two; and so on and so on. This is not a bad showing for the Republican party when, as I say, you consider the small percentage of Catholics, and especially of Irish Catholics, which until very recently it has had within the ranks. If Senator Cockrell does not accept the Isthmian Canal Commissionership, I am going to put Major Byrne in. I am the first President who has ever brought the proportion of Catholic chaplains in the army and navy up to the proper level. Twenty years ago I was an ardent worker for the nomination of Phil Sheridan to the Presidency. In fact, my dear fellow, if there has been one thing more than another to which I have bent my energies, it has been to getting all Americans, of whatever creed, and whether of old native or of Irish or German or Scandinavian stock, fused into one people with the same spirit, and governed by the same principle of recognizing in a man nothing whatever but his individual merit.

Good-bye, friend! It is a good thing to have in the country a man to whom a President can write with the frankness and freedom with which I have written to you.

Give my warm regards to Mrs. Dunne.

Faithfully yours,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT

I have read this letter over a great many times with delight to think that this fine American felt exactly as I — an American of Irish parentage — did on this question.

I HAVE said that there should be an adequate life of Theodore Roosevelt. The writer will have many documents to study, but one of his main sources of information for the history of this genius and his times must be the reports of his contemporaries, some of them intimate friends and others in a position to observe his acts intimately. His character is not to be caught in the delicate web of a cold and careful contemporary observer. The Roosevelt spirit has threshed itself free of such laces a score of times. And the biographer must be sure of the good faith of his witnesses. Of all sins, Roosevelt hated lying most. Yet he was more often accused of double-dealing than any other man of his generation. His hatred of falsehood was well known to those who were brought in daily relation to his life, but the slander on his veracity persisted.

Of all John Hay's stories of Lincoln, the one that Roosevelt liked best reflected both his abhorrence of untruth and his fondness for physical force as a

corrective of sin. A Cabinet meeting was in session, and a man appeared at the door and nodded to the President, who apparently knew him. The visitor spoke with great vehemence. Lincoln smilingly tried to quiet him. But the man grew more violent and was heard to say in a high voice, "Mr. President, I don't believe you are telling the truth." The President said no word in reply. But he seized the visitor by the coat collar and *actually kicked him out of the White House*. With the certain authority of his great physical strength, he held his victim at arm's length and slowly and deliberately booted the man through the anteroom and down the hall to the door, and then, releasing him, gave him one magnificent kick down a short flight of stairs to the lawn. Then he returned to the business of the day.

In dealing with stories reflecting on Roosevelt's truthfulness, any biographer must consider the character of the men he was fighting. Of what use would it be to him or his aims to be outspoken to such politicians as Tom Platt, Bill Barnes, or Matt Quay or such capitalists as Jim Hill or E. H. Harriman? They were his enemies and the enemies of his faith. Why should he lay his cards on the table before them? No, Theodore Roosevelt was a truth-telling man. He may have practiced what is known in theology as the "Economics of St. Francis Liguori" — an admirable saint, but Italian. He was sometimes sparing of facts in talking with his enemies. Let them draw their own inferences from what he said. The inferences were often vicious. They were invariably incorrect. But why should he worry about that? You must never forget that Roosevelt had a soldier's mind and that he looked upon his political career as war against the "forces of evil." "We stand at Armageddon and we battle for the Lord," he cried. Dissembling is an essential part of strategy in war. To accuse Roosevelt of falsehood because Harriman went away from a visit to the White House with the impression that Roosevelt had the same standards of personal integrity that were Harriman's would be a good deal like calling Robert E. Lee a rascal because he let his soldiers bluff the prudent McClellan by placing logs fashioned like cannon on their entrenchments. People are too liable to remember only one part of T.R.'s famous saying: "Carry a big stick." The other part of the adage was "Speak softly." I think he meant "walk warily," for he was not soft of speech.

I MUST revert again to my belief in the importance of the individual in the making of history when I repeat that the financiers and politicians encountered in Theodore Roosevelt a political genius

of the first order. Carlyle afforded a perfect anodyne for the soreness of stupidity when he borrowed from Buffon the saying that genius is the infinite capacity for taking pains. But the frustrate of Cheyne Walk probably didn't mean that any more than he meant the other silly things he said. When a genius comes along, the masses see him and marvel at him as they do at a comet. The middle class of businessmen find nothing in him to excite wonder and, if they ever admitted the possibility of such a thing, would be more likely to ascribe genius to the Michigan tinker, Henry Ford, than to the Bedford tinker, John Bunyan. But the highly intelligent classes see the prodigy clearly. The elder J. P. Morgan, being something of a genius himself, was first to understand Theodore Roosevelt. He gave way to him over the Reading strike, silenced the fool Baer who had proclaimed that he was ordained by God to keep down wages, and saw to it that the leaders of the union were secretly bribed. He was repaid a hundredfold when Roosevelt, with utter disregard for the statutes, let the U.S. Steel Company grab the Tennessee Coal Company away from the crippled or bankrupt Grant Schley.

Hill — the railroad Hill — had more of the stigmata attributed to genius by the pathologists. When he was angry his great hairy face became distorted, his eyeballs turned in, he stuttered and gasped broken invective, and altogether gave the appearance of a man in an epileptic convulsion. I have always thought that in 1900 and thereafter Hill was a good deal more than half mad. His egomania was terrifying. His plans for power had been thwarted by Roosevelt, and when Teddy's name was mentioned, he frothed at the mouth. I don't mean this as a figure of speech. It is actually a true description of a physical phenomenon. And what else but madness could it be in a man to advocate repealing the immigration laws and flooding this country with "cheap labor"? He visited this belief on Henry Cannon and myself one day, when he joined us at lunch at the Savarin restaurant. I thought he was joking when he cried, "Why should I have to pay a fireman six dollars a day for work that a Chinaman would do for fifty cents?" But Cannon, who was his banker and friend, told me he meant what he said, and I was convinced of it when he stopped me later in the day in front of the Sub-Treasury building and, holding me with a paw like a grizzly bear's, pounded my chest with a roll of blueprints while he shouted: "This country is ruined by the wages paid the workingmen. Let down the bars!" His wildness made him look like a Blake picture of the prophet Elijah in one of his least playful moods. But he never ascended to heaven in a spectacular or any other way. Roosevelt threw a sprag into a

wheel of that chariot, and the old fellow died cursing the man who had spoiled his exit.

Yes, Theodore the Great was confronted by the ablest and the most remorseless financiers of all time. They held the politicians in their hands completely. But Roosevelt's intuitions were a thousand times as certain as Hanna's wisdom or the slyness and cunning of Matt Quay and Tom Platt. His political clairvoyance was strengthened by his resentment of the control of government by the "Money Power." Up to his time the direction of legislation at Washington by the rich men of the country was almost taken for granted. Even under Cleveland the public was treated to the spectacle of the Secretary of the Treasury, Carlisle, trying to sneak through the back door of a New York restaurant and get his orders on the Treasury's policy from a small group of Wall Street financiers. But Roosevelt, unlike the average Washington politician, was used to money. It had no sacredness in his eyes. He was brought up among people who had money, and he was moderately well off himself. His father had left each of the children between \$15,000 and \$20,000 a year, and you may be sure that this did not diminish when nursed on the ample financial bosom of Edith Roosevelt. To this he added several thousand dollars a year from his writings. It must be remembered, also, that he often held highly remunerative public offices. Not as many as Calvin Coolidge, who, as the Irish say, "never did a tap of work" from the time he left Amherst College, but lived always on the salaries of the offices he managed to pick up. But at one time or another, Roosevelt was a member of the New York state legislature, commissioner of police in New York City, civil service commissioner, assistant secretary of the navy, Vice President, and President. But even if his income had not been supplemented by these windfalls, even if it had been less than his father left him, he would still have felt instinctively the resentment of every man who felt proud of his country and was jealous of its honor against the uncouth usurpation of the government's functions by "malefactors of great wealth."

These "Titans," as the newspapers of the day loved to call them, fought among themselves for control of the Northwestern railways with utter disregard of the effect of the brawl on the public interest and the stockholders. Suddenly the President stepped in and smote them hip and thigh. They fought back for a time, but they were beaten the minute the Big Stick whirled.

The three marked capitalists in the battle of 1901 and the years following were Morgan, Harriman, and Hill. We thought at the time it was a war of the worlds, but the present generation

knows little of it and probably cares less. In our day it was big stuff, and we watched the conduct of the principal actors with profound interest.

Morgan chuckled and conceded defeat with the urbanity of a monarch who has been outmaneuvered in diplomacy by a rival emperor. Hill raved. Harriman was a born gambler, and he took his losses with all the aplomb of Jack Hamlin. Roosevelt had destroyed his racket, which was to acquire such political control of New York and other states as would enable him to destroy Morgan's financial ascendancy. He playfully regretted that he and the President didn't see eye to eye on public matters. Each thought he was right. But it was a difference in opinion that made markets and horse races and so forth. Meanwhile, he coolly bided his time, which came when his adversary turned over the government at Washington to William Howard Taft.

Taft, with his brother Charlie to nudge his elbow, dealt cards that were entirely satisfactory to the gentlemen who placidly accepted the brevet of "Captain of Industry" or "Empire Builder" and probably really did think they were heroes of that "Romance of Business" of which we subsequently have read a good deal of slop. But the comedy nearly came to an end in 1907, even with its all-star cast. After the great actors had departed this life or retired, it bogged down pretty badly in 1921. It was revived by the speculative fury of the Stock Exchange and by the press-agent work of newspaper and magazine writers who spread the delusion that these "financial wizards" of the twenties were all supermen and not — as most of them were — empty-headed and coldhearted gamblers. Finally, its sham jewels and its tawdry scenery were flooded out by the freshet which the members of the Stock Exchange agreed in pronouncing the "debbicle" of 1929. Toward the end, with all its false splendor, it was fairly shabby to the experienced eye. No one in his senses would think of comparing the clownish troupers of the 1920s, the vendors of poisonous synthetic foods, to the pirates of an older age. Hill and Harriman and Morgan were more of the Drake and Frobisher school; these later ones were imitations of the kind of pirate that lurks in the backwaters of the Chinese rivers. Who would think of comparing Insull to Rockefeller, "Young Jack" Morgan to "J.P.," Cravath to Whiting, the Van Sweringens to Harriman and Hill?

AND now with another Roosevelt at the helm in Washington, once more the winds of abuse blow at gale force from Wall Street toward the White House. Today's political fury of the stock-

broking caste against their rescuer is a most peculiar phenomenon. History offers no parallel insanity, except perhaps in the warped mind of John Wilkes Booth, whose bullet laid low the one man who might have spared the South the horrors of Reconstruction.

But then, no American President can wish for greater fortune than to be cordially hated by his greedier fellow citizens. The history books will have little to say of the nonentities in the White House who only succeeded in boring the people to death. But Jefferson, Jackson, Lincoln, Wilson, the two Roosevelts will be remembered for as long as this republic survives.

It may be a sign of old age, but it seems to me that today's political invective is sharper, fouler, less tolerant than it was in the days of my youth. The patriots of my time spoke freely of the horse-whip and the punch in the nose as legitimate methods of political persuasion, but there was none of today's snarling hatred of an opponent, nor did individuals who blandly accept the designation of "gentleman" invent scatological stories about a political enemy's wife.

An ancient acquaintance of mine, a banker of international reputation, would cheerfully enter a plot to assassinate Franklin Roosevelt — if he could find someone else to do the deed, put up the money, and take the blame! His emotions, as in his fiscal dealings, are tempered by his love of betting on a sure thing. Only a few years ago, when his bank nearly went under in the crash, this same fellow came to me in panic and asked what I thought the market would do, asked *me*, as innocent of finance as he is of courage! Fearing the worst, he had his wife fire the servants, the first recourse of all withered plutocrats, and chartered his yacht to a rumrunner. Now, with the greater part of his millions restored, he is ready once more to assert himself in the affairs of state.

He detects a plot to Sovietize America, master-minded by none other than my friend Felix Frankfurter, and abetted by the columnists Walter Lippmann and David Lawrence. All three, as he points out, are Jews, and therefore a constant threat to pure Aryan financiers. But why waste my time writing of such a mushhead?

I have been asked why I don't do some Dooleys on Adolf Hitler. The answer is that I cannot. Insanity and racial murder are not fit topics for one who would be considered a humorist. I fear that I am like my friend the banker: if I had a gun in my hand and Hitler in front of me, I would use it — provided that I had waiting for me a fast getaway car with one of Al Capone's drivers at the wheel. And that is the real tragedy of our age, that those who live by hate contaminate us all and drag us down to their level.

But perhaps the worst thing that has happened to us is that we are losing our political humor. George Ade, who is two years older than I am, tells me that his failing eyes detect the same signs mine do. A candidate for high office these days must ape in dreariness the pronouncements of a Calvin Coolidge or a Herbert Hoover. There is no place for the sly jests of a Lincoln or the Homeric laughter of a Roosevelt. I'm glad that I'm not a young man, for I fear that today Mr. Dooley's irreverence would be considered treasonable.

But not in Theodore Roosevelt's time. He valued humor on a par with the other qualities which mark the civilized man: intelligence, charity, and courage. He even pretended to take as much interest in my work as I took in his. He was good enough to write me in 1907: "Let me repeat that Dooley, especially when he writes about Teddy Rosenfelt, has no more interested and amused reader than said Rosenfelt himself." Since he was my most cherished source of copy, this could be taken to mean that he missed little that I wrote. Certainly I missed none of his actions. They were my bread and butter. I once listed my assets as a political commentator for him. I put him at 90 percent.

He didn't mind what I said about him because he was a large man. He was even large enough to laugh at himself. Once, at a White House luncheon, he was talking of making a dive in one of the navy's submarines and was extracting much pleasure from the horrified protests of some members of his entourage. He asked me for my opinion, and I said that it was perfectly all right for him to go "as long as you take Fairbanks with you." Fairbanks was the fatuous politician who was currently Vice President. I will always remember the shocked silence at the table, broken by the President's great booming laugh. He ended the argument by saying that he'd go if I'd go. Since he knew I wouldn't enter a Central Park rowboat on the biggest kind of bet, he was perfectly safe in making the suggestion.

An era ended with his death. Whichever of the Elysiums his spirit has chosen to roam — and he will have had his choice of them — it will not be a dull place. The saints will have to go disguised as boxers, scholars, jockeys, prestidigitators, and, I may hope, minor journalists who see nothing sacrilegious in laughter. And, even in a halo, Theodore Roosevelt will be good copy and a good friend.

ON MARK TWAIN

We are now, December, 1935, celebrating the centenary of Mark Twain's birth, and it is almost as funny as anything that great humorist ever

wrote. I'm glad it's being done if it quickens the sale of Mark Twain's books. All through his married life his one dominating thought was the care of his family. When his beloved wife and his beautiful daughter Jean died, his affection centered on his surviving child, who returned it by giving all her slender strength toward the softening of his declining years. And even Mark Twain's works needed a certain amount of pushing. At the time H. H. Rogers took hold of his affairs and compelled Harper's (through George Harvey) to waken the public to the value of his books, his income from royalties was considerably less than \$5000 a year.

Still, the centenary is funny. Mark himself would have enjoyed it. He always maintained that although his own success had been due to his appeal to intelligence, he would have made much more money if he could have got all the stupid people of the country to buy his books.

His centenary has inflamed to a Mark Twain frenzy all the hebetude of our fair land. Hundreds upon hundreds of preachers have delivered eulogies on this unbending atheist.

A regiment of boy scouts stormed the mayor's office in New York and demanded that he buy the Fifth Avenue house where our genius lived for a few years before his death.

I don't know how many essays have been written about him. "The Real Mark Twain," "The Mark Twain I Knew," "The Mark Twain I Didn't Know," "The Mark Twain Who Kicked Me Downstairs," and so forth. Mark would have enjoyed it. He always had a boyish delight in the circus. Publicity never scared him. If he didn't suffer fools gladly, he suffered them patiently. He knew what a vast proportion of the population of the world they constitute and how mischievous they can be when their dull prejudices or inferior susceptibilities are wounded. But how he would have laughed at their antics in 1935!

One of the strangest fables that has grown up about Mark Twain is that he was secretly a writer of filthy sexual tales. Indeed, one book reviewer in New York came out the other day in a furious demand on the heir to the Clemens estate to produce these mysterious obscenities. He wrote, in effect, "You have no right to withhold from the great libidinous American public, which I represent, even the most ignoble utterances of this superb but wicked genius. Give us the dirt!" I'm afraid this apostle of lewdness must remain unsatisfied. One of the reasons why "Mark Twain's Dirty Stories" has never been published is that Mark Twain didn't write dirty stories!

It is sad, but it is true. It was the habit of the good old man to sit up in bed in the morning and write notes or articles on matters that interested

him. Most of them were fierce letters to editors of newspapers on things he didn't like. Being a sensible humorist and one unaccustomed to writing for fun, he destroyed these letters after he had spilled all the bile and ill nature that troubled him in the early mornings and was once again able to take a more cheerful view of life. "I write these things just to keep my hand in," he told me. "A writer must never stop practicing. He can't know when he will be called on to go back to his desk and write for his living. If his hand is out, he'll have a hard time. Besides, if I write, I can let my breakfast get cold. I was always used to a cold breakfast when I was a young man in the West, and I detest piping hot rolls, sizzling bacon and eggs, and steaming coffee. When my breakfast is properly chilled I eat it and then resume my writing, like Paderewski, who does the five-finger exercise for hours every morning. . . ."

I didn't know Mark Twain as well as H. H. Rogers did, or William Dean Howells, or Thomas Bailey Aldrich, or that glorious Irishman Robert Collier, whom he fairly adored. But I saw a good deal of him at one time, and my experience agreed with that of his more intimate friends. He never told me a lubricious story. That may have been due to the fact that I never told him one. I find that the wag who has one of these jests to tell can only be sure of an audience in another fellow who has one ready to fire back at him. Not that I have any particular objection to filth as such. I've read a good deal of it, from the *Satyricon* to *Europa*. But I am no good at telling stories, chaste or otherwise. I always forget the point. The only "bad" tale Mark Twain ever wrote was the "Conversation at the Court of Queen Elizabeth." But that was in no sense pornographic.

However cleanly his writings were, his language at times was enough to raise the hair. With everybody in the West in his time, or even in mine, profanity was part of the currency of ordinary conversation among men. We swore so much that our oaths lost their only true value — that is, as emphasis for a really heartfelt utterance, like the single "damn" in the life history of the old parson at the bridge at Lexington. Mr. Clemens was aware of this failing and warned me against it. He was always warning me against sins that he was equally guilty of, or more so. "You should not swear. You should not swear, especially in the presence of the young. I never realized more how powerful the force of example is than I did yesterday. You know I'm a little careless in my language. I'm not as bad as you are, or Collier. I have some respect for the proprieties. But I'll admit I do sometimes forget myself in spite of my attempts to reform. Well, a few weeks ago we hired a waitress, a pleasant,

innocent young Irish girl. The second day she quit. She went to my daughter and said, 'I'd like to stay here but I just can't stand Mr. Clemens' language.' My daughter is good at managing people. She made some trifling excuse for me. She said I was insane or had been brought up in Troy or something. Anyhow, the girl stayed on. Yesterday I was sitting at the table when I heard the waitress call out to the cook, 'For God's sake, Lizzie, what in hell's the matter with you? Don't you know that goddamned old tiger is out there hollering for his chops?' Such, my boy, is the force of example that this innocent child in two weeks had learned to talk as I do, only better. If you give an example, make it a good one. Mine always is, if I stop to think — and have the time."

His power of oburgation was prodigious, appalling, unrestrained. As a rule he felt kindly toward individuals in private or public life. He could put up with most people. But there were three men of whom he never spoke except with rage. One was a bad poet of the same name as his, who traded, or so he thought, on a wholly fictitious relationship. He described this poetaster to George Harvey in language that George, who was himself a free-spoken man, could only repeat in a whisper. Another one of his hatreds was Bret Harte. Once Henry James, the flawless, the sedate, the impeccable Henry, asked him, "Do you know Bret Harte?" "Yes," Mark replied readily, "I know the son of a bitch."

But it was against William Randolph Hearst that his wildest rage was directed, the same William Randolph Hearst who has appointed himself journalistic master of ceremonies for the centenary. Mark Twain's outbursts against Bret Harte were formidable, but his scorn and hatred of Hearst were beyond description. He had never had any business or social relations with the editor and publisher that I know of. It could not have been that Hearst had excited his rage because of attacks on H. H. Rogers, for everybody was attacking his friend at the time and the Hearst newspapers were comparatively lenient. Yet at the mention of the laird of San Simeon the old humorist and philosopher would rake his memory for the invective of the Mississippi steamboat, the Western mining camp, and the print shop, and pour forth such language as Ernest Hemingway would hesitate to put in the mouth of one of his matadors. And when Hearst ran for mayor or governor, I forget which it was, Mark wrote a lot of scurrilous unprintable doggerel about him which was circulated among his friends. And this may be where the rumor of his pornography

began. There must have been some deep reason for this abhorrence. If I ever see Hearst again, I must ask him.

With these exceptions the great writer was a mild, kindly, clean-spoken, clean-living gentleman, always most courteous and polite with women, and they adored him. I remember his coming to my house for supper one night. There were other distinguished people there, but the ladies had eyes only for him.

He was immensely popular in England. I am told that when his doctorate was conferred on him the undergraduates at the Sheldonian Theatre outdid themselves in friendly riotousness. He knew everybody. Princes and potentates everywhere sought him out, and he remained unaffected and simple. In his own private circle he was worshiped. I have no other word for it. His friends adored him not only as a great writer but for his own fearlessness, his loyalty, his right-mindedness. He was modest when he was rich, modest and generous; he was undaunted by poverty.

In this connection I must tell a story about him while it is in my mind. He was an inveterate cigar smoker. The first thing he did in the morning when he awoke was to light a cigar; the last thing he did at night was to put one out. While money was pouring into his purse from the publishing business in which he had ventured his small fortune, he smoked the best and most expensive cigars. They were quite as good as J. P. Morgan's, who had his made especially for him. But when the crash came, when the publishing business failed and Mark Twain's fortune disappeared, he went to work as resolutely as Walter Scott or General Grant ever did, to earn and save money to pay his creditors. It was lucky for him that he had a sagacious friend in Rogers, so that his term of privation was shorter than that of the great Scotsman. But there was a time when he felt that in honor he could afford no luxury, no indulgence, no waste. His creditors must be paid. And one of the first comforts he put aside was his beloved cigar. But he couldn't renounce it entirely; he had to smoke. In his earliest boyhood in Hannibal he had learned the habit, and he had continued it until it was no longer a habit or a luxury. It was a necessity, an essential part of his physical and mental well-being.

He made up his mind that if he must smoke or die, he would buy only the cheapest cigars. After all, most of our physical pleasures are attributable to a teasing of one or the other of the mucous membranes of the body. For this purpose, why wouldn't a bad cigar be as useful as a good one? Why not, indeed? He first interviewed a manufacturer in Philadelphia who turned out a product

that was generally known as the Stinkadora Manuro. Mark found these cigars quite bad enough to satisfy his desire for martyrdom, but the dealer wanted too much for them. He asked four cents apiece even in bulk, and this Mark thought was extravagant. He eventually settled on the popular disinfectant known as the Pittsburgh stogie. These stogies are long, wan tubes, wrapped in the noble tobacco leaves of Connecticut or Wisconsin. I don't know what they are filled with. The aroma suggests at various times excelsior, rubber, and leather findings. Mark used to buy them by the bale at an average cost of three cents per cigar. When he went out in the morning he loaded his pockets with them, sometimes carrying as much as fifty or sixty cents' worth of them. He was most generous, almost profuse in offering them to his friends. I think he would have been even more so with his enemies. He would have given a whole box to Hearst. If you offered him a Corona Corona or a Romeo and Juliet perfecto, he would wave it aside. "Why do you smoke those things? Such useless extravagance! Sixty cents for a cigar? Good God, man alive, don't you realize that you could feed a whole family in Flatbush for a day on sixty cents if you wanted to? Try one of these of mine. They cost me three cents apiece and *they — are — worth — every — penny of it.* I never think of smoking any other."

So great was his cunning, so engaging his smile when he proffered the poisonous rope that only a man of iron will could refuse. And the joy on his face as he puffed on his stogie and watched his victim's contortions and choking was positively ecstatic. It seemed at one time as if all his friends would drop away from him. But his fortunes changed suddenly for the better. Through the financial wizardry of Rogers and the intelligent diligence of his publishers, his fears for the security of his family were dissolved, and he was again in receipt of a very large income.

At this time he turned up in London. William Gillette, the playwright and actor, who had known him in Hartford when Mark's fame was at its zenith, promptly got up a dinner for him. That was easy enough. No man in London even at the height of the season would decline an invitation to meet Mark Twain. The chef of the Savoy was famous and could be depended on to provide the best of food and drink. The only thing to trouble the host was how to get cigars that the guest of honor could smoke. It was clear that he wouldn't touch a good cigar, and there was nothing that approached a Pittsburgh stogie to be found in London. It was too late to send to America for a supply. So Gillette, who was a man of infinite resource, dispatched a messenger

to Italy, where, he had heard, the government tobacco monopoly catered to the most depraved tastes in tobacco. The agent had some difficulty in finding anything like a substitute for Pittsburgh's greatest gift to the nation. The most venomous specimens of the government's artistry had straws in them, and to get them going you had to build a fire under them.

This wouldn't do at all. But eventually, in Naples, where you were sure to find the worst of everything, he discovered a cigar that bore an adequate resemblance to the stogie. It was a long, lean cigar, somewhat more swarthy in complexion than the pale chloritic yellowish-green of our American product, but having an aroma that would penetrate the ordinary gas mask.

Gillette was delighted. After a perfect dinner, a waiter passed the cigars around. In one hand he carried a box of Oppenheim's best; in the other a box of the Italian substitute for the stogie, which he placed before the guest of honor. Mark picked up one of these perilous things, shuddered, turned pale, and replaced it in the box. Then he cried: "Waiter! Come back here with those actual cigars." And he took a handful and laid them beside his plate.

Gillette was amazed. "Why, Mr. Clemens," he said, "don't you like those others? They are exactly like your stogies."

"That," said Mark, "is one of many reasons why I abhor them."

"But," Gillette said, "you used to like them. You gave them to your friends. You even made me smoke one."

"So I did, William. So I did," Mark responded. "But those were my sad days. I couldn't afford anything better than these disreputable inventions. I suffered, but I'm not built to suffer alone. I like to share my distress with my friends. You were one of them. It gave me much pleasure to watch the manly pain you bore for my sake. But there is no longer any need for such playfulness. Please have those dangerous weapons removed. They might catch fire. And remember this, my friend, there is no poorer or more unsatisfactory or more unprofitable form of economy than trying to save money on cigars. Always buy the best, William. Always buy the best."

IT WAS through the journalist Robert Collier that I knew Mark Twain — Robert Collier, his much-loved friend and mine. In New York, after the death of his lovely daughter Jean, Mark Twain tried to brighten his life a little by going to theaters, having friends come to his house, and making new friends with the younger generation. I was

lucky enough to be among this group. He always treated me and Collier as if we were still in our adolescence, although when I first met him, in 1899, I had been a hard-boiled newspaper man for fifteen years, had written four or five books, and edited or published about that many newspapers and magazines. He would say, "I like you young fellows. I like to have you around me. But you mustn't expect me to listen to your opinions. They are too immature. Wait till you and Collier have made a reputation. Then you can talk to me and I will stay awake." I think that one day I squared accounts with him for this and similar admonitions. In his last years, he, who had once been rather shy, took hungrily to the publicity that was poured on him. He liked attention; he even demanded it. In the streets of New York he was a more marked figure than Theodore Roosevelt or J. P. Morgan. His noble countenance, his splendid head would distinguish him in any crowd, however great, but when he took to wearing white clothes — a sensible thing to do but a conspicuous one — no one who had ever seen a picture of him in the papers could miss him.

One bright spring afternoon I met him at the crowded corner of Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street. As usual, we stopped to exchange our customary banter about the ignorance of youth and the impotence of age. Thousands and thousands of men, women, and children passed us, and every mother's son and daughter turned to look at the picturesque figure. Some of them stopped and listened. At one time there must have been fifteen or twenty typical New York Rufuses gawking at him. Mark loved it. His face was aflame. His eyes shone. He talked better and louder than I had ever heard him. Finally I said, "Let's get out of here and go to the Century for a drink."

"I'm not a member of the Century. What's the matter with staying here?"

"But aren't you embarrassed, standing here in these crowds, talking to a celebrity?" I said.

He answered like a man coming out of a trance. He stared at me and stammered, "Wh-wh-why, do *you* think these people are looking at *you*? Why, you conceited fellow, they're looking at *me*!"

Then the fact dawned on him that youth had at last rebelled. His face broke into a great grin. "Oh, come on over to the Century and have a drink."

"But you just said you weren't a member."

"I'm not. That makes my hospitality all the more remarkable. What could be finer than to entertain a friend at a club where you're not a member?"

"But I'm a member."

"I knew that, or I wouldn't have invited you to have a drink."

The most openhanded of men, he loved to pretend that he was stingy. One day I was lunching with him and he said, "This is very pleasant. Why can't we keep it up? Suppose we get some fellows who write for a living and lunch together every Tuesday. Let's see who we'll have. Collier is all right. He is not, strictly speaking, a man of culture. He is only a publisher. But he has literary associations. So far as a man in his ignorant trade can be, he's a man of letters. How about Howells?"

"He's a great friend of mine. Howells, by all means."

"Well, that's settled. We won't have George Harvey. He's a good fellow, but he lacks beauty. He is almost homely enough to be good-looking, but not quite. How about H. H. Rogers?"

"I thought you said this was to be a literary lunch."

"So it is."

"Then why ask Rogers?"

"Why ask Rogers?" Mark cried. "Why ask Rogers? To pay for the lunch, you idiot."

WHEN I knew Mark best, most of his old friends had died. Only a little while after he had rented the house at 21 Fifth Avenue, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, a great wit and a charming poet and storyteller, ceased to come to New York, since he was very ill.

Aldrich was one of Mark's best friends, so good a one, in fact, that when Mark sent an autographed copy of one of his books to Aldrich, he inscribed it, "To Thomas Bailey Aldrich from his only friend, S. L. Clemens." But Tom Aldrich was a dying man, and only William Dean Howells remained of Mark's earliest friends. He always had a deep affection for the round, rosy-cheeked little novelist, who was among the most delightful writers of his day until he took to using the typewriter, that assassin of style. Howells had a delicate wit, although he could express himself at times with sufficient emphasis about men and things he didn't like. He was by way of being a socialist, but he never acted on his theories. He disliked and disparaged most of our modern writers. He lost all his smiling good nature when he talked about Stevenson, George Meredith, Rudyard Kipling, and told me he "couldn't stand them." He was forever digging up unknown writers, chiefly Spanish, and urging American readers to buy their works, although his own Spanish was of the slightest and the authors were even less widely known in Barcelona than in Kansas City. Who can know an author in translation? He thought no episode was possible that he couldn't imagine as happening in the little town in Ohio where he was born, or in

Cambridge, Massachusetts, where he edited the *Atlantic Monthly*. In spite of his inveterate parochialism, he wrote more than one fine novel. *The Lady of the Aroostook* was one, and *The Rise of Silas Lapham* another, while his little essays, composed when he was consul at Venice and called *Venetian Life*, are still marvels of delicate fun and graceful English.

It seemed strange that intimacy should develop between this mild storyteller, whose vision was limited to the civilities of American life, and Mark Twain, who had actually shot buffalo on the plains, mined for gold, drunk coffee with the desperado and twenty-three-times murderer Slade, and seen men shot and hanged. But if you knew Howells, you could understand. For he was always genial, even when most dogmatic in his unfavorable opinion of everybody, except Flaubert and Mark Twain, from Shakespeare to Stevenson. He was full of drolleries, and he did appreciate, if not quite adequately, the genius of Mark Twain. And he put his appreciation in words. So they got on together famously.

Mark was a good deal of a radical in politics — foreign politics. At home he was more conservative. In the Cleveland-Blaine campaign he was a mugwump. He was conservative, but he hated tyranny. He went cheerfully with Howells and Collier on the committee to receive Maxim Gorki when that Russian nihilist came over here, was overwhelmed by a greeting that he knew was far beyond his due as a man of letters, and went home in tears. The *New York World* discovered that Gorki was living at a Fifth Avenue hotel with a lady not his wife, and with the delicacy characteristic of that great journal published the fact and got the hotelkeepers, who had never been known before to ask their guests to show marriage licenses, to kick the poor bewildered Russian into the street. But Mark was never a socialist or a communist. He thought too poorly of the human race to believe they could ever be got to live together in amity. "They'll go on murdering each other and robbing each other, cheating each other and lying about each other to the end of time, no matter what form of government they choose," he said. Nor was Howells by any means a Marx or a Liebknecht. His candidate for President was Brand Whitlock, whose mild opinions on free trade, civil service reform, government supervision of railways, and so forth represented to the kind and gentle novelist the very last word in revolution.

BUT, to get back to Mark Twain. I could talk about him forever, if anyone would listen to me; he was so much the greatest figure in American

letters, so much the most picturesque figure in the life of New York, and he had such a capacity for friendship as no other man approached. I don't know when or why it was that he began to dress in white, but he did look fine in those snowy flannels. He hated dyed clothes of any kind, but he loathed black clothes as a symbol of death and decay. Once he had a chance to pour out his feelings on this subject. As I have said, Thomas Bailey Aldrich was one of his dearest friends. Aldrich, in fact, was a friendly man. Everybody liked him who knew him. The very thing he said to Oliver Wendell Holmes might be said about him. The doctor was discoursing on his capacity for making friends. "Why," he said, "if I were stranded on a cannibal island and met the king of the cannibals —"

"Yes," said Aldrich, "you would pick an acquaintance with him."

After his death, Mrs. Aldrich decided that some permanent memorial to her husband should be created, so she filled the old frame house at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, with pictures, books, manuscripts, and other memorabilia of her husband and made a charming place of it. I was appointed one of the committee to help dedicate this memorial. The committee included also Mark Twain, W. D. Howells, Thomas Nelson Page, R. W. Gilder, and Colonel Higginson. One bright, warm June day in 1908 the hundreds of Aldrich's friends who were asked gathered in a hall in Portsmouth. Most of us came from neighboring summer places and were dressed in our summer clothes, the men in flannels, the ladies in light, fluffy dresses. The hall presented a cheerful appearance, perfectly suited to the character of the good fellow whose memory we were there to honor. That is, it was until there entered upon this gay scene of seasonably dressed, cheerful men and women, young and old, a lank figure, clothed from head to foot in black — black frock coat, black shoes, black tie — and carrying in his hand a black silk hat. It was the evangel of white clothes! It was Mark Twain! He sat down alongside Howells, who immediately began to tease him. "What did you think this was — a funeral in winter?" he said. "You should have worn galoshes and had a crape band on your hat."

"I don't give a damn what you say," Mark shouted. "You can't make me feel any worse, any more idiotically foolish than I did when I came in and saw you fellows in flannels and all those darling girls in muslin. It was Paine, my secretary, who I thought was also my friend, who made me dress up like an undertaker. He said these were the commemoration exercises for a dead friend and I must dress in black. I will see him after the meeting. I will do nothing to disgrace myself or

my friends. I will not act without thought. But as soon after these exercises are over that I can do so without appearing irreverent, I am going to kill him."

Fortunately, Mark was not able to carry out his design on his secretary. When called upon, he began his speech with a heartrending appeal for sympathy, because he had appeared draped in black. It was genuine, too. But his audience didn't respond in kind to his anger and grief. They started to laugh. Mark Twain looked them over and laughed with them. Then he commenced one of the most rollicking speeches I ever heard. And he and Paine went home arm in arm. There was no bloodshed.

MARK TWAIN'S greatest friend at the end was Henry Huddleston Rogers, the active head of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey. In a vague way I knew that Rogers had helped Clemens out of his financial difficulties, but I had no conception of the magnitude of his assistance. Clemens knew the publishing business thoroughly, especially the subscription business — that is, the sale of books by canvassers — and I believe he never sold his own to the trade, holding that publishers and booksellers got too much and authors too little out of the existing practices of the business.

His niece married Charles Webster, an active figure in the publishing business, and in the eighties Mark went into a partnership with this young fellow, Mark supplying the money and, as it turned out, the large business vision that made the firm of Webster and Company so successful for a while. Their first coup was General Grant's *Memoirs*. Grant, in spite of all his dreary mistakes in business, where he became the prey of Ferdinand Ward, one of the most flagrant swindlers of his time, was still the greatest figure in American life. He and Mark were close friends, and the latter had once tried to persuade him to publish his recollections.

Now, just as Webster and Company started going, Mark heard that the Century Company was dickering with the general for his book. Dickering is the word. The Century people were a nice, gentlemanly, honorable group. But they were timid. They couldn't see-their-way-quite-to making an advance payment of \$25,000, although they would spend twice that much printing tiny poems by tiny poets. Mark heard of this and went to see Grant. "Why, General," he said. "I'll give you my check for \$25,000 this minute if you promise me the book." Eventually Webster and Company got the *Memoirs*. It was a wonderful book,

and the sales were unprecedented. Up to 1912, the sum of \$450,000 in royalties had been paid to General Grant or his estate. Grant worked and worked, and in less than two years had turned in more than 300,000 words of copy. All this time he was suffering from cancer of the throat. When his work was finished and he knew his family was safe, he died. He wrote the last page of his *Memoirs* on July 1, 1885. He died July 28, 1885. I think he was glad to die.

Why Webster and Company failed after this start, I don't know. But one day the humorist found that his publishing company was bankrupt and that he himself was faced with the necessity of spending the rest of his life writing to pay off an enormous debt. It was then that Rogers came upon the scene, and it was about Rogers that Mark wanted to talk when he called me up one morning and asked me to drop in at 21 Fifth Avenue on my way downtown.

At that time *Everybody's Magazine*, now extinct, was printing a series of articles by Tom Lawson, whose roguery was almost as much envied in Wall Street, New York, as in State Street, Boston, where he usually operated. In these articles Lawson pretended to expose the wickedness of Rogers and others. He could write pretty well, and the publishers of the magazine were so infatuated with the success of his articles that one of them in a public address actually compared him to Jesus Christ!

Mark at once told me why he had sent for me. "Can't you," he asked me, "write a Dooley about — Lawson and the — publisher of that — magazine? [You can fill in the blanks to suit your taste; go as far as you like, and your words will seem shy and delicate in comparison with the original.] "I have tried to flatten out these — . I have written thousands of words, but I am always just cussing. If I could keep my faculty for humor uppermost I'd laugh the dogs out of the country. But I can't. I get too mad."

I told him that, although I liked Rogers from what little I knew about him, I couldn't go to the defense of any of the Standard Oil people. I was brought up, in the West, to hate the Rockefellers. Also, I felt that Lawson and his gang were pretty cheap game. "I suppose so," he said. "But never mind. I don't imagine Rogers would want you to, anyway. He doesn't mind these attacks much."

"I wonder," he said, "if you ever heard what Rogers did for me? No? Well, when Webster and Company failed I was all but destroyed. I had assumed that I was to be a man of leisure for the rest of my life, with an income more than enough to pay for all the necessities and luxuries of life and to provide amply for my family. Of course I would write occasionally, but only to amuse my-

self and my friends. The dream was too beautiful to last. One day I found that I must grind out copy for the rest of my days to pay my creditors. I was hopeless. And some of the creditors were angry, impatient, and mean. Then Rogers came to my rescue. I had never done a single thing for him in my life. He was a much pleasanter companion for me than I was for him. He was blessed with the greatest gift of humor I have ever known in any man. I never had to cheer him up, but often he pulled me out of one of those infernos of melancholy that I am liable to fall into at any time. When he heard of my troubles he came straight to me and offered to handle my financial affairs. Besides the Webster concern I was heavily interested in a company that owned patents for a typesetting machine. Rogers said, 'Let me handle these people. You stop walking the floor.' Unfortunately the machine was a failure and is now in some museum. Then he turned his attention to the publishing company and decided that it must be placed in bankruptcy at once. This was done, and Rogers, who was himself a considerable creditor, called a creditors' meeting. He didn't like the way some of the creditors were acting. He thought they were heartless. Most of them had made plenty of money out of us, much, much more than we owed them, but these fellows were the most exacting of the lot. That hardened Rogers, and when he was hard, he was hard. He settled down to a nice quiet talk with these men. 'Gentlemen,' he said, 'you all know how deeply I feel toward Mr. Clemens. He is my best friend. But business is business, and we must not let our sentiments interfere with our interests. I therefore propose that we turn over the copyrights on Mr. Clemens' books to Mrs. Clemens, to whom the company owes \$60,000, and keep for ourselves the tangible assets, such as presses, type, furniture, et cetera. This may seem hard on Mrs. Clemens, but, well, business is business, you know, and I think she will realize considerable out of these copyrights — in time.' And," Mark went on, "it turned out that the copyrights were by far the most valuable assets of the company. The presses and furniture and other things went for not more than a quarter of the debt, but from the copyrights I was able to pay the creditors to the last cent."

What Rogers had seen in Mark Twain's books was what Mark himself had seen in Grant's *Memoirs* — that is, their enormous possibilities. But these possibilities must be developed. So this true friend went to work and applied all his genius in finance to re-establishing the Clemens fortune. I don't know what were his financial relations with George Harvey, then the head of Harper & Brothers, but they were of a nature to cause Harvey to sign a contract with Clemens whereby for a

long term he was to receive a minimum of (I have been told) \$32,000 a year and as much more as the books could earn in royalties. The whole came to a large sum, for under energetic management the books sold in great numbers, and our good Mark was not only able to pay his creditors in full but to live at ease and to leave a substantial estate. And it all came out of Rogers' quick decision to appeal to the venality of these rapacious small-time financiers and give them the comfortable feeling that they were robbing an unprotected woman.

But Rogers did not stop here. He continued to direct the Clemens fortunes. He invested Mark's money for him and always, strangely enough, in stocks that rose in value. "He is a wizard," Mark said. "He never makes a bad investment. Every single thing he has done for me has been profitable."

No wonder Mark Twain could write about Henry Rogers in "A Tribute," which Rogers would not let Twain's secretary, Paine, publish: "His character is full of fine graces but the finest is this: that he can load you down with crushing obligations and then so conduct himself that you never feel their weight. If he would only require something in return. But that is not his nature; it would not occur to him. He was born serene, patient, all-enduring where a friend is concerned. He is not only the best friend I have ever had, but is the best man I have known."

MARK emphasized the delicacy of Rogers' generous offices. The irritable genus of authors has a greater hatred of patronage than most people. They rebel against what Patrick Francis Murphy used to call "the unconscious arrogance of conscious wealth" — an arrogance that has caused more revolutions than the most savage misrule.

Mark and I talked about Rogers by the hour. I had no thought that twenty years later a similar generosity would be extended to me when the great heart of Payne Whitney rescued me from the abyss of debt into which I had been plunged by reckless gambling. I think that if Payne had lived, he would not have left me a fortune by will. He would have "worked my affairs" out. He was Rogers' equal in business acumen when he found it was necessary to exercise a quality on which he placed no great value. He was as cool as Rogers, as indefatigable, and his financial resources were much larger. I could say with equal truth of him what Mark Twain said of Rogers: "I have not known his equal among men for lovable qualities." I am sure that if he had lived, he would have

worked with characteristic patience to get me out of my difficulties and would have done it in such a manner as to relieve me as much as possible from a sense of obligation. But he didn't have time. The summons of death was too urgent. He knew that his life might end at any moment. He must hurry to save his friends. So in great haste he changed his will and left me a bequest that enabled me to pay all my debts and walk again with my head erect. For this I will bless him — and his — forever.

I have indeed been singularly blessed with friends, and I never lost one except by death. I have also been blessed with my enemies. They comprise some of the worst writers in the world. Sometimes I am scared by the thought that they hate me because I am really one of them and have escaped from their dingy company by miraculous good luck. Perhaps so. But I am indifferent to what they say or think. They are the scum of the earth.

The saddest feature of old age is not one's own progressive enfeeblement, but the loss of one's friends. Many of mine are dead. In a short time — or, so I am advised — I may meet them in paradise; that is, if they are satisfied with their surroundings and they have not thought the regulations too irksome. Otherwise I shall probably find them camping out somewhere in ultrastellar space, for they were all independent fellows, and if things didn't go well with them, wouldn't hesitate to go forth and rough it for all eternity. But I think they will be in heaven, for their sins were such as a loving Father could only smile upon, and they harmed no one except in battle.

POSTSCRIPT BY PHILIP DUNNE

My father's tribute to the generosity that Payne Whitney showed him when he was in financial trouble bears explanation. Money, or the lack of it, was always an important factor in our family. We lived like the rich, spent like the rich, and in fact resembled the rich in every way except in being rich.

I suppose that my father could only blame himself for our extravagance. He set the example. He had the tastes of a Morgan or a Rockefeller. In the great Dooley days the money had rolled in. He was by far the highest-paid writer of his time. He was courted and cultivated by rich men, joined their society, and quite naturally began to live as they did.

So my father, after he had begun to find it hard to write and had virtually retired from the edi-

torial field, was faced with the constant problem of finding an income to fill the insatiable maw of our extravagance. Like everybody else in the innocent but greedy twenties, he began to play the market on margin. He did fairly well for a while — it was almost impossible to do otherwise in that steeply rising market — but then disaster struck.

Years later, he told me the story. As he told it, it was a masterpiece of irony. Payne Whitney and some others had decided to do what other enormously wealthy men had done for their less pecunious friends and organize a little killing for him. They told him to buy a certain stock — I forget which stock, but it was one of those subject to manipulation — to buy it at 25 and sell it at 50.

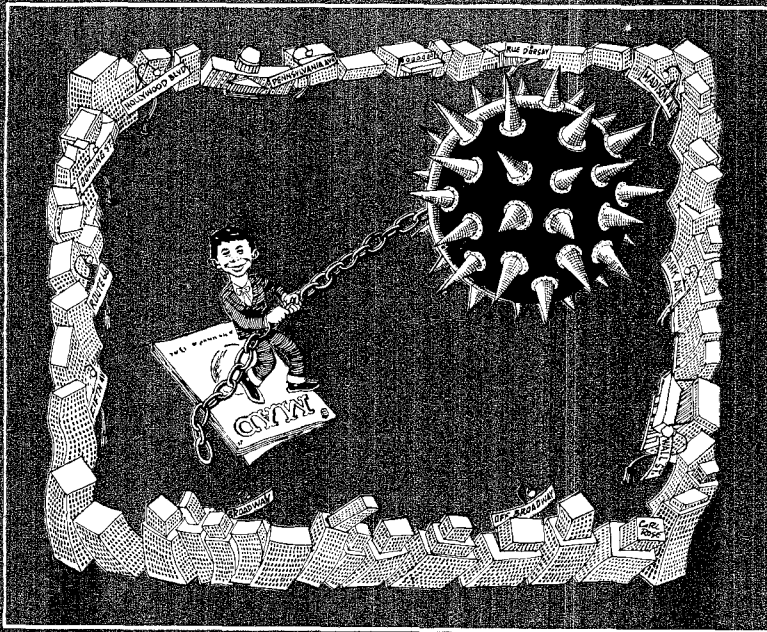
The instructions were clear and explicit, but my father, having pulled off some minor coups of his own, at this point had begun to consider himself a financial genius. So he shrewdly decided to hold off for a while. The stock, as strings were pulled behind the scenes, rose to 30 and then to 35. He still cannily held off. When it jumped to 40, he decided the time had come to buy. His friends were right after all, and the stock was a good investment. He put every nickel he had into it. It went up to 45 and then to 50, where he had been told to sell. But did he sell? Oh, no. He began to think: "If it goes to 50, why not 100? What gives those fellows the impression they know more about the market than I do?" So he held on. He was still firmly holding on the next week, when his broker finally sold him out at 18.

That is the story he told me. It may seem a little too neat and too pat. He was, after all, a professional writer, and he had had several years to perfect the tale.

However it happened, by 1927 he was a thoroughly disenchanted financier. At this point, and it was at the height of the bull market, he was really broke. Then his dearest friend, Payne Whitney, died and left to him and two other close friends legacies of half a million dollars each. He was crushed by his friend's death and stunned by the legacy. When he came home that night, I saw him in tears for the first and only time in my memory. He repeated over and over again that he didn't want the money — he only wanted his friend back. I never knew a death to affect him so, before or afterward.

The Whitney legacy saved him. He lost a great deal of it in the crash of 1929, but there was enough left to maintain him for the nine years he outlived his friend.

It was Mark Twain himself who said of my father: "He is blessed beyond reason with friends."



Accent on living

THE CASE FOR *MAD*

BY CHARLES W. MORTON

Mention of the magazine *MAD* in the public prints is rare. College students follow it closely, but one meets few older people who ever heard of it, while the newspapers and magazines in general ignore *MAD* resolutely. Having read *MAD* for a good many years, and with a sense of being rewarded by every issue, I venture to argue that *MAD* is the funniest magazine we have, that its targets well deserve the mauling it gives them, and that many nonreaders would be benefited from a two-dollar subscription to this nonesuch.

MAD carries no advertising and keeps its circulation figures to itself. Its success in a recent court case involving copyright was reported in *Variety*, with an estimate that "tens of thousands" of the issue complained of had been circulated, but I incline to hundreds of thousands and possibly then some as a likelier figure. (To ask *MAD* for such information would be simply to invite a sardonic response, one feels certain.) The magazine is hard to find on any but the most comprehensive newsstands, and its somewhat irregular schedule of nine issues a year (the

September *MAD* came out in late June) makes it easy for the non-subscriber to miss an issue or two, especially in early summer and fall. I must admit, further, that *MAD* takes a bit of living with for the new reader, so that an initial approach by subscription is to be preferred.

Burlesques are *MAD*'s principal stock in trade, and these are usually drawings in a remarkably lifelike imitation of the old rotogravure sections in the Sunday papers. There is no mistaking the identity of the person lampooned in a *MAD* picture, nor is the point of the burlesque in the least unclear: *MAD*'s comedy is sledgehammer stuff; to misunderstand it would be like failing to grasp the intent of the man swinging the iron ball in a wrecking job. The captions and brief texts not only fit the pictorial schemes, but they have the same smashing effect on the reader.

Its professionalism is perhaps the other quality that sets *MAD* apart from other ventures into strong-arm comedy. To be irreverent for the right reasons calls for discernment as well as nerve, and *MAD*'s irreverence is invariably well informed. The cocksureness of the magazine's assault lies in the genuine validity of its material. One is reminded of the old Middle Western adage, "If you're gonna teach a dog, you gotta

know more than the dog." *MAD*'s artists and writers seem to know many more things about their victims than the latter have even suspected about themselves.

The symbol or "image" of *MAD*, visually, is a character of its own invention, Alfred E. Neuman, a grinning, gap-toothed teen-ager who usually appears on its covers in one fantastic role or another. Readers are invited to buy a china bust of Alfred E. Neuman, who is more a mental defective than a lunatic, or a color portrait of him (twenty-five cents), and his face is as familiar to school and college students, it seems likely, as that of any living person. But while the seasoned reader of *MAD* has come to understand Alfred E. Neuman, and indeed to esteem him, the Neuman covers cause the newsdealer to put *MAD* among the comic books, with a consequent loss of more adult attention from the public.

All in all, Alfred E. Neuman had probably better stay where he is, on the cover in plain view. There is a durability in his deficiencies that is bound to make a larger place for him and the magazine as the months go by. Sooner or later *MAD* will be displayed among its less flamboyant contemporaries. If incongruity results, perhaps they will invent some Alfred E. Neumans of their own.

Weight controllers need the best kind of help, including the physician's personal guidance

ANYONE WHO HAS TRIED to lose excess weight knows that it is not easy to change those eating habits and exercise patterns which contributed to adding the extra pounds in the first place. And it is sad, but true, that most of the people who do manage to shed weight put it back on within a short period of time, especially if the loss was due to reliance on the latest fad or crash diet.

Successful weight reduction and weight control, over a long-range period, requires changes in one's way of living, and it is foolish to torture one's self with attempts at weight control unless one is willing to make these changes. To change some lifetime habits requires not only strong personal motivation to do so but also the help and sympathy of others—members of the family, friends, and, very important, the physician who knows and understands the person. The physician plays a key role in successful weight control because he can determine how much weight, if any, should be lost. He can outline clearly the health hazards involved to the individual if weight reduction is not accomplished, and oftentimes he is in a better position than anyone else to talk bluntly and forcefully about the rate of progress in losing excess pounds.

From many studies which have been conducted to determine how weight reduction may be most effectively achieved over a long-range period it has been concluded that diet changes and exercise are especially important.

DON'T TRY DRASTIC DIET CHANGES

There may be special reasons for a physician to recommend to a specific patient that he or she use special dietary foods to lose weight. However, in most cases, the sound approach to balancing calorie intake with calorie needs is to select foods from the four basic food groups which nutritionists agree provide all the necessary nutrients the body needs for good health. By selecting foods from the normal well balanced diet program, the weight reducer can eat with the rest of the family and does not attract special attention to his eating pattern.

The weight reducer must regulate the quantity of food intake so that the total calories consumed are less than daily calorie needs. This does not require cutting out any foods normally eaten, but it does mean reducing the amount eaten and perhaps more careful trimming of the fat on some foods.

The well balanced diet, for the person who wants to lose weight as well as for the person who wants to maintain weight, should include selections from four food groups:

MILK AND DAIRY FOODS: Milk provides an abundance of essential food nutrients at a comparatively low cost in calories. Two 8-ounce glasses of milk (or their equivalent in other dairy products such as cheese or ice cream) per

day provide for an adult man approximately 25 percent of his daily protein needs; 71 percent of his calcium (yes, adults do need calcium even though they have completed growth of bones and teeth); 15 percent of his vitamin A; 46 percent of his riboflavin; 10-12 percent of his thiamine; 10-13 percent of his calories. The percentages for an adult woman are just slightly higher because of the woman's generally lower level of need for these nutrients. Since the weight reducer must have essential food nutrients such as protein, minerals, and vitamins, he should select foods like milk which provide these nutrients at a relatively low cost in calories.

MEAT, FISH, POULTRY, EGGS: Two or more servings each day from this group provide additional protein, iron, thiamine, riboflavin, and niacin. Weight reducers can lower calories by selecting the lean cuts of meat.

VEGETABLES AND FRUITS: Four or more servings each day from this group, including a citrus fruit or vegetable high in vitamin C and a dark-green or deep-yellow vegetable for vitamin A, do not cost much in calories but do provide important nutrients.

BREADS AND CEREALS: These foods provide protein, iron, B-vitamins, and food energy (calories). Weight reducers should keep the total calorie count in mind in selecting foods from this group.

Balance—in both nutrients and calories—is essential to weight reduction and maintenance. Weight will go down if the body uses more calories than are consumed, but it is unwise to attempt to reduce calorie intake through eliminating certain foods or relying upon strange special dietary foods that could not serve satisfactorily in the lifetime eating pattern.

DAILY EXERCISE IS IMPORTANT

Weight control studies have also shown that it may be easier to lose pounds if a regular exercise program is adopted. This need be nothing more than a daily walk. The regular exercise not only uses up calories but also seems to stimulate the person to the point of making the weight control program easier to adjust to and to accept.

Carrying excess pounds is dangerous to health as well as unpleasant. Changing one's eating and exercise habits to reduce weight is not easy to accomplish, but adopting a sensible plan of weight reduction such as we have outlined here does make the job much easier and increases the chances for success over the long-range.



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Through a Dark, Glassily

BY JAMES P. DEGNAN

JAMES P. DEGNAN has taught at various American universities in recent years and is at present on the staff of the University of Jacksonville. This is his first appearance in the ATLANTIC.

Virgin Mermaids, the tender story of a schizophrenic mountain climber, is one of Unferth Mygboor's best film creations. Solider than *Wild Groat Stems* — generally regarded as Mygboor's most subtle film — *Virgin Mermaids* is nevertheless not without subtlety. For example, the film's hero, Lavanstatter, a ten-year-old Welsh lad who lives on a lemming farm atop a mountain in Africa, never actually appears in the film. His name, in fact, is mentioned only once and then softly by an old lady of 115 who has climbed into a trunk in an attic in Brussels to write a letter to her son who has been dead seventy years. In the same attic there is a fountain pen which the old lady conspicuously doesn't use and a tintype of a late-nineteenth-century family at a picnic. As she climbs into the trunk, penless, she mumbles "Lavanstatter" (perceptive viewers will recognize the term as an Old Norse obscenity), and the tintype turns into an accordion. Of *Virgin Mermaids* Mygboor says: "This film is to me what 'Ash Wednesday' must be for T. S. Eliot."

And, indeed, *Mermaids* does have Eliotic touches. Four people — a novelist turned neurosurgeon (Ernst von Shadow), his eleven-year-old son (Claus von Innsbruck), his married daughter (Harriet Magnavox), and her fourth husband, a neurosurgeon turned novelist (Rip Torn) — all hum different tunes as they drive in a Volkswagen across an ash pit in Greenland on their way to a birthday party in an insane asylum.

Mermaids seems to be the daughter's story, although it could be the husband's or the son's or perhaps the father's. Be that as it may, the daughter seems most sympathetically to reflect the authentic Mygboor universe. Having recently undergone electroshock therapy for the twenty-third time, she has been restored to reality and faces the difficult facts of life: a devoted husband whom she hates, a devoted father whom she hates, a devoted brother whom she hates. Bouncing along in the Volkswagen and stroking a large

blue fiddler crab which she holds in her lap, the daughter thinks of her dead mother, whose memory she hates.

When the Volkswagen pulls into a filling station, where the attendant delivers an anti-Catholic monologue and invites the characters to a wake, the daughter begins to hear voices. She also sees a snake, some spiders, a toad, and four mushrooms. The voices tell her that if she wants to love humanity, the only logical thing for her to do is to seduce her eleven-year-old brother. So, explaining to the husband and father, who are drinking cold grape pop (coldness and grapes are recurrent images in Mygboor films), that she and the brother are going to look for a picnic site, she takes the brother down the street to a Swiss motel, where, in a moment of pure Mygboorian irony, she is raped by the brother.

After the rape the brother runs screaming and laughing out into a thunderstorm and the daughter returns to the filling station only to be told by the attendant that her husband and father have gone looking for her. While the daughter waits for them to return, she is raped by the attendant. During this rape a robin flies against the Volkswagen windshield and breaks its neck. Shortly after, the brother, husband, and father return. For a while they all sit around the station and talk about Being; then they bid farewell to the attendant and resume their trip.

With the exception of the voices, which get so loud that the characters' speeches become inaudible, and a short stop which permits the characters to peek into a coffin that appears beside the road and contains a corpse that nobody recognizes, the rest of the trip is uneventful. The eleven-year-old, who drives the car, has a strange look on his face; the father examines a shrunken head; the husband chuckles over a copy of *Punch*; and the daughter sits with her hand cupped against one ear.

By the time they get to the asylum, the daughter is in black despair, but the voices have promised her that

she will see God. As the husband opens the asylum door to the tune of "Happy Birthday" — whose birthday it is, Mygboor very subtly conceals — she does see God. He is a large blue fiddler crab sitting in the middle of a table and covered with birthday candles. The daughter makes such a scene that they carry her off to a padded cell; it is bitterly ironical that it is the same one her mother occupied ten years before.

The husband looks at the father, the father at the son, the son at the husband; they appear baffled, but the horror of it all destroys the barrier of coldness and selfishness that has separated them, and in a moment, charged with simple sincerity, they all shake hands. Out of the depths of their beings they all exclaim, "We've never shaken hands before!"

In *Mermaids*, Mygboor has again demonstrated his unparalleled genius as a film maker. He has combined economy of statement — the film lasts only nine minutes and twenty-three seconds — with profundity of meaning. What could have more meaning, more vital significance to our age than Mygboor's brilliant metaphysical symbol, God as a blue fiddler crab covered with birthday candles?

When one asks himself the question, "What is it about a Mygboor symbol that modern audiences respond to so enthusiastically?", one can only answer, "Many things." There is, of course, the Trismegistian influence as well as the Paracelsian; there is Helvetius and Bosch, and not a little of Teufelsdröckh and Milton Caniff. But there is something more, something closer to the heart of existence, something learned, yes, but something simple and intuitive, something that only the very great artists know, and that something is — paradox. Unferth Mygboor, perhaps more than any other living cin-



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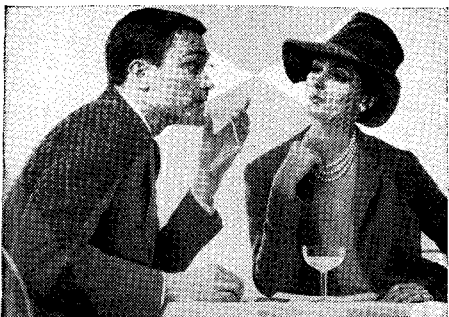
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ema artist, realizes this great truth: every equal has an opposite; every yang a ying; all salt, pepper. Perhaps nowhere else has Mygboor more beautifully and perfectly summed up the essence of his film art than in his recent interview with Pete Martin. During the four hours that Mr. Martin was with Mygboor, Mygboor said but one thing: "Remember," he said, "a column is nothing but a hole inverted."

Higher Banking

BY STEWART BEACH

STEWART BEACH is the executive editor of THIS WEEK and the author of many books and articles.

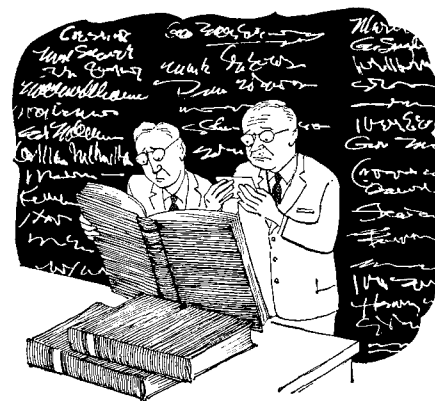
Whenever I go abroad I carry personal financing in two forms: a wallet of traveler's checks and a letter of credit from my bank. The traveler's checks are in small denominations for casual needs or transit across a country's borders. The letter of credit provides major sums, but these must be negotiated during banking hours.

Incidentally, the only place I have ever been charged for cashing an American Express check was in Savannah, Georgia. I approached a bank teller and was told that such a transaction must be okayed by the front office. An officer readily initialed two twenty-dollar checks when I had countersigned them, but put the bite on me for twenty-five cents each. In some surprise, I protested that never, anywhere, had I been charged for this service. The friendly man said flintily, "You always will be here," and so I was. The embarrassing thing was that I was without the local currency. I had no Confederate quarters.

Normally, American Express checks are negotiable anywhere and anytime, but a letter of credit is a more adventurous experience. You are driving along, let us say, in your hired car, and you realize that you are very low in pounds, new francs, marks, lire, guilders, or schillings. Clearly a bit of banking is indicated, and when you stop in the next town you consult the pamphlet entitled "List of Correspondents." This will tell you who is prepared to honor your letter of credit.

You enter the bank and produce a letter of identification which bears your own signature and the signatures of two vice presidents of your bank at home. When this has been digested by the official, you reach into a second pocket for the letter of credit itself. ("As a precaution against misuse in case of loss or theft, the holder of a Letter of Credit should carry it apart from the Letter of Identification.")

With both letters in hand, the staff must now determine whether they are authorized to give you money. The proof of this is in a great ledger whose pages are pasted with forms. They must first find their samples of the papers you have presented. Now the nice question develops of whether they will accept your documents on faith or feel they must search through the columns and columns of facsimiles in the big book for the signatures on your letter of identification. In England, if you have already made a draft or two, they like to believe that some sharp-eyed predecessor has found the signatures. But on the Continent, banks are somewhat more chary. Duty compels them to try, at least, to find your men on the list.



Now, the vice presidents of your bank have cleverly made this impossible. My own bank permits any one of several hundred people to sign, but no one, it seems, whose signature can be easily deciphered is vice-presidential timber. The happy tourist goes abroad with his letter of identification and his letter of credit in separate pockets, never having noticed the signatures or caring about them. And suddenly he comes across a bank officer who cares very much.

This happened to me in Holland one day. I stopped in a branch of the Amsterdamsche Bank, where my credentials were most courteously

accepted, and the official retired into a back room and closed the door. Some twenty minutes later he emerged with a frustrated air and asked if I was familiar with the signatures on my letter of identification. He had brought out the great ledger.

I said no, I had never looked at the names, but I took the ledger confidently, studying the squiggles which had made man after man into a vice president. Then I tried comparing them with the squiggles on my letter, and it was like trying to identify Egyptian hieroglyphs of the Middle Kingdom. I couldn't read one of them. The nice Hollander said he couldn't either. But since banks in England had given me money, he felt he could safely do so. I signed the draft, and he passed me a satisfying number of guilder notes.

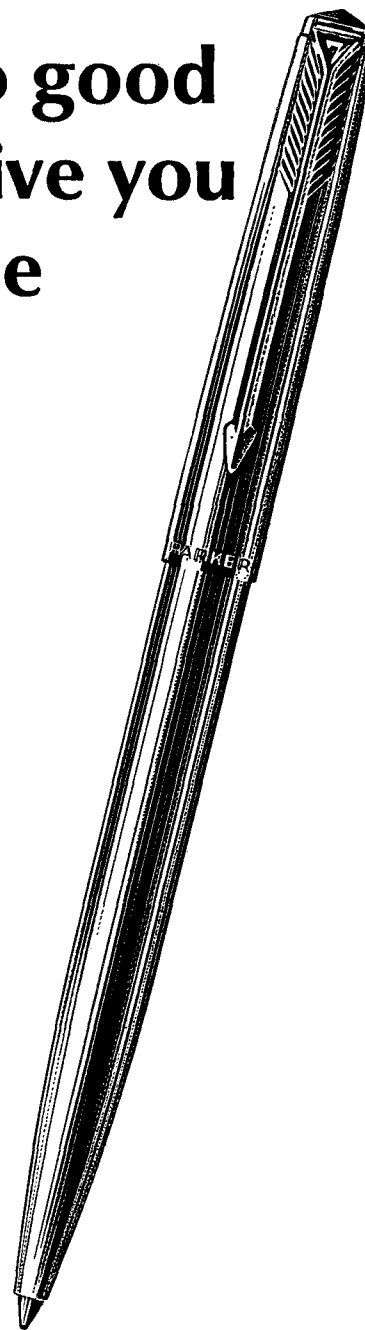
I have never been turned down when I asked for money on my letter of credit, but those signatures bother the banks. If they will only accept the form, as they do in most places, that is fine. If they insist on playing the match game, then you must be patient. They will recognize defeat in the end and give you the money. But it would be so much more comforting if they could find some name like "William Henry Harrison" in bold and legible script on your letter of identification, and read the same name in the book.

My most pleasant experiences have come in England. There are all those lovely branch banks through the shires, and you would think that if your letter of credit could be drawn on at, say, Lloyds in one town, it would be good at the same bank in another. Not at all. That's why you have to carry the "List of Correspondents."

One morning, after a night in Brighton which had cost me dear, I realized, in tipping the hall porter for all the grand services of a grand hotel, that I was short of money. Instead of tangling with Brighton traffic, I drove to a more quiet watering place and entered the appropriate correspondent bank. It was midmorning, and as it chanced, no other customers were present. The manager and his assistant were the sole staff, and when I approached the counter the assistant greeted me.

"I would like to draw a hundred dollars in pounds on my letter of credit," I announced, handing it over with the other letter.

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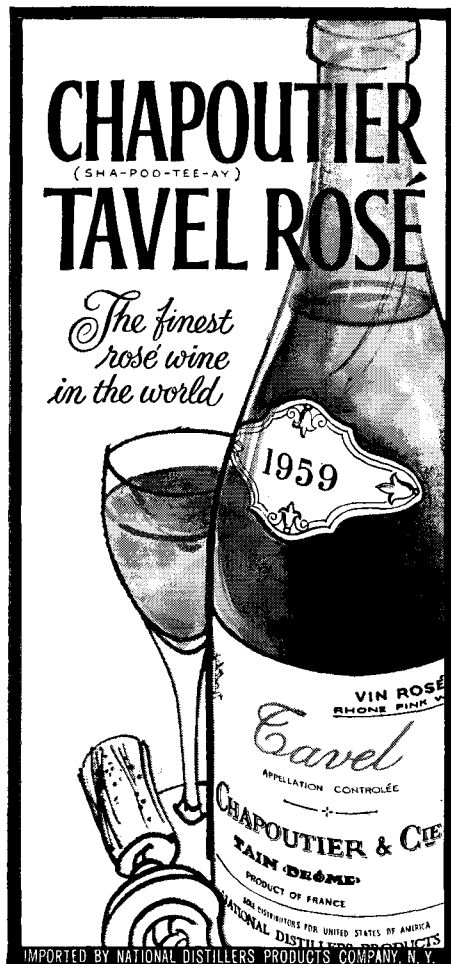
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The assistant's eyes lighted, and he hurried to the manager, who took the forms eagerly. "Yes, yes. Well, let's see if we do it," I heard him say, and he took down one of those ledgers with which I was so familiar. He pushed over pages excitedly, stopped, and made his comparison of the forms. "Yes, yes. We *do*," he told the assistant, who sped back to the counter, brought down a long pad, and began to work endless sums. After a time I asked what he was doing. "Determining the exchange, sir," he said. "But don't you know what it is?" I inquired. "Oh, yes, sir," he replied. "That is, we know what it is for twenty dollars." "Then why don't you just multiply by five?" I suggested. He looked up aghast. "There might be some pence difference," he said.

The bank was filled with the whirl of happy industry, as the assistant's pencil raced up and down the col-

umns and the manager, out of sight, was presumably working some other part of the transaction. It seemed to require the constant bustle of opening and closing drawers.

"If it's a great deal of trouble," I offered, "I have some traveler's checks. You could just cash those."

The manager heard this defeatist suggestion and came out of hiding. "Oh, no, sir," he said proudly, as he handed me a draft to sign. "We like this. Keeps us on our toes. This is *higher banking!*"

I got my money — "four pence ha'penny more than if the exchange for twenty dollars had been multiplied by five," the assistant beamed. It was miles later when I realized my friends had not questioned the signatures. Nor had they completed their higher banking: they had forgotten to affix the required stamp on the draft and have me inscribe my own illegible signature across it.

The Hidden Premium

BY G. S. PATCHET

G. S. PATCHET currently resides in London, Ontario. This is his first appearance in *Accent on Living*.

Some years ago, I began subscribing to the *Wall Street Journal* because I was intrigued by a subscription solicitation in the local paper headed, as I remember, "I was going broke on \$9,000 a year." I was going broke on less, but the advertisement went on to say that the *Journal* was invaluable to those making between \$7500 and \$25,000, and since I fell within this wide-ranging bracket, I sent them enough for a six months' trial subscription.

I read the paper assiduously every night but without financial improvement. I was enlightened on the balance-of-payments crisis, the gold crisis, the profit squeeze, and the wage-price spiral. I became an expert on federal deficits, the national debt, and creeping inflation, but I continued to go broke.

The future of the stock market seemed as clouded to the experts as it did to me, and it was in common stocks that I was determined to make my killing. Just when my

subscription was about to lapse, I read about "Dollar-Cost-Averaging," the magic formula used by the mutual funds. "Thoughtful forward-looking people in all walks of life are finding the magic formula to financial security by putting a few dollars aside each month and buying mutual funds. Professional managers, skilled in security analysis, take the burden of selecting stocks off your shoulders. . . . Why not write to us?" I didn't even bother to clip the coupon for more information. I telephoned that day and committed myself to forty dollars a month.

In those halcyon days before 1962, my fund boomed. Each month I received a statement showing the balance of my account, and each quarter a financial statement of the fund with graphs and charts showing how much smarter my managers were than the Dow-Jones averages. I was beginning to plan a down payment on a new car.

When the market turned in 1962, I paid little attention. I knew my professional managers were busy shouldering their burden. But when my fund and the Dow-Jones began to fall, blandly ignoring each "support level," I became alarmed. I had the Chevy overhauled.

When the market sank like a stone in May, my fund and my hopes touched bottom. And then, just

as I had given up all hope, professional management came to my rescue. Enclosed with the May statement of my contributions was a green slip which went as follows:

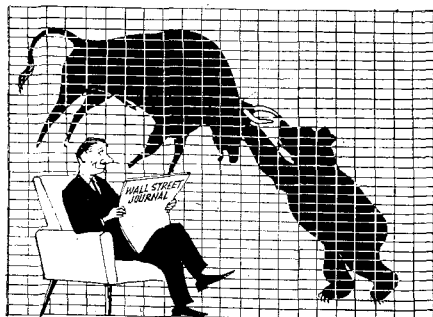
THE HIDDEN PREMIUM

You, like thousands of thoughtful forward-looking people, started your mutual fund in order to accumulate capital. You realized that by combining DOLLARS plus TIME plus COMPOUNDING you can acquire a great many mutual fund shares. And THIS is your goal — to own just as many shares as you possibly can.

But are you aware of the hidden premium?

From time to time, as your capital accumulation plan progresses, share prices will fall. AND FOR YOU, THIS IS GOOD! You acquire more shares for the same number of dollars. These extra shares will earn extra dividends — which will buy more shares — which will earn more dividends . . . and so on, as long as you continue with your plan. Conversely, as share prices rise, you buy fewer. This investment formula — buying by the “dollar’s worth” instead of by shares — is one of the oldest and soundest of stock-buying principles. It is followed by experts. Such experts call it “DOLLAR-COST-AVERAGING.” You, however, as you see the greater number of shares your dollars are buying, can rightly think of it as THE HIDDEN PREMIUM.

It all became so clear. I couldn’t wait to share the good news with my wife. Here we had been worrying our heads about the stock market,



reading the bid and ask quotations even before we read Ann Landers. Every time our fund went down, we thought we were getting poorer. Now we realized that the lower it went, the better off we were. No wonder thoughtful, forward-looking people were putting their savings into mutual funds.

I think it all goes to prove that the stock market is not for the amateur; there just is no substitute for the expert. I wish I could make this point clear to my wife, but, then, women are usually pretty muddle-headed when it comes to money.

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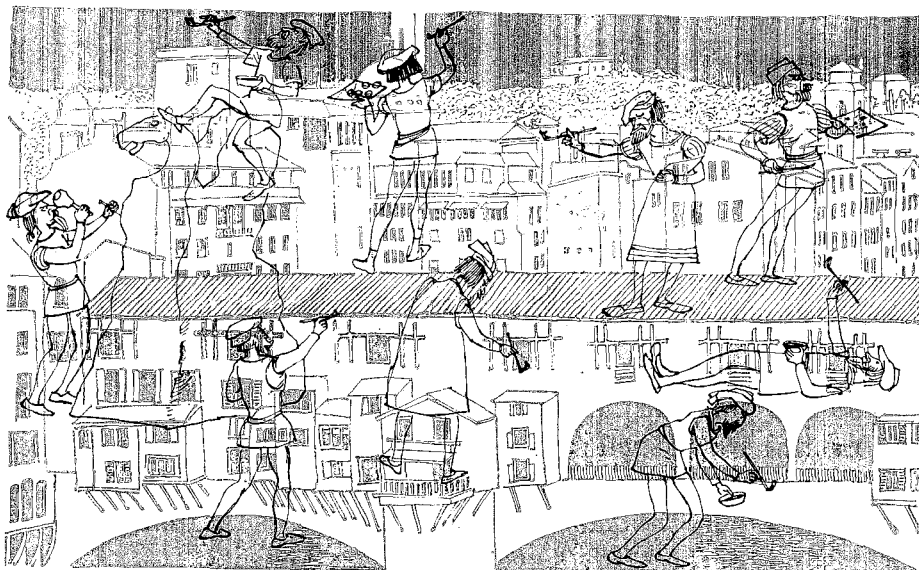


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pleasures and places



THE TROUBLE WITH FLORENCE

BY H. F. ELLIS

It is a considerable strain to be about to visit Florence. To revisit Florence must, I think, be purely pleasurable, for then one could sit about in cafés deciding which of its innumerable delights to savor again. A first look at the place has heavier responsibilities, for there must be borne in mind the possibility that it will also be the last look.

The English edition of the Michelin Guide to Italy lists under "Chief Things to See," "Other Important Things to See," and "Other Things to See" a total requirement of three piazzas, ten churches, five palaces, five museums, two cloisters, two monasteries, and one cathedral, loggia, bridge, garden, and academy each. All these, bearing in mind the readiness with which almost any one of these items subdivides into galleries, chapels, baptisteries **, campaniles, panoramas, frescoes ***, tombs *, and sharp instructions to "note the *Rape of a Sabine* by G. da Bologna (1583)," make a well-laden dish; and while I am laboring under the thought of so much aesthetic pleasure in store, Botticelli suddenly springs to mind.

Botticelli convicts me at once of my personal lack of fitness to visit Florence. I cannot stand his women.

The late Dr. Thomas Bodkin writes somewhere of "the power of Botticelli's lovely creatures to entice us into a mood of grace and ease and exquisite fancy." I must beg, ashamedly, to be excused from any such delicious reverie. His "graces" are not for me. Of the *Birth of Venus* I can only suppose that the artist had the foresight to realize that it would cut up well for jigsaw puzzles. In *Pallas and the Centaur*, the goddess ("all grace and placid power," remarks my authority) has precisely that lofty men-are-so-silly expression I used to dread in Paul Jones partners, though none of them carried so huge a halberd. How then am I to conduct myself in the Botticelli Room, when all around me are other tourists in a mood of grace and ease and exquisite fancy? I am hopeless at pretending to be dazed with ecstasy. Standing right in front of the *Hermes* of Praxiteles at Olympia a year or two ago, I tried the expedient of lowering my head, as though in a kind of trance; but I was bothered by a sliver of ham caught between two teeth and could not concentrate. The *Hermes* stands in its own arena of sand as a precaution against damage from earthquakes, which is more than has

been done for, say, Nelson's Column, and ought to aid appreciation. But it didn't.

An occasional failure to be ravished by some supreme masterpiece is no great embarrassment in Greece, where there are always plenty of less-trumpeted bits and pieces that one can meet on more relaxed terms and enjoy without compulsion: fragments of sixth-century pediments; river gods exhibiting their muscles in odd corners; vases innumerable, from which it is possible to choose, to say without prompting, "I like that one." In Florence, my preliminary reading leads me to conclude everything is a masterpiece. "Florence the Divine," says Michelin, "gathers every form of beauty between the hills of the Arno Valley. Idealised by a diaphanous amber light, it mingles art and life gracefully under the sign of the red Turk's-cap lily." I find that daunting enough, and the names that crop up as one reads further show that there is small chance of resting one's wings, even momentarily, on the second-rate. Everywhere the masters have been at work, and in every known medium. It is not as if you could take a quick overall glance at the outside of some building and then go straight in to get an impression of the height of the Dome***. In all probability Michelangelo has been busy out there, adding world-famous groups of statuary to Brunelleschi's deathless elevation. Donatello will have carved something immortal at the base of the Campanile**. The doorways are certain to be by Ghiberti, with suggestions from Luca della Robbia. Inside, it is a pure toss-up whether the friezes, frescoes, tombs, bas-reliefs, panels, semi-octagonal apses, paintings, medallions, cells, cloisters, pulpits, bronzes, piers, windows, and tapestries are by Raphael, Giotto, Leonardo da Vinci, Fra Angelico, Masaccio, Michelozzo, Michelangelo, Pisano, Jacopo della Quercia, or any conceivable combination of these geniuses. All are unsurpassed, and only a philistine could pass any of them by or fail to gaze up at the Mosaics*** (*Can be lighted by request: fifty lire for five minutes*).

The trouble with Florence is that the moment anybody put up a building, at any time during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, a swarm of top-flight artists rushed in with brush and chisel and got to

work. They could all do anything. If Michelangelo found that Raphael and da Vinci were already up ladders by the time he got there, he simply threw aside his cartoons and brushes, elbowed Andrea Pisano out of the baptistery, and began to chisel a Madonna. Giotto had probably drawn his last freehand circle by then, but Ghirlandaio and Filippino Lippi would be quarreling over a window nearby, while Donatello handed over a half-finished figure of Hope to della Robbia and went off to borrow some gold paint from Paolo Uccello. Ghiberti, of course, would be working on doors.

It did not matter a rap to Michelangelo that he was already ten years behindhand on the Pope's tomb; he just could not resist an undecorated building. Nor would the intensity and gaiety of the scene, the din of hammer on chisel, the slosh of wet plaster, the ceaseless rain of wood and marble chips be in the slightest degree lessened if any of the masters I have mentioned happened to be dead or not yet born. There were always plenty of others.

I don't feel fitted to do justice to their combined labors. And even if I take time off from the glories of the past and sit at a café to watch the world go by, my aesthetic sensibilities, so I see from a book called *The Land of Italy*, by Jasper More, will still be stretched to the utmost. "And if the Florentines of the present day," writes Mr. More, "are no longer the guides and philosophers of Italy, they nevertheless retain a distinction and individuality which immediately strike the visitor. . . . In physical form and beauty the Florentines excel." The prospect of watching these paragons, at the end of a day of unrelieved masterpieces, makes me thoughtful. The only hope, as far as I can see, is that one or two of my fellow tourists will happen by.

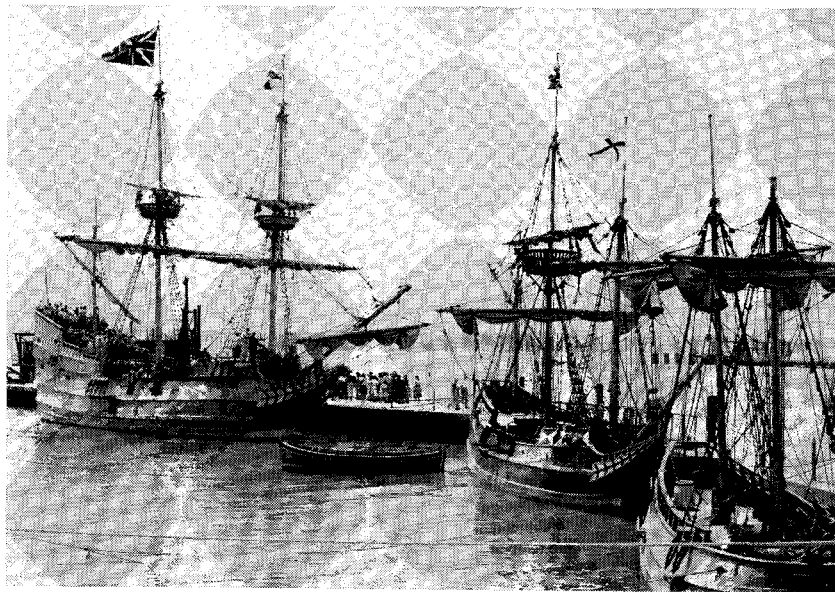


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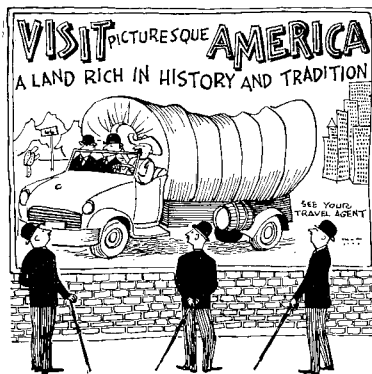
Here Be Broadway

BY R. G. G. PRICE

I am glad to read that the United States is going into the tourist business in a big way and opening shop windows in the leading European capitals. We in Britain have been suffering for years from the efforts of our governmental tourist organization to persuade Americans that Britain is still back in the Middle Ages. Around every bend in the road, according to these mead-drunk copywriters, stands a thatched cottage, with a yeoman in a smock sitting outside. Averting their eyes from factories, airfields, docks, and mines, they direct the visitors' attention to such examples of contemporary living as the Tower of London, six-hundred-year-old inns, and the uniforms of Her Majesty's Guards. Overseas visitors must get the impression that even British cars are handwoven. We should be only too glad to loan the States some of our picturesque official travel-writers to help this drive for increased tourist

traffic. Their copy would probably turn out something like this.

From the white-walled cots of New England across the buffalo-trampled plains of the Midwest to the golden beaches where once the conquista-



dors gazed out over the Pacific, the lineal descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers have planted their quaint, romantic settlements. On the Great Lakes, those vast expanses of fishing water fringed with solitude, the visi-

tor from Europe may find Chicago, with its 7000 acres of public parks, notable museums, and vivacious inhabitants. It received its charter the year Queen Victoria ascended the throne.

Nearby is Detroit, originally a French fur-trading post, taken by the British in 1760. Visitors can sense in its tranquil thoroughfares the days of redskin and redcoat, o King George's dragoons, and of trappers in coonskin caps. Then, what can be more romantic than a trip to Cleveland, another living reminder of America's gracious past? It was founded in 1796 by Moses Cleveland, whose spirit still walks abroad by the stilly lake.

In Washington, the seemly Southern town chosen as the capital of the new federation and still redolent of a leisurely way of living, you can stroll amid the magnolias and the mint juleps, conjuring up in your mind the oratory of the Fathers of the Constitution and imagining that at any moment Honest Abe will stroll around the corner of one of the frame houses with his wide-awake, string tie, and homely, rustic wit. The White House will remind you of its famous inhabitants, of the first three Presidents, of the days when politics was a pursuit for gentlemen of good family and extensive estates.

New York will attract many travelers who wish to see the thriving seaport where Sir Winston Churchill's grandfather flew his racing colours (or "colors," as local usage would call them). The city is noted for its art galleries and libraries. The typical New Yorker is given to humorous overstatement and democratic manners. New York was visited by Dickens and Thackeray. Lovers of the history of the theater will enjoy a stroll down Broadway, with its memories of such great tragedians as Booth. Not far away from the lively hubbub of this growing metropolis lies the peace of the Catskill Mountains, where Rip Van Winkle slept his famous sleep. New York was once New Amsterdam, and its burgher origin can be traced in the Dutch names of some of the families you may be meeting, like the Roosevelts, the Van Schuylers, and the Vanderbilts. Dutch is still spoken in scattered pockets.

If possible, time should be spared for a visit to Boston. The atmosphere of this fine old town is scholarly, meditative, and tasteful. Settlers



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from Ireland add a note of simple gaiety to the unhurried grace which distinguishes the inhabitants. At nearby Harvard the traveler can imagine himself in Oxford or Cambridge or, at any rate, back in 1780. The President of the United States is a Boston man, if of newer vintage than the Lowells and Cabots, who are the backbone of the population.

After the North and the East, what is more likely than that the voyager will want to see something of the great rivers that cut their way through the Center and South? Who would not thrill to sail down the rolling Mississippi on a paddle steamer, dicing with gamblers, lounging on the rail, attending burlesque shows and Shakespeare recitals in the fit-ups that dot the swampy margins of the majestic unhurried stream? It is easy as one passes the busy wharves of Minneapolis, St. Louis, and Memphis to imagine one is living in the days of Mark Twain.

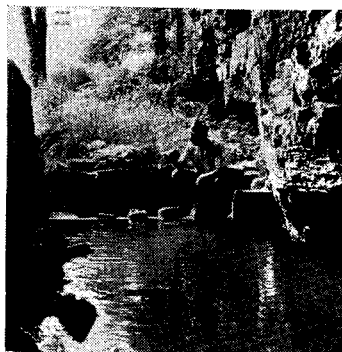
Where the great river flows out into the Gulf of Mexico, the people retain the Old World courtliness of their French ancestors. There are a wide variety of seafood and some gay carnivals. A little further on lies Texas, a spreading cattle country noted for its juicy steaks and for the picturesque attire of the inhabitants. Silver and oil have been found.

For the visitor with additional time to spend, what could be more enticing than to cross the rolling prairies and the rocky desert in a covered wagon, right across Indian territory, to the coastal state of California, the Eldorado of the wild orange groves, the mountain lions, the ghost towns.

Wherever the traveler may pursue the trail of history, he will be entranced by the character of the people. Whereas European polish can become inhuman and nerveless, the inhabitant of the New World always retains his unflagging, breezy humor. A stranger in town will often be hauled out of bed to join in a barbershop quartet with the local civic dignitaries. Food is plentiful and is prepared in accordance with long-tested recipes. Tobacco is more often chewed than smoked. Rough but kindly, plainspoken yet with a heart of gold, never for a moment forgetting the *Mayflower*, the citizen of the United States proffers open arms to the visitor from the old country.



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WAGNER IN STEREO

BY HERBERT KUPFERBERG

Commemorators of musical anniversaries, record companies included, might reasonably be expected to note that 1963 marks the 150th anniversary of the nineteenth century's two most celebrated operatic composers, Richard Wagner and Giuseppe Verdi. Wagner was born May 22, 1813, and died in 1883; Verdi, who was born October 10, 1813, lived until 1901. They never met each other. Wagner studiously ignored his Italian rival all his life; Verdi, a more generous soul, was aware of and interested in Wagner's music, and expressed genuine grief upon learning of his death. Wagner died undoubtedly confident that his music was, indeed, "the music of the future"; Verdi, although he merely remarked, "*Il tempo deciderà*," was too clearheaded and shrewd an artist to doubt that his own place was secure. However musical vogues have since oscillated, Verdi's operas and Wagner's have managed to coexist not only peacefully but almost equally. At the Metropolitan Opera House there have been 330 performances of *La Traviata* since 1883, 299 of *Tristan und Isolde*.

So far as the record industry is concerned, 1963 has been more a Wagner than a Verdi year. No one ignores Verdi, certainly, least of all

a record manufacturer with contractual rights to a Leontyne Price, a Joan Sutherland, or a Franco Corelli. But the paths that these artists tread are generally so well worn as to rob their expeditions of much sense of novelty or adventurousness. Verdians haven't really uncovered unexpected treasures since the early days of LP, when they were introduced to such items as *La Battaglia di Legnano*, *Ernani*, *Un Giorno di Regno*, *I Lombardi*, *Luisa Miller*, and *Nabucco* — all of which are available now only as imports and in outdated sound. But at least the basic Verdi repertory, from *Aida* to *Il Trovatore*, is established as firmly, and repetitively, as almost anything else in the catalogue.

The same cannot be said for Wagner. Nobody particularly expects recordings of *Die Feen* or *Rienzi*. But there exists no stereo *Meistersinger*, *Lohengrin*, or *Parsifal*; and it is only this year — the fifteenth of the LP era — that one can discern the shape of a complete, first-class *Der Ring des Nibelungen*, the four-opera cycle that represents the pinnacle of Wagnerism.

Two factors are undoubtedly responsible for what might be termed the Wagner lag. One is the sheer length of the Wagnerian sagas, with

their proverbial wonderful moments and interminable half hours. The other is the comparative lack of great Wagnerian voices today, particularly male voices.

The shortage of heldentenors was discussed by one of the most renowned of the breed, Lauritz Melchior, during a recent visit to New York. Melchior, at seventy-three, still enjoys singing, as he demonstrated with a brief appearance on the stage of Carnegie Hall at a benefit concert of the Liederkrantz Club, a New York singing group. He also enjoys talking about singing, as he demonstrated over a capacious *seidel* of beer.

"We have run out of heroic tenors," he said. "They are lacking in the proper foundation. All heldentenors must begin as baritones. The high notes from F to A need a solid basis in the lower part of the voice. A heroic tenor must be built on granite, like a skyscraper. If a skyscraper is built on sand, it sinks. So does a voice. I am trying to help establish a fund to give young singers scholarships so they can restudy their voices — to develop young baritones into heroic tenors."

Melchior was willing to name one or two of the new generation of Wagnerian tenors as having excellent prospects, but he expressed the view that they were putting their voices to uses which heralded a short life, but a merry one.

"For example," he said, "take —. He has a good voice, that boy. Beautiful. But he is overstraining, and it is bound to tell. Of the 515 Metropolitan performances I was scheduled to sing, I lost only three. I was singing even when I had gout in my knees so that I couldn't kneel. Today there are Wagnerian sopranos, but not Wagnerian tenors. And you need them both. It's *Tristan and Isolde*, not *Tristan or Isolde*."

But, taking the heldentenors where they find them, the record companies are going ahead with Wagnerian productions, notably the complete *Ring of the Nibelung*. The process started in 1959 with a complete recording by London of *Das Rheingold*, the prologue to the *Ring*. Its success, commercial no less than artistic, was considerable, but it was not until the end of 1962 that the need for a full-length, first-class *Die Walküre*, the second of the *Ring* operas, was satisfied.



The lyric majesty of Sony sound

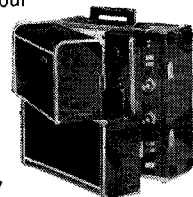


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This time RCA Victor was the producer, with Erich Leinsdorf conducting the London Symphony Orchestra and a cast headed by Birgit Nilsson as a secure and soaring Brünnhilde, Jon Vickers as a bright-sounding, youthful Siegmund, and George London as a dignified yet human Wotan (LDS-6706, stereo; LD-6706, monaural; five records).

By today's standards this is a group of well-nigh perfect Wagnerites. Leinsdorf paces the score and the singers coolly and deliberately, as if determined to let no detail escape, no climax misfire. Such passages as the "Ride of the Valkyries" become part of a unified orchestral landscape rather than isolated peaks of excitement. The sound is open, warm, and clear, and the libretto-brochure well illustrated and easy to follow. But reading it still has its comfortably old-fashioned moments, as when the commands of one of the Valkyries to her noble steed are translated: "Quiet there, Brownie! Don't break the peace!"

The latest addition to the *Ring* is a new London release of *Siegfried* (OSA-1508, stereo; A-4508, monaural; five records). *Siegfried* probably is the least performed of the *Ring* operas, and its representation on records has hitherto been pretty well limited to such orchestral excerpts as the "Forest Murmurs." But in giving it its first complete recording, London has obviated the need of another, for this is a sumptuous-sounding and generally well-sung performance which is powerfully conducted by Georg Solti.

To say that there is never a dull moment in this slowly unwinding epic of a hero's triumph over various natural and supernatural enemies would be something of an exaggeration. But the recording is surprisingly engrossing and compelling. Indeed, *Siegfried* on records often seems more convincing than *Siegfried* on the stage, if only because there is no stage director as powerful and resourceful as the human mind. Wagner's dragons, invisible helmets, steam curtains, and magic fire seldom seem satisfactory on the stage, but they exist in his music. And it's a simple matter to conjure them up quite vividly while listening to this recording.

London, to be sure, provides quite a few aids to the imagination through the adroit use of sound and stereo. Wagner called for Fafnir the

Dragon to sing through a speaking tube, and whatever kind of contraption the engineers have devised for the recording, the beast sounds suitably hollow and sepulchral. Moreover, its every word is clear and understandable, a claim that very few nonrecorded dragons can make.

As if to confirm Melchior's gloomy views about the current state of Wagnerian vocalism, it is the tenor, Wolfgang Windgassen, who is the weak spot of this *Siegfried*. Windgassen is a thoroughly experienced and routinized heldentenor who knows what is expected of a Siegfried and does his best to deliver. But there is little vibrance in his voice, and his general approach lacks ardor.

The rest of the cast includes Birgit Nilsson, whose absence from any major Wagnerian recording today would be almost unthinkable; Hans Hotter, a somewhat worn but still imposing Wanderer; Gerhard Stolze, a Mime who is a vocal epitome of craft and cunning; and Joan Sutherland, a fluty Forest Bird. Engaging Miss Sutherland for this relatively minor part can only be described as a touch of bravado. But she sings her two brief passages beautifully, and is not the least of this massive album's adornments.

With the arrival of *Siegfried* the entire *Ring* is available in stereo except for *Die Götterdämmerung*, which exists in complete form only in a London recording taken from a series of broadcasts over the Norwegian State Radio in 1956. Although the Brünnhilde was none other than Kirsten Flagstad, the recording is indifferent in sound and uneven in performance. So before the Wagner gap can be considered closed, there remains the not so little matter of a complete stereo *Götterdämmerung*.

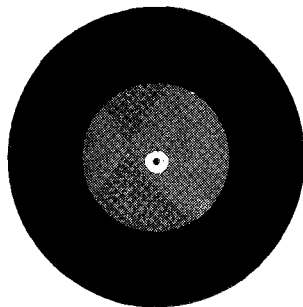
Side by side with the new Wagnerian recordings, the old ones have been reappearing. When a singer like Melchior relives the musical past, he can offer more than memories in substantiation. Recent LP reissues of once-famous 78-rpm records present Melchior in the *Tristan und Isolde* love duet and the *Lohengrin* bridal chamber scene with Kirsten Flagstad (RCA Victor LM-2618); in operatic scenes and arias with Frida Leider (Angel COLH-132); and in the superb 1935 recording of Act I of *Die Walküre* with Lotte Lehmann, Emanuel List, and Bruno Walter conducting the Vienna Philharmonic (Angel COLH-133).

In all of these one can hear Melchior in his prime, with the beauty of voice and intensity of expression that always were his hallmarks. Melchior seemed to approach Wagner as an enjoyment rather than as a task, and his general enthusiasm shines through these recordings, whether his partner is Flagstad or Leider (he preferred the latter, he says, for her greater "warmth").

Two releases have come out as tributes to Flagstad, who died last December in Oslo at the age of sixty-seven. The Orfeo-Sonic Corporation, with headquarters in Carnegie Hall, New York, has issued a three-record album containing the farewell concert sung on the Carnegie stage by Flagstad March 20, 1955, with Edwin MacArthur conducting the Symphony of the Air. The program included passages from *Die Walküre* and *Götterdämmerung*, the "Liebestod" from *Tristan*, and the *Wesendonck* songs. Considering that this was a stage performance, the sound is more than acceptable. From London comes a Flagstad "In Memoriam" record (OS-25778, stereo; 5778, monaural) consisting of "War es so schmählich" from Act III of *Die Walküre* and several shorter selections—a rather scrappy and inadequate representation of a great singer.

As if to demonstrate that the old-fashioned way of performing Wagner through strictly orchestral excerpts has not altogether perished, three new records are devoted to overtures, preludes, and the like, played by Hans Knappertsbusch and the Munich Philharmonic (Westminster WST-17032, stereo; XWN-19032, monaural); by Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra (Columbia MS-6442, stereo; ML-5842, monaural); and Antal Dorati and the London Symphony (Mercury SR-90287, stereo; MG-50287, monaural).

Of these, Knappertsbusch's record is marred by tempos so lethargic as to be downright discouraging to the listener; and Ormandy's features the lushly romantic sound for which the Philadelphia Orchestra is famous. Perhaps the single most exciting performance on the three records is Dorati's *Meistersinger* overture, a warm, rich, thoroughly lyrical flood of sound. Whatever their virtues, these voiceless Wagner recordings do less than full justice to Germany's greatest operatic genius. But they do solve the heldentenor problem.



Record Reviews

BY HERBERT KUPFERBERG

Chopin: The Complete Mazurkas

Alexander Brailowsky, pianist; Columbia M3S (stereo) and M3L-285: three records

If Alexander Brailowsky's way with Chopin holds no surprises at this late date, neither does it offer any disappointments. Fluidity, sureness, sensibility, and the proper touch of poetry have marked his performance of this music for more years than he probably cares to count. Brailowsky is currently engaged in a project of recording the complete piano music of Chopin for Columbia, and this album is an important milestone along the way. The mazurkas occupy five sides of the album, the sixth being given over to the Polonaises in G-sharp Minor, F Minor, and D Minor and the Chopin-Liszt "My Joys" and "The Maiden's Wish."

Mozart: Così Fan Tutte

Karl Böhm conducting Philharmonia Orchestra and Chorus with Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, soprano; Christa Ludwig, mezzo-soprano; Hanny Steffek, soprano; Alfredo Kraus, tenor; Giuseppe Taddei, baritone; and Walter Berry, bass; Angel S-3631 (stereo) and 3631: four records

Così Fan Tutte, a Mozart opera which the nineteenth century virtually ignored, has become a prime favorite in the twentieth. This is its fifth complete recording, and all are of substantial merit. The extras provided by the new Angel album are unusually rich and warm sound; a beautifully blended portrayal of the two romantically confused sisters, Fiordiligi and Dorabella, by Elisabeth Schwarzkopf and Christa Ludwig; and the inclusion of two arias (for tenor and for mezzo-soprano) that are omitted from all other recordings. However, for all its love-

liness of texture and sympathy of style the recording suffers occasionally from an overemphasis on sound "realism." When Ferrando and Guglielmo, the two swains, serenade their ladyloves from a barge, the engineers have gone to such pains to achieve the effect of distance that one must strain to hear the music — or turn up the volume. Opinions differ as to the value of such "action" effects in operatic recording; this listener increasingly finds them dramatically insignificant and musically annoying.

Prokofiev: Piano Sonatas No. 2 in D Minor, Opus 14, and No. 3 in A Minor, Opus 28

Rachmaninoff: Three Preludes; Barcarolle; Étude Tableau; Élégie; Polichinelle

Gary Graffman, pianist; Columbia MS-6444 (stereo) and ML-5844

Gary Graffman is a young pianist who cannot be typed as a specialist in any one school or style of music. Almost everything he plays is stamped with authority, if not originality. Here he is nothing less than brilliant, responding with technical sureness and musical insight to Prokofiev's vigorous sonatas and Rachmaninoff's moody melodies. Among its other attributes, this record helps demonstrate why Prokofiev's stature as a composer has grown steadily higher with every passing year since his death in 1953.

Johann Strauss: Waltzes

Wolfgang Sawallisch conducting Vienna Symphony Orchestra; Philips PHS 900-018 (stereo) and PHM 500-018

Good recordings of Strauss waltzes are no novelty, but this one is a beauty — rich and bouncy in sound and with a compulsive yet graceful rhythm and lyricism. Sawallisch obviously is a conductor with his heart in his work — and in this particular repertory. Rather than mixing in lesser-known waltzes among the famous ones, this recording concentrates on the tried-and-true favorites — "On the Beautiful Blue Danube," "Roses From the South," "Wine, Women and Song," "Emperor," "Artist's Life," and "Voices of Spring."

Giuseppe di Stefano Sings Neapolitan Songs

Giuseppe di Stefano, tenor, with orchestra conducted by G. M. Guarino; Angel S-36102 (stereo) and 36102

Giuseppe di Stefano is as golden-voiced a tenor as exists in all Italy, so it is surprising as well as regrettable that he makes so few records nowadays. His characteristic lyricism, warmth, and musicianship are amply displayed in this collection of Neapolitan songs. Some of the selections are of minor interest, but among them are Tosti's "Marechiaro" and Denza's "Funiculi, Funicula," which, according to the jacket notes, was written in celebration of the running of the funicular railway up Mount Vesuvius. Or was this reviewer the only person in the world hitherto unaware of that fascinating fact?

Ives: Washington's Birthday; Halloween; The Pond; Central Park in the Dark

Flanagan: The Lady of Tearful Regret

William Strickland conducting Imperial Philharmonic of Tokyo and members of Oslo Philharmonic Orchestra, with Eva Törklep Larson, soprano, and Yngvar Krogh, baritone; Composers Recordings, Inc., CRI-163 (monaural)

One more extraordinary work by Charles Ives, the composer-insurance executive who died in 1954 at the age of eighty, is added to the catalogue with "Washington's Birthday," an orchestral evocation of a New England winter's day. A bleak and astringent opening gives way to a village barn dance in which a jew's-harp adds its twang to the gay and cheerful sounds. A haunting snatch of "Good Night, Ladies," woven into the symphonic fabric, ends the piece and demonstrates that American popular tunes can be as effective as those of any other land when treated by a master composer. "Washington's Birthday" is a movement from a four-movement work called "A Symphony: Holidays," which ought to be recorded in full. The three other brief Ives pieces on this record are more impressive for their refinement of technique than for their emotional or dramatic impact. William Flanagan's "The Lady of Tearful Regret" is a setting of a poem by Edward Albee, the playwright. It creates a distinctive mood and atmosphere which the composer himself describes as "spooky." Its exoticism reminded at least one listener of Stravinsky's "Nightingale." The performances of these American works by Japanese and Norwegian instrumentalists and singers are excellent.



Karsh

The Peripatetic Reviewer BY EDWARD WEEKS

WE OF my generation were the last to see the veterans of the Civil War at their encampments — I remember well the one that was held on the Boston Common — and in the parades on Memorial Day. Even in my youth there were only a limited number who marched in the honored spot behind the leading band; most of them took our applause and waved to us from the back seats of the open cars. My grandfather, who had been Colonel of the Third New Jersey Cavalry, would take no part in such affairs, for he felt that they reopened wounds which were better forgotten. But he always made old messmates welcome, and at many a Sunday supper his daughters, who took care of him, would whip up something special in the chafing dish for an unexpected caller. The whiskey, which in my part of the country was rye, would soon loosen the tongues and even make the Colonel forget the caution to go slow with the helpings. On one memorable evening the roast capon had already been carved for the girls and their beaus just before two visitors arrived; the bird was whisked out to the kitchen, where the breast and drumsticks were pinned back into place to make a better show. But when he gave one real saber stroke with the carver the whole thing fell apart, the pins glistening in the candle-light.

The Colonel didn't need to read about the Civil War. He had been there, been on McClellan's staff, had ridden with Burnside, had six horses shot under him, and had been rolled on by one of them with such pain that the surgeon kept him walking, walking all night on the deck of the hospital ship which brought him home. He and his aide had been captured by Moseley's Guerrillas and rescued, before they were strung up, by an Indiana regiment to whose colonel he wrote at New Year's. Into those four and a half years Grandfather crammed more living and daring and companionship than he was ever to find in life afterward, and he wanted no critic to tell him

what had happened and why. When his youngest daughter sent him two of Mary Johnston's novels, *The Long Roll* and *Cease Firing*, for Christmas, he thanked her by saying, "They are nicely written, but when I read about a fight I want to read about it from the battle's point of view."

To us who come after, the Civil War is at once the most tragic and inevitable chapter in American history. I wonder that it was averted for so long and that, once begun, the Southerners, who had a talent for war-making but mighty little for internal administration, could have held out so tenaciously. It is the gift of BRUCE CATTON, our foremost living historian of the Civil War, that he can make clear to us today realities which were by no means so clearly comprehended at the time, either by the politicians in Washington or Richmond or by the generals at the front. **TERRIBLE SWIFT SWORD** (Doubleday, \$7.50), the second volume of *The Centennial History of the Civil War*, begins on the Monday after Bull Run and ends with the Emancipation Proclamation, announced after the victory of Antietam in the early autumn of 1862. Mr. Catton is a fine assimilator and a shrewd scrutinizer, a fair judge of men and motives, and a swift idiomatic narrator. He does not use hindsight to make fools of the dead, but when a general like McClellan alters his testimony later in self-defense, Mr. Catton is swift to note. This book is alive with character and with the shared experience of humble men.

One of the first points Mr. Catton makes is the earnest effort with which Lincoln strove to keep this "a limited war." The President believed that if he could persuade the border states to accept compensated emancipation, he could with military pressure and naval blockade induce the Deep South to cease its insurrection. The same philosophy permeated the high command, especially General McClellan and his staff, who as time dragged on without victory seemed more and more ready to accept a peace which would not

The Peripatetic Advertiser

Even before the last summer hammock has sighed to a full stop, the big-season book battle is joined. Everywhere at once there is competition for counter space, for critics' time, for browsers' pause.



How to get all three? It's automatic for the well-established writer, bulwarked by one success after another, it's an exhilarating challenge to the second- or third-book writer who has started for anywhere, it's a sharp struggle against time for the first-comer, for as the *Saturday Review* once cogently observed, books are fresh vegetables and a new batch will be delivered tomorrow.

Arriving in late summer, then, are two from the established — **Powers of Attorney** by Louis Auchincloss, a book again centered in the legal circles of Manhattan, in a fictional world that is a little truer, because more observable, than life itself. (\$4.50) A long list of strong novels preceded this; most recently on the best-seller lists were *The House of Five Talents* and *Portrait in Brownstone*. This is a natural for Auchincloss fans and a grand introduction to a prolific novelist for the new aficionado.

The second involves another sort of recognition — an old book newly appropriate. John Howard Griffin's reputation rested on his novels *The Devil Rides Outside* and *Nuni*, a Book-of-the-Month Club selection, until at the request of *Sepia* he undertook one of the strangest and most significant assignments of our day. **Black Like Me** is the intensely personal chronicle of a white man's journey through the South as a Negro. It has had many honors in the year and a half since its publication. "A moving and troubling book written by an accomplished novelist . . . a scathing indictment of our society. I recommend it to those who would understand why this republic is in disfavor with the nonwhite peoples of the world." *Saturday Review* (\$3.50)



And there are two who are moving on to a second from the rare event — a successful first novel. **The Marquis** by Joan Sanders, author of *La Petite*: advance reading copies to that professionally tough-minded group, the booksellers themselves, brought some glowing reactions. Among the 'couldn't put it down's' was one pleasantly forthright "Uncommonly good — the most enjoyable historical novel to come my way in a long time," and the academic reaction was equally heartening — from Harvard, inclusion in future reading lists on Seventeenth Century France, and from the French Center of New England, "The Court of Louis XIV comes to life under the skillful treatment of Joan Sanders — It's a marvelous picture of the times built around three figures — a King — a Marquis — and the woman they both love." (\$4.95)



Gloria Jahoda's *Annie* had a warm reception from the critics and a sale that more than trebled that of the average first novel. That gives her second, **Delilah's Mountain**, also a historical novel of the Bickley family, that cherished headstart for attention. (\$4.95)

And three by writers new to book publishing in America, all with the initial advantage of advance reports from professionals. **Pacific War Diary, 1942 - 1945**, by James Fahey, might better perhaps have been called "A Bluejacket's Diary," for it is just that — the day to day personal record of war at sea as it was experienced by a young seaman who had a natural gift for putting down simply what was happening to him and to those within his sight. "One of the most astonishing memoirs of the year. And I imagine that historians and other creative writers will quarry Mr. Fahey's pages with proper appreciation of its high-tonnage veracity." Charles Poore, *The New York Times*. "It has lessons to the young officers and men in today's Navy, and it should be a source of great pride to the old veterans of U.S.S. Montpelier . . . I whole-heartedly recommend Fahey's book to all male high school graduates who are just leaving school and to their parents." Fleet Admiral Chester W. Nimitz (\$6.50)

A first novel that draws praise from long-established writers is the leisurely, warm, utterly convincing story of a family-century in the South, **Tears are for the Living**, by Margaret Bannister. "For sheer readability and sweep it recalls *Gone with the Wind*," Margaret Coit. ". . . the completely real characters, the authenticity of the milieu, together shed much light on that sometimes paradoxical, but always fascinating phenomenon, 'the Old Southern Family.'" Nancy Hale (\$5.75)



And as the last case in point, controversy in the British press has built up momentum for attention here to **The Appeasers**, by Martin Gilbert and Richard Gott. The *Library Journal* is typical of the prepublication professional reaction here: "A devastating case against those men who effectively encouraged German aggression, supported Hitler's aims and sought a Nazi alliance. The charges are specific; the evidence is overwhelming. The accused can offer no factual defense, and no appeal to charity should pardon their infamy. It must also be remembered that the appeasers did not 'speak for England'; happily Gilbert and Gott do give full credit to those who saw the truth, dared express it, and were rejected for their honesty. An important book for any library and every student of the modern world." (\$6.50)



Houghton Mifflin Company, Publishers

abolish slavery. This theory was, of course, anathema to the Abolitionists and was finally dissipated by the Confederate victories of 1862.

Mr. Catton, who gives full credit to the brilliant leadership of Jackson and Lee and to the fighting qualities of their ragged, resourceful armies, is equally telling in his analysis of why the Confederate war effort failed. He stresses the "profound industrial weakness" of the South which could never be surmounted once the federal pressure began to squeeze. He shows the lamentable lack of forethought in the handling of the provisions, the plunder of Nashville by its own citizens, the bonfires at Thorougfare Gap when General Joe Johnston retreated and when more than a thousand tons of bacon were left behind to fry; he shows how the doctrine of states' rights prompted the Southern governors to withhold troops from the central command; and he points up the idiocy of Secretary of War Benjamin in allowing re-enlistments to shift to other detachments and to elect their own officers, bypassing the martinets.

Some of the liveliest writing is to be found in the portraiture, especially at those turning points when the hard decisions had to be made: flag officer David Farragut's breaking into the inner harbor of New Orleans; McClellan's capacity for self-delusion and his slowness to act even when he had a captured copy of Lee's battle plan before him ("No Civil War general was ever given so fair a chance to destroy the opposing army one piece at a time"); President Lincoln as at last he foresaw that when the federal power applies its pressure on all fronts something is bound to collapse; General Grant, who "was doing no more than follow a soldier's instinct to get at the enemy and hit him"; Lee's fateful inexplicable decision to stand and fight at Sharpsburg.

In the long summer of 1862 as he waited patiently for a Union victory, the President, says Mr. Catton, carried on a brooding soliloquy: the Emancipation had been written but not released, and now with a forethought that was characteristic he kept reviewing this fundamental idea. What practical effect would a proclamation have? What about the slaves themselves? "Suppose they could be induced by a proclamation of freedom from me to throw themselves upon us, *what should we do with them?*" That question we are still trying to answer a century later.

THAT GIRL IN AFGHANISTAN

Ever since his first book, *Tales of the South Pacific*, JAMES A. MICHENER has been drawn to Asia. He is an American author who prefers to write about the foreign rather than the familiar, and in subsequent volumes he has proved himself a trust-

worthy authority on Japan, Hawaii, and Korea. His new novel, *CARAVANS* (Random House, \$5.95), is a romantic tale of Afghanistan as it was in 1946, when Russia and the United States were first beginning to compete with each other for the affection of this border land, and when the direction of its superstitious, hard-fighting natives, some twelve million of them, was in the hands not of the foreign-educated civil servants but of the obstinate priests, the mad mullahs of history.

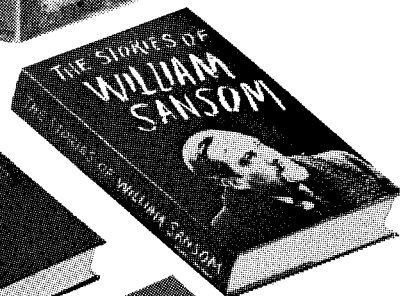
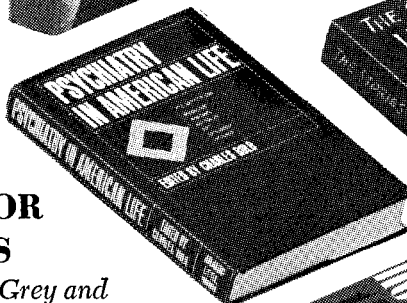
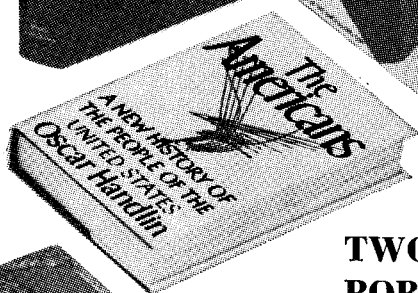
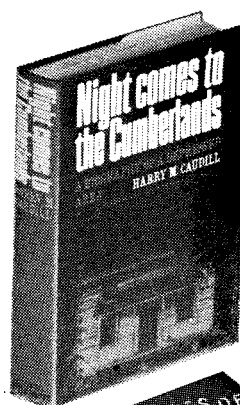
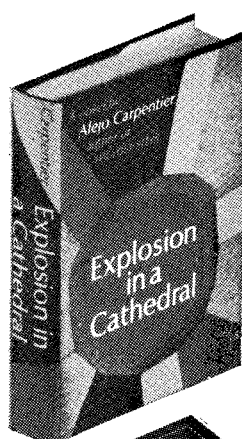
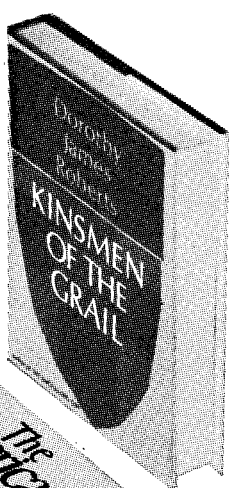
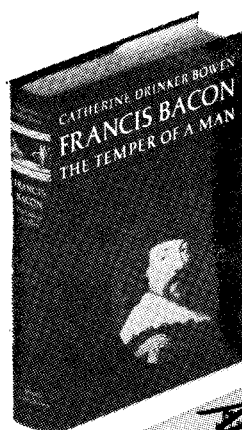
The story comes to us through the eyes of Mark Miller, a graduate of Groton and Yale who has found a place in the State Department after a notable record in the navy. Mark has the sensitivity of his Jewish background and an altogether disarming candor. He also has an eloquent command of Pashto and enough French and German to handle the foreigners in his path. What pries Mark loose from our embassy in Kabul is the demand from a senator in Washington that "that Jasper girl" be found. Ellen Jasper is the daughter of a prosperous insurance man in Dorset, Pennsylvania. She rebelled against her family while still in high school, and she ran away from Bryn Mawr to marry an intelligent graduate student from Afghanistan as a protest against the American way of life. Mr. Michener wishes us to accept Ellen as the personification of Young Revolt, and this I can do only with a large pinch of salt. Whether as a woman or a symbol, she seems to me incredible. At all events, she has been missing for thirteen months, and Mark has to find her.

The search for Ellen leads Mark back into the Middle Ages along the old caravan routes, across deserts, past the battlements of ancient cities half as old as time, and to campsites where he is made witness to executions of the most primitive law, to feuds and stabbings which somehow never touch his hide. He finds Ellen, and he also finds Mira, daughter of the leader of the caravan, and with her he tents under the stars.

Throughout the long pursuit Mark is now helped and now traduced by the native rulers: Shah Khan, the ruler of the country; Moheb Khan, his son; Nur Muhammad, his guide from the embassy who keeps explaining to him the nature of this brigand society; Zulfiqar, the owner of many camels who has every intention of cornering the market. What they tell young Miller about Afghanistan is to me infinitely more rewarding than the hue and cry about Ellen. This is a travel novel in which the incidental information is much more fascinating than the sex.

"THINK CAREFULLY, CAPTAIN!"

In 1924, LAURENCE STALLINGS collaborated with Maxwell Anderson in writing *What Price Glory?*,



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*FRANCIS BACON

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"With her admirable experience as a biographer, her conscientious care as a historian to document her study, and with her skill at precise delineation, briefly and to the point, she has seen further into this difficult and rewarding man than anyone else has." — A. L. ROWSE, *N. Y. Times Book Review*. Illustrated. \$6.00

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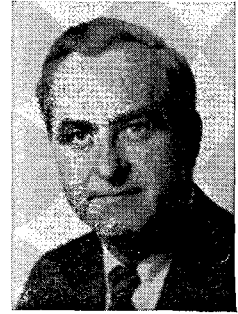
*Atlantic Monthly Press Books



a highly successful play about the Americans in World War I. Before he joined the marines Stallings had been a journalist and scriptwriter. In the marines he became a combat officer with the Second Division and lost a foot at Belleau Wood. His big hobbling figure was a familiar sight in the Broadway of the early twenties, and the punch line of his famous play, "Hey, Flagg, wait for baby," was quoted by us all.

THE DOUGHBOYS (Harper & Row, \$7.95) is Mr. Stallings' large-scale endeavor to join his vivid personal memories with a more objective, general history of the A.E.F. in 1917-1918. It is an ambitious effort and an uneven one. When Mr. Stallings writes of the individual soldier and of intense but limited action, he can be clear, lively, and skillful as he recalls the horrors and the comedy, the confusion and improvisation, the cocky, wise-cracking, insubordinate gallantry of an army that was half-trained, dependent on foreign weapons, and only a jump from the offhand stoicism of the frontier. Mr. Stallings' bibliography ranges from Floyd Gibbons to Barbara Tuchman to army records. Somewhere in his plowing through personal reminiscence or divisional histories or his own memories, Mr. Stallings has recovered the words of a wounded doughboy offered water beside a French gully flatteringly called a river: "Give it to the Ourcq River; it needs it more than I do." The Rainbow Division, hastily amalgamating National Guard units whose forebears had murdered each other in the Civil War, turned up an Alabama gunner who told an inquiring liaison man, "Yank, this battery ain't never had no goddamn top sergeant and ain't never going to stand for none." But Sergeant Lauer of the First Division told the survivors of a now-officerless company, "I have been ordered to reach our objective. I am going to advance until every man falls, and then go get it myself." The objective was reached. And the Thirty-second Division, christened "the Terribles" by a French commander, deserved the name but "boasted only one distinction. 'We are,' they said, 'the only division which did not claim to win the war.'"

When he deals with this kind of material, or with such a circumscribed and essentially American enterprise as Pershing's furious and astoundingly effective campaign against venereal disease, Mr. Stallings is successful. But when, with maps and a massing of detail, he attempts to explain what is happening along the whole Western front, he and the reader disappear into pea-soup fog. I think his first prompting was personal — to write a memorial to the men he served with in 1918. I wish he had stopped at that and had not attempted to do justice to the big panorama.



Reader's Choice

BY WILLIAM BARRETT

In her earlier fiction **MARY MCCARTHY** carried on a running battle with her characters. If they ever threatened to break free and lead a fictional life of their own, she stuck pins in them and coldly watched them squirm. She wrote with fabulous cleverness, to be sure; but it was not always clear whether she was writing as a novelist creating a genuine work of the imagination or as a superior purveyor of gossip. Her literary fame really rested on her brilliance as an essayist. She advanced bold and paradoxical ideas; and her intellectual range — she could write about art, history, the theater, or ideas with equal verve — dazzled her readers. Beyond all this, the image of Miss McCarthy as "the compleat woman" invested her literary personality with the glamour of a film star.

THE GROUP (Harcourt, Brace & World, \$5.95) gives us a new Mary McCarthy. Age cannot wither her infinite variety, but at least it has mellowed her; and she writes here with an understanding and compassion that were absent from her earlier work. Moreover, she sticks much more faithfully to the novelist's job; the experiences of eight Vassar girls of the class of 1933 are told through their own actions and dialogue, more or less as they themselves lived them. The author does not project herself in front of her characters, nor does she step away from them to dissect them in thinly disguised essays.

The novel opens with a wedding and closes with a funeral. The two scenes, particularly the first, are beautifully composed tableaux, magnificent photographs of an occasion with all the details meticulously assembled, including those that give the picture its haunting period quality. Between these two scenes, in which all of the group are assembled, the tangled skeins of eight different lives unwind and interweave. Yet the eight different stories have the unity of a novel, for they turn around the pivotal figure of the group, Kay Strong. She is the first to announce her engagement, just before graduation; it is her wedding that is being celebrated at the start, and her funeral at the close. Kay is the bellwether of

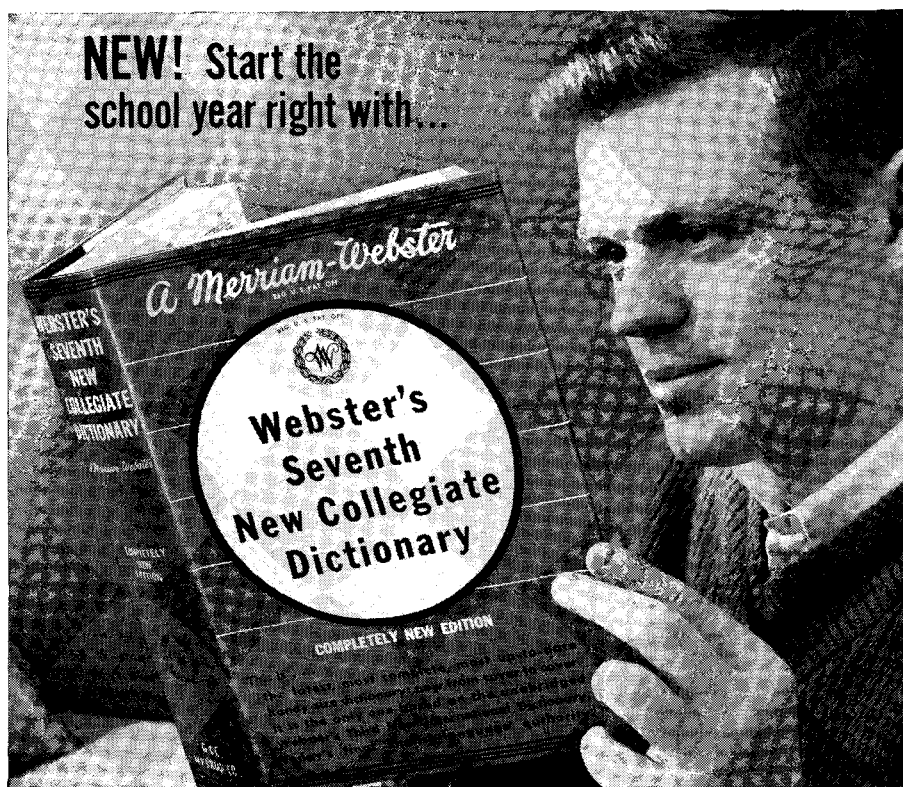
the group in their struggle for emancipation. Though the girls are all solidly middle-class, and six of them from the Social Register, they insist on meeting life free from parental protection or guidance. Kay's death at the end — whether by accident or suicide — is a symbol of a kind. It is now 1940, the time of the Battle of Britain, and she falls from the window of her room in the Vassar Club while doing some volunteer airplane spotting. "In a sense," somebody remarks at her funeral, "Kay is the first war casualty." This is Miss McCarthy's neat way of ringing out the old years of the New Deal and ushering in the new period of the war.

In the seven years after graduation the girls have had their varied adventures with careers, love, marriage, and divorce. Now they are just beginning to show the lines of early middle age and to settle into their separate molds, some predictable and others quite unexpected. What will happen to them during the war and in the decade to come? It would seem Miss McCarthy has here the beginning of a series; she could take the group through the forties, the fifties, and on into the New Frontier. This suggestion, which may sound frivolous, is, in fact, praise of the author's achievement in giving her characters a life that continues beyond the covers of the book. One never felt that way about Miss McCarthy's characters in the past — they had been pinned down, dead.

EYES TOWARD THE WEST

YEVGENY YEVTUSHENKO, Russia's best poet since the death of Pasternak, recently got himself into hot water in his own country with *A PRECOCIOUS AUTOBIOGRAPHY* (Dutton, \$4.00). From its outspoken bluntness, well preserved in the English version by translator Andrew R. McAndrew, it is easy to see why the Communist authorities were disturbed. Besides being a candid self-portrait of a remarkably vital and rebellious personality, this little book is also one of the best revelations yet published of the inner turmoil and ferment that have been going on inside the Soviet Union, particularly among young people, since Stalin's death in 1953.

It is nothing new for Yevtushenko to be in trouble. Earlier he was



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A Century of Fictional Fools

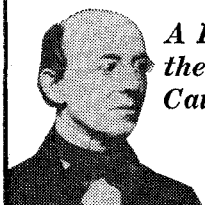
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AGAINST WIND AND TIDE

By **Walter M. Merrill**. Here is a full-scale biography of Wm. Lloyd Garrison, leader of the anti-slavery movement and one of the 19th Century's most colorful characters. Using public and private sources, Mr. Merrill offers a fascinating picture of both the man and his cause. \$8.75

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expelled from the Young Communists' League and the Writers' Union for unorthodox opinions and behavior. Official critics have labeled him "ideological leader of the juvenile delinquents" and "bard of the gutter," because he sought to write poetry true to his own experience rather than to the Party line. Though his poems also express a fervent and idealistic faith in Communism, the "dogmatists" — functionaries who became entrenched in the hierarchy under Stalin and want to protect their bureaucratic positions — will not let him alone. Besides the political issue, there is involved here a conflict between generations. Yevtushenko is the spokesman for Russian youth who came to maturity after World War II and expected that the victory over Germany would produce much more liberalization than it has.

Yevtushenko's boyhood was rather wild. Knowing he wanted to be a poet almost from the time he could first read and write, he was bored with formal academic studies and flunked out of school. He has educated himself by wide and voracious reading, which included a surprising number of Western authors not particularly beloved by the Party censors. Here too he seems typical of his generation, who have their eyes eagerly turned toward the West, despite the slogans of Western decadence preached at them by their elders. With some of the young people, this interest may consist merely in a liking for jazz, pipestem trousers, and duckbill haircuts; but there are those who have a genuine and serious curiosity about Western literature and art.

Yet unrest seems to have brought no disaffection with the Communist regime as a political system. The Russian people, Yevtushenko makes clear, are proud of their Revolution and still believe in its ideals. During the worst years of the purges Stalin remained a benevolent father image whom the people could not believe to be personally responsible for those injustices. Even now, Yevtushenko finds himself speaking of Stalin with mixed emotions, more often lamenting the dictator's mistakes than attacking his crimes.

panorama of life under the Nazis, GÜNTER GRASS has turned to a smaller and quieter genre in *CAT AND MOUSE* (Harcourt, Brace & World, \$3.95), a novella told in a minor key, and little more than an evocative reminiscence of a single character. Mr. Grass, however, has not changed his preference for a hero with a marked physical peculiarity as a visible and outward sign of the lonely fate of the individual who differs in any way from the crowd. In the earlier novel the narrator-protagonist was only thirty-one inches high; the present hero, a fourteen-year-old boy named Joachim Mahlke, has a huge Adam's apple, large as a mouse, with which society plays like a cruel cat.

Mahlke's life becomes a desperate and heroic act of compensation for his deformity. He drives himself to excel at sports and swimming. An adventurous diver, he salvages old parts and junk from a sunken minesweeper in Danzig Harbor. In the last years of the war, he is called up for duty; on the Russian front he wins his country's highest award for heroism, the Iron Cross, which he proceeds to wear high on his neck in order to hide his unsightly excrescence. Here, Mr. Grass is saying in effect, is one more bit of hardware just as useless as the old junk salvaged by Mahlke as a boy. On leave, Mahlke goes AWOL, takes his last dive in the harbor, and disappears without a trace. So, too, did the individualist disappear soundlessly under the collective flood of the Nazis.

In *Cat and Mouse* Mr. Grass is a more accomplished stylist and much more in control of his narrative than in *The Tin Drum*. Yet there is no loss of his power, like that of the old Gothic artists, to make the fantastic vivid and unforgettable. In the frequent pauses of his story he evokes very well those empty moments of boyhood when the gang hangs around a deserted pier or beach looking for some crazy thing to do to relieve its boredom. But despite these marks of a superior talent, this story is too slight, and its hero too unsubstantial to bear the burden of Mr. Grass's message.

BEAT AND BEATIFIED

No two writers would seem to differ more in the qualities of their talent and temperament than Jack

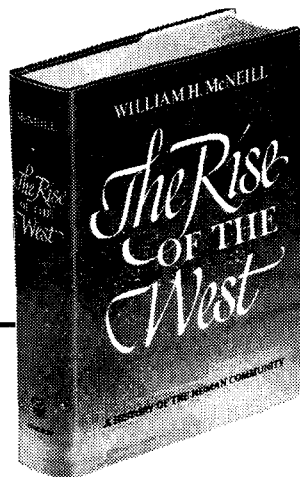
ODD MAN OUT

From his first novel, *The Tin Drum*, a tumultuous and fantastic

Kerouac and J. D. Salinger. However, both share the same preoccupation with Oriental religion, and both are obsessed by characters in pursuit of holiness and salvation. In *VISIONS OF GERARD* (Farrar, Straus, \$3.95) Mr. Kerouac has produced his own version of the saintly elder brother to stand beside Mr. Salinger's Seymour Glass. Perhaps literary historians in the future may single out an interest in salvation as one of the special themes to emerge in the younger American writers in the fifties. Has not Mr. Kerouac himself, speaking for the Beat Generation, suggested that the word was really derived from "beat-itude"? It is consoling to know that all those young people in beards and sneakers are out not for kicks but for the peace that passeth understanding.

Mr. Kerouac has come back from his transcontinental odysseys to the scenes of his boyhood among the French Canadian immigrants of Lowell, Massachusetts; and the return home is all to the good. The scope of his canvas may have shrunk, but his writing has become more restrained and poignant than it was in his wandering epics. Occasionally, language does skitter out of control — "Christ in the temple bashing the moneychanger tables everywhichaway and scourging them with his seldom whip" — but those passages of torrential typing, which Mr. Kerouac once mistook for genuine writing, have become much rarer now.

More important still, by returning to his own soil and antecedents, and in a French Catholic context rather than in the borrowed framework of Oriental religion, Mr. Kerouac makes the figure of the saint more understandable. The story is a lyrical remembrance by the narrator, Jean Duluo, a mask for the author himself, of his older brother Gerard, who died at the age of nine. Gerard loved all beings and encouraged others to do likewise; and even the tough old nuns who taught him at school had come in the end to believe that his visions of Heaven were real. All this could have been very mawkish, but in Mr. Kerouac's hands it manages to be touching and sincere. Fortunately, Gerard's frail figure is surrounded by some very down-to-earth French Canadians in the rest of the Duluo family.



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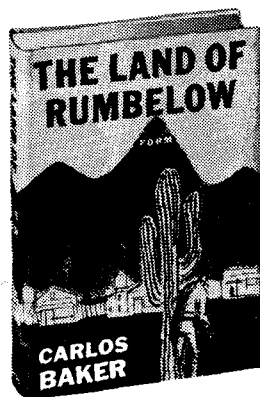
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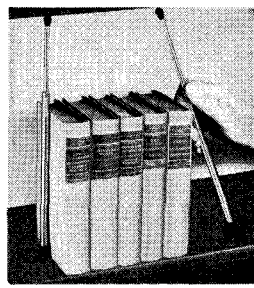
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Mr. Kerouac was never a great hand at organization, and at times the memories of his boyhood are spattered about in vivid disarray; but out of the rambling structure there does emerge a picture of a very real family engaged in nothing more exciting than the daily chores of survival. In old Duluo, father of the family, Mr. Kerouac has created his first solidly mature character, which may indicate a new maturity in the author himself.

FREEWHEELING MEMOIRS

SHELAGH DELANEY was only nine-
teen when she took the theatrical
world by storm with her play *A
Taste of Honey*. Now an aging
twenty-four, she has written a breezy
and refreshing book about herself,
SWEETLY SINGS THE DONKEY (Put-
nam, \$4.00), which places her well
ahead of Yevtushenko in the race
of precocious autobiographers. But
she is too irreverent a person to pre-
tend to tell a solemn story of her
life; and her book, not a formal
autobiography, is really a miscellany
of prose sketches and reminiscences,
loosely bound together yet revealing
a great deal about herself, about
some odd characters in the English
Midlands, where she grew up, and
about the tone and temper of life
today in certain quarters of Britain.

She seems to have been an early
victim of an overactive imagination.
At a convalescent home, where she
spent some time as a child, the nuns
could do little with her. The hori-
zons of the home were cramped, but
Miss Delaney's restless mind could
always open up vistas of experience
far beyond the ordinary. Whenever
a social worker arrived, Shelagh
would conjure up some lurid past
to shock the interviewer. But if
nuns and teachers found her too
irrepressible to deal with, she had
no trouble establishing contact with
common folk.

Miss Delaney has a fine ear and a
great gift for setting people vividly
before us in their talk. In a few
pages she catches an eccentric uncle,
a domineering schoolmaster, or the
whole atmosphere of a bus en route
to London for a weekend football
match. And she seems to do it as
casually as if she could turn it out by
the yard.

In 1910, when BEN HECHT was
sixteen, he went to work as a re-

porter on the *Chicago Journal*. Chi-
cago was then a wide-open city, lusty
and raucous, a combination of fron-
tier town and sprawling industrial
metropolis. The young cub reporter,
assigned to cover crimes and hang-
ings, got to see a pretty colorful slice
of the city's life. In *GAILY, GAILY*
(Doubleday, \$3.95) he turns an
amused and affectionate eye back
upon those early years, and the
gusto and hearty vulgarity of his
writing is a pretty fair match for his
subject matter.

Most of his memories are an-
ecdotes of the tall-tale variety.
Mr. Hecht, however, assures us
that he has checked his memory
carefully, and though on some
points it is indeed vague at this late
date, on the whole things were more
or less the way he is reporting them.

A good sample, and one of the
tallest tales, is the plot concocted by
Charles MacArthur, with whom
Hecht was later to write the crusad-
ing play against newspaper editors,
The Front Page. The wonder drug
just discovered at that time was ad-
renalin; and MacArthur had heard
that if it were injected immediately
after death it would bring the dead
man back to life. A prominent
gangster, Frankie Piano, was about
to be hanged; MacArthur and Hecht
planned to smuggle the body away
immediately after the execution,
have a doctor administer the drug,
and sell the exclusive story of this
"return of Lazarus" to newspapers
throughout the country. After much
haggling, they had lined up the
cooperation of doctor, assistant war-
den, and the gangster himself, and
everything seemed to be going fine.
The hanging went off well, but at
the last moment, when the two re-
porters were about to rush off with
the body, disaster struck: the head
warden, who had been tipped off,
walked in and took possession, and
to make sure that Piano would not
return to the land of the living, he
had the body sent to the hospital for
decapitation. Believable? Well, as
Mr. Hecht makes clear, newspaper-
men were a bolder breed in those
days.

Not all of these memories have to
do with the criminal and lawless.
Mr. Hecht's story carries him over
into the twenties, when Chicago
for a while was the scene of a literary
renaissance sparked by Sherwood
Anderson, Carl Sandburg, and Max-
well Bodenheim. In the background

hovered the older figure of Theodore Dreiser; and the younger Ring Lardner, still a sports reporter, sometimes turned up, taciturn then as he would always be. Mr. Hecht knew them all pretty intimately, and he recalls them now charitably but candidly.

WELL-BRED JUNGLE

Without the rule of law human society would surely relapse into savagery. Yet the operations of men at law, though as formalized as the movements of a ballet, can have at times the ferocity of nature's fiercest jungles. **POWERS OF ATTORNEY** by **LOUIS AUCHINCLOSS** (Houghton Mifflin, \$4.50) demonstrates that even in the most genteel and respectable of legal firms the sheathed knife is always ready for the other fellow's jugular as the partners politely jostle each other on the move up or down the ladder of promotion.

Tower, Tilney & Webb is one of the largest and toniest "law factories" on Wall Street; and its senior partner and guiding spirit, Clitus Tilney, is a proven pillar of respectability. But old Clitus is not above going behind another partner's back to ruin him, even if it means conniving against the firm. Not that he is a wicked man; in most matters Clitus Tilney is the kindly and paternal father who tries to keep the firm together as one large happy family. Mr. Auchincloss is too subtle a novelist to paint characters simply black or white; he knows that an essentially good man like Clitus Tilney can also be ruthless when caught in the inexorable pull of his own power.

The author, an attorney himself, is able to invest the complicated business of wills, trusts, and lawsuits with high drama. The stories are meticulously plotted; and as the same characters keep reappearing, the book might almost be read as a novel whose hero is the firm. The characters are mostly the well-born and the highly placed; but since the firm is something of a microcosm, some mavericks and roughnecks do break in to balance the picture. One of our most intelligent and adult novelists, Mr. Auchincloss succeeds by sheer substance rather than frills; and if at times he seems to be writing as stolidly and impassively as a lawyer making a brief, his material is good enough to carry the day.

DOES SCIENCE PROVE THE BIBLE WRONG?

Some people are convinced that it does.

They read in the Bible, for example, that the stars are fixed in the "roof" of the world like luminous ornaments, which is the way they appeared to the unscientific eyes of the authors of Genesis. Later scientific knowledge proves that the stars are incandescent bodies moving in space.

Although willing to acknowledge that God created the universe, these scientific-minded folks refuse to believe the Biblical account in which apparently it all took place in six days. Also, they contend that the scientific evidences of evolution appear to contradict the Bible in this instance.

As far as Catholics are concerned, there can be no real conflict between scientific truth and religious truth. From the time of Moses down to the present day, science has opened the doors to many of the earth's physical secrets—including in our own time, the fantastic secret of atomic energy. There will undoubtedly occur, in the unforeseeable future, even more revolutionary discoveries. But the fact remains that science has yet to produce any evidence that discredits the basic truths of Holy Scripture.

The Bible, to begin with, is a book of religion—not a scientific textbook. The Book of Genesis should be regarded therefore, not as a scientific explanation of the heavens and the earth, but as an exposition of certain divine truths. These include such matters as the creation of all things... the creation of man as the object of God's special providence... the unity of the human race... the loss of man's original state of blessedness through original sin... God's promise and plan of redemption.



In writing of these things, the authors of the Old Testament were divinely protected against error. God did not, however, stand over them and dictate what they wrote. Their writings, therefore, while recording basic truths, are clothed in language forms common to their primitive time, and are influenced by cultural and scientific concepts far less enlightened than our own.

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BY PHOEBE ADAMS

BURT BLECHMAN, author of *How Much*, continues his attack on Jewish family life in THE WAR OF CAMP OMONGO (Random House, \$3.95). Perhaps family life is not quite an accurate description of the target, and yet Randy would not be in residence at the ghastly outpost of Omongo if his parents had not thought the place a desirable extension of their normal milieu. Randy is a Nice Jewish Boy, aged, one gathers, about thirteen. He is to meet other Nice Jewish Boys and form connections. What he meets is a gaggle of little fools, brutes, and snobs, presided over by a mercenary neo-Nazi and his brainless drill sergeants, all but one of them Nice Jewish Men. With all due respect to the picturesque vigor of Mr. Blechman's prose and the unmistakable seriousness of his purpose, we've had all this before. The group sadism, the furtive homosexuality, the lecherous wife of the headmaster, the abused artist, the dedicated military type whose real trouble is impotence, the dismal backwoods harlots, the cheating, whining, bullying boys—they are all familiar items. These qualities and characters have embellished a long series of books, fictional and factual, about boys' schools, gangs, and camps, and making them Jewish doesn't make them any the less stereotypes.

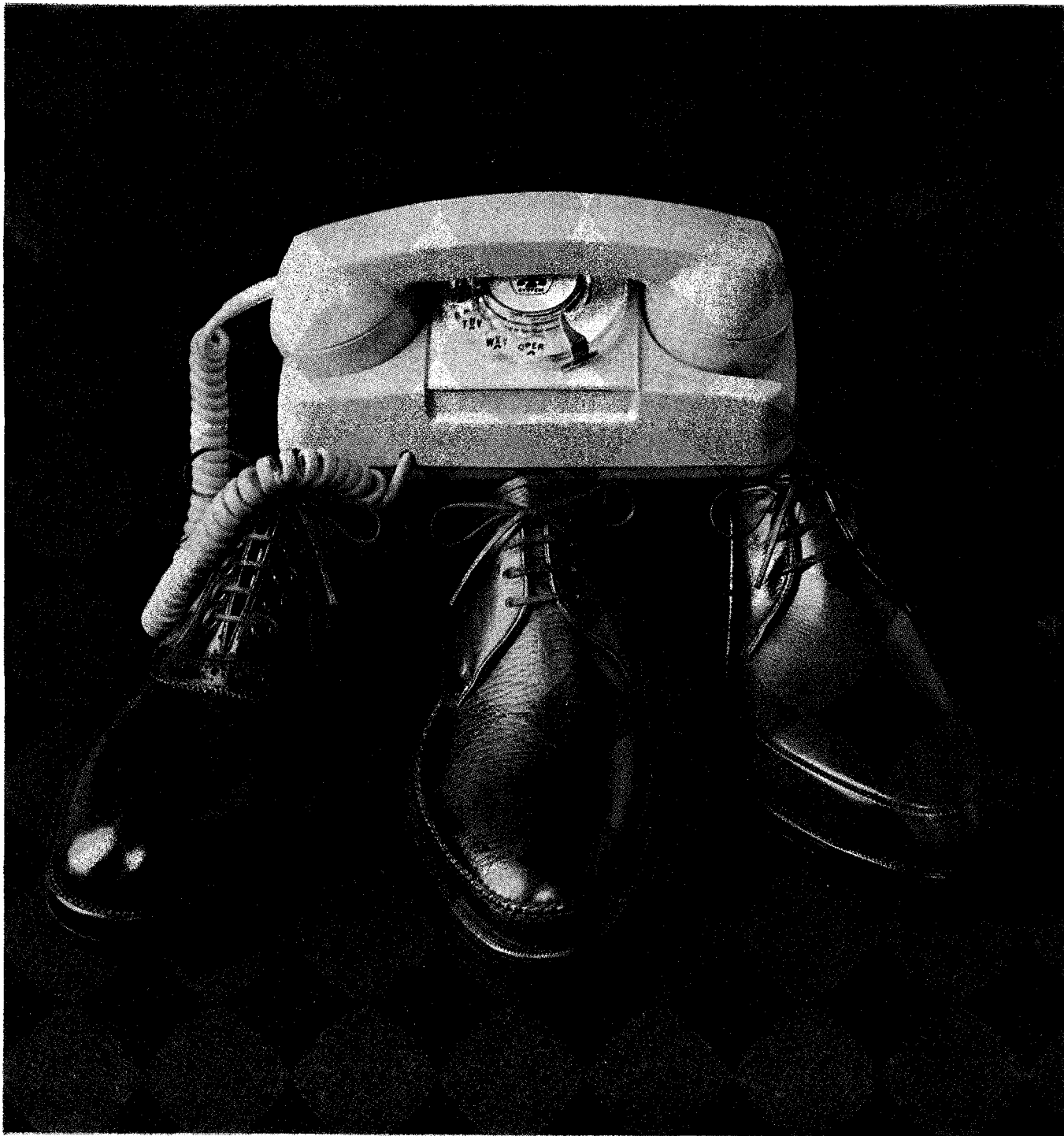
THE ARCHITECTURE OF FANTASY (Praeger, \$16.00) involves such a bevy of authors and translators that it is a wonder any agreement was ever reached on the text. This survey of "Utopian building and planning in modern times" was written by Ulrich Conrads and Hans G. Sperlich, German specialists in art and architecture, and "translated, edited and expanded" by Christine Craseman Collins and George R. Collins, American art historians. It is a book for specialists and buffs in the outer, advanced fringes of architectural experiment, full of intricate plans and sketches of things never built, and photographs of a number of unusual structures that have actually been erected.

LOYS MASSON, normally an interesting author, has written a novel

hardly up to his own standard in ADVOCATE OF THE ISLE (Knopf, \$4.00). It is reminiscence by a dreary fellow whose career as a liberal and friend of the colored population of the island of Mauritius turns out to be entirely a matter of atonement for the death of a young cousin. The text, translated from the French by Antonia White, is rather too ornately emotional in style to suit this dust-dry narrator, and all the events and characters in the book have an air of contrivance, as though they had been concocted to take advantage of the currently fashionable themes of racial hostility and innocence betrayed.

THE SEX DIARY OF GERARD SORME (Dial, \$4.95) is a dismal illustration of the inadvertent cruelty of reviewers who cry "Genius!" on the strength of a first book. COLIN WILSON started with *The Outsider*, an unorthodox, peppery discussion of culture and the individual. The critical uproar over it was something that the young Tolstoi would have had to hump himself to live up to. Mr. Wilson is no Tolstoi, although his next book, a novel, was by no means without vigor and inventiveness. This second novel—the diary—has neither. It is simply an indulgence of the self-educated man's traditional habit of reporting, at vast length, his recent discovery of some topic (sex, in this case) on which the rest of the world has been well informed all along.

STATE OF POSSESSION (Knopf, \$4.50), by EDITH DE BORN, is a novel on the uncommon theme of unnoticed madness. Constructed with a deceptive appearance of artlessness, it describes a woman whose whole adult life is founded on a delusion and a crime. Because the crime and the delusion have enabled the woman to reconcile her private, daft view of the world with ordinary reality, she remains unsuspected—a solid, upright, reliable, rather dull citizen. It is Miss de Born's intention to raise the questions, how many of one's most level-headed associates are, at bottom, nutty as fruitcakes, and how much of the daily business of society is controlled by their undetected whimsies? She makes her point with chilling success until the final page, when, unfortunately, she loses either her nerve or her faith in the reader's intelligence, and spells everything out like a Victorian moral versifier.



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